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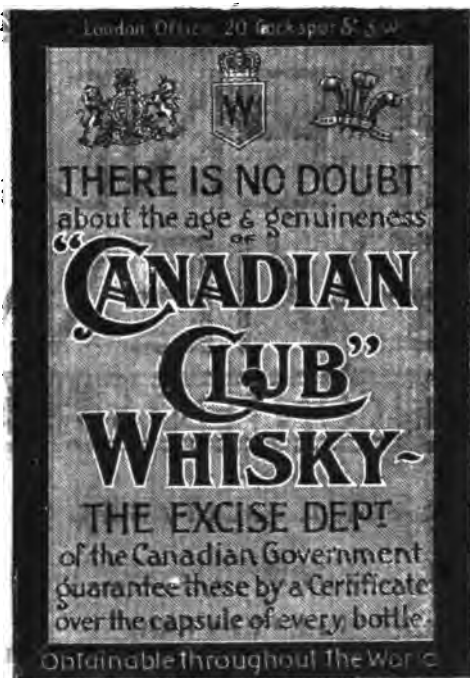
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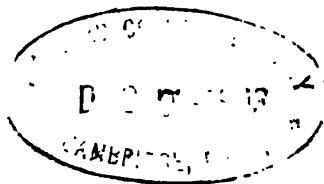
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A PLEA FOR A PROGRAMME

THE present condition of English politics affords an interesting paradox for the contemplation of the detached spectator, and a prospect of considerable anxiety for such as have the progress and welfare of the nation at heart. The paradox consists in this: that the two great parties have reversed their traditional rôles, the attitude of the Liberals being one purely of defence, with the object of maintaining things as they are, while movement and innovation have passed to the Conservatives; the Conservatives initiate, the Liberals criticise; the former are positive and constructive, the latter are stationary and negative. What has led to this transformation will perhaps be clearer, if we consider the effect of recent developments of political life and thought on the ideals underlying the two great parties.

The ideal of the Conservative is the feudal relation adapted to modern surroundings, the ideal of the Liberal has been freedom for the individual. The Conservative looks back to the days when a happy and contented peasantry were subject in all secular affairs to the benevolent rule of their overlords, while their spiritual interests were controlled by an equally beneficent clergy. Into this idyllic world broke the rude new forces of commerce; merchant and manufacturer raised their upstart wealth to rival the landlord, the peasant deserted the field for the factory. But the Conservative ideal showed the vital power of adaptation; after a struggle, the new lords of labour were recognised by the old, capital was placed by

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the side of land ; and the old relations subsisting between peasant and squire were to be reproduced between employer and employed. It is true that the squire's lady could have no counterpart in the new order, and spiritual supervision had perforce to be less close and personal when the rural parish developed into the industrial town. But the fundamentals could be retained: capital and land could be united in a privileged class, dispensing the blessings of work and wages to the grateful mass of their dependants. The assimilation of the new aristocracy was not made without friction, but it was eventually carried through with some approach to completeness, and the new forces, that seemed at one time to threaten the feudal traditions, were converted into allies.

But this feudal ideal of a division into the two mutually helpful classes of the privileged, who governed and dispensed benefits, and the unprivileged, who obeyed orders and accepted what their masters chose to give, was, though attractive as a picture of domestic harmony, essentially both spurious and impossible to realise. It was spurious, because it retained only one side of the feudal system and ignored the other. The privileges of the superior were retained, but the corresponding duties were allowed to fall into abeyance. No Conservative's passion for the past led him to propose restoring to the landlord the duty of providing the army for the country's defence. The desire to bring feudal institutions up to date never took the form of saddling the new commercial aristocracy with the task of providing the national navy. And in private life, too, the duties of the squire to his tenants and labourers, or of the manufacturer to his "hands," were left quite voluntary: there was no explicit recognition of obligations. It was not, then, a genuine attempt to knit all classes together in the bonds of mutual service. But even if the ideal had been faithfully followed, it was no longer capable of realisation: it was too alien from the character of the people to be capable of working in practice. The modern man had moved far from the standpoint of the mediæval serf; a despotism, however mild and well-intentioned, would not satisfy him. He preferred to take his destiny into his own

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hands, even at the risk of ruin, rather than receive a ready-made salvation, imposed on him from outside.

It is this desire for individual liberty that has been the inspiring force of Liberalism. It has freed the individual from the antiquated, traditional restraints; it has secured him freedom of action, freedom of trade, freedom to worship according to conscience, freedom to compete with his fellows; and it has worked to ensure him a share in making the laws which limit his freedom.

But, though the triumphs of Liberalism were so great in the past, the contemplation of their results soon suggested doubts whether, after all, freedom is the one essential to human happiness; whether, with freedom of competition, the last word had been said on social progress. The condition of the masses in the factory, the mine, the sweater's den, the long procession of men, women, and children, broken and brutalised by excessive, unhealthy, and ill-paid labour, seemed to show that modern freedom was leading to a worse than pagan slavery. Again and again the law intervened, and the worst evils were mitigated; but still more evils remain, and fresh evils crop up like weeds on the fertile soil of liberty; and all the efforts of our thousand philanthropic agencies, all the devotion of countless individuals in the cause of charity, can scarcely keep the flood in check. We have over a million paupers; it is computed, with an accuracy only too probable, that nearly one-third of our town population lies on the border line of poverty. Is this the result of the gospel of freedom? And if so, can we not find some better way? An answer is offered by those who would find in the direct intervention of the State a reconciliation between the orderly system of the past and the modern freedom; between the old rule, which degenerated into personal tyranny, and the new liberty, which seems leading to slavery. Let the community as a whole control what concerns the community; let the sources of production be worked by the State in the general interest. That is the answer given by the modern movement; and though he perhaps spoke half in jest who said "We are all Socialists to-day," there is no doubt that these ideas, stripped of their merely speculative setting, are being reduced to the

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plain prose of practice by English common-sense. The future lies with those who can elicit and apply to actual life what is fruitful in the new ideas, and can combine it with those elements in our past inheritance that are still living and productive of good; who can, as occasion calls, determine the limits within which the community may interfere with advantage; who can discern the directions in which it may be to the interest of all for the corporate action of State or municipality to replace private initiative; and who can, at the same time, both safeguard and extend each man's full freedom of action where it does not clash with the common welfare, and can ensure that individual enterprise is neither thwarted nor impaired, but merely guided into those channels in which it can produce its best results. The feudal past is dead beyond revival; but the loyalty and fellowship, the devotion to the interests of others without thought of personal profit—these things, which were there in embryo, can be brought to full birth in the new State: while liberty, which in the early days of the industrial epoch threatened so cruel a tyranny, and yet is the very pivot of progress, the mainspring of manliness and self-respect, will find its true expression within the restrictions which free men, voluntarily co-operating for some common good, may set to their own freedom, and within the bounds prescribed by laws which a free people may in the general interest deliberately enact and willingly obey.

Meanwhile, the ideal of collective action has cut across our party lines, and, affecting us all, consciously or unconsciously, is the chief cause of the present paradox in our politics. It has found both enemies and adherents in each of the political camps. The principle of rule and subordination which it involves appeals to certain Conservative instincts, while the limitations which it threatens to put on the free action of the individual are repellent to a large section of Liberal opinion: many Conservatives supported, and some Liberals opposed, the Factory legislation. On the other hand, the Conservative rank and file, pledged as they are to the maintenance of privilege, to the support of those who have against those who have not, are alarmed at the prospect of a community, organised democratically, taking

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its own affairs into its own hands, and administering the common stock of wealth and labour in the common interest, without regard to class distinctions or hereditary prerogatives : while Liberalism, having come, in the course of its crusade for freedom, to assume the patronage of the masses as against the classes, is necessarily attracted to the democratic element in the new ideas, by the promise they hold out of raising the condition of the people. Hence the changes in the lines of party, the contradictions with which we are perpetually met. Hence we get the Conservatives, in obedience to the new spirit, entrusting the five millions of London with the management of their own affairs and creating the County Council, and then, in revulsion against the spirit that has controlled them, turning horror-stricken from their own handiwork, and desiring, though not daring, by every means to throw out of gear the machine they have themselves set in motion. Hence in one year we find a Conservative Prime Minister using all his influence to procure the rejection of the Shop Assistants Bill on the ground of grandmotherly legislation, while some two years afterwards the Conservatives quietly allow a Bill to pass, prohibiting publicans from selling children ale to carry home to their parents. Whence we infer, that to save shop-girls from cancer is an undue restriction of liberty, while to shield children from the temptation to sip their fathers' ale is not. Evidently the Conservative party is not clear as to its principles.

But, while the new ideas have brought confusion into Conservative councils, they seem to be threatening the Liberal party with paralysis ; and in this lies the danger of the present situation. Some years ago, the Liberals were told by a former leader to clean their slate. They obeyed the command with scrupulous fidelity, and ever since have religiously refrained from soiling the "slate's" purity with any further experiments in caligraphy. They have criticised their rivals' pothooks, but they have made no attempt to show that they could write a better hand themselves. But, since only those who enter for the race can reach the goal, if the Liberals persist in holding back, the prize of government must go to others. If the Liberals will not face the

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problems of the present, if they will not adapt their past creed to modern needs, but, enslaved to an incomplete conception of liberty, refuse to combine the old freedom with the new demand for order, the power will pass from them for ever. How near the Liberal party is to extinction as a moving force, is indicated by the hints, often thrown out in the more speculative circles of Conservatism, that the day of party government may now be over, and that we are on the eve of a new era, in which government shall be controlled by a harmonious union of the great and good. We think such philosophic forecasts are mistaken; but that they should be made at all by Conservative statesmen of the highest rank, shows to what a negligeable quantity Liberalism has dwindled. The people cannot live on negation alone. Times change, needs alter; what has helped the past is a clog to the present: each generation has its problems requiring positive measures of solution; these measures it is the statesman's duty to devise. Any positive attempt to adapt old institutions to new needs is better than no attempt at all. If the Liberals refuse the task, it will be entrusted to their rivals.

This, we think, would be disastrous. The traditions of the Tory party are such, that they can never have full sympathy with the desire of a free people to take their affairs into their own hands, and to utilise the resources of State and municipality for the common good. That the Conservatives can and will legislate in that direction, is undeniable, witness their solution of the Irish land problem; but such Conservative reforms are habitually of the nature of concessions, wrung from unwilling hands by fear of something worse, they are not the spontaneous outcome of a policy bent on removing abuses. Had it not been for agrarian agitation in Ireland, and for previous legislative efforts made by the Liberal party, the gifted Minister whom the present confusion has chanced to range on the Conservative side would hardly have been able to induce his party to consent to his great reform. That is one drawback to Conservative legislation; it is postponed to the latest possible date, and is carried through, not for its own sake, but to anticipate what is considered a worse evil: it

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is the result of pressure, not of free will. If the Liberals persist in their negative attitude, the pressure on the Conservatives will be still further lightened, and their reforms will be postponed still later. That is one reason why reform cannot be left entirely to the Tory party.

Another reason is that, though some sections of the Tories are truly touched by the movement to develop the possibilities of the people, by securing them better surroundings and wider opportunities, the feudal taint of Tory tradition comes in to mar their measures. They cannot trust the people to know what suits them best, but must keep them in leading-strings, and subject to an authority not of their own choosing. This is shown in their Education Bill. It is to the credit of the Conservatives that they have made the first effort to introduce some sort of order into our educational chaos; to bring into some sort of unity the various scattered agencies for supplying our most vital national need. But they have gone far to prevent their measure from working with success, by combining with it an attempt at religious propaganda in the interests of a particular creed, by applying public funds to the support of schools over which the public has no adequate control, and in which doctrines are taught offensive to the conscience of a large section of the public. In their desire to improve the occasion by placing the authority of the Church in a stronger position than before, the Tories have lit the fire of religious strife, and in the smoke and tumult the interests of education are neither heard nor seen: while professing to move forward in education, they have given new strength to the forces that threaten our dear-won freedom of belief. That, then, is another reason why reform cannot be left entirely to the Tories; they combine reaction with advance, and are more adept at the former than at the latter mode of motion.

There is yet a third class of Conservative reforms, which may with more truth be regarded as gifts from the Greeks. These are measures which, while they may be designed in the interests of the people, are in reality so constructed as to retard the very thing that they profess to promote. Such measures are not numerous, but an instance will illustrate

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their nature. Some four years ago, a Minister, who had found salvation in the Conservative ranks, introduced a Bill to facilitate the acquisition of their houses by artisans. Avowedly, the measure was designed to elevate the working classes, to enhance their self-respect and importance as householders with a stake in the country; the real effect of the measure, had advantage been taken of it, would have been to intensify the labourer's dependence on his employer. The artisan might not sublet his house for more than a few months, and he might not sublet it unfurnished for a day; in fact, the house would have been a hostage in the hands of the employer. Deterred, by fear of losing his house, from going elsewhere for employment, the labourer would have been still more bound than before to accept whatever conditions of labour his master might impose. In that way, under the guise of elevating the masses, a new class of serfs would have been created, fettered to their factories. The working man, indeed, saw the danger, and has declined to take advantage of the Act; but the episode is significant of what may be expected if the people have to look solely to Conservative quarters for an amelioration of their condition. The coin in which the Conservatives pay for popular support is liable, even when forthcoming, to prove spurious.

Because, then, their reforms are grudgingly given, unduly delayed, and frequently reactionary, the Conservatives cannot be trusted with a monopoly of the constructive work of legislation.

We appeal then to the Liberal leaders once more to take pencil in hand and to write a programme on their slate. Indeed, we find it hard to explain their present attitude of negation on any hypothesis compatible with Liberal opinions. It can hardly be that they feel themselves content with things as they are, and consider society as perfect as may be: nor can they well believe that all the evils from which we suffer lie entirely beyond the reach of legislation: nor, again, can we reconcile it with the profession of Liberalism to imagine, that they shrink from tackling present problems for fear of the lengths to which the attempt might lead them. Neither indifference, nor disbelief in legislation, nor cowardice in the face of change, can be supposed to be the predominant

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influence in Liberal councils. And yet we shrink from imputing to the official Liberals the only other motive which we can still suggest for their supineness: the fact, namely, that they find criticism so much easier than constructive work, and the consciousness that, as things stand, criticism is all that is needed to bring them back to power. Criticism is, no doubt, useful as well as easy ; but it is not the only duty of the statesman, least of all of the Liberal statesman. And, though sheer discontent with the reactionary measures of the present Government may well secure its fall, and the return of its opponents, it is fatal for the future of the Liberal party to rely solely on such a negative claim to support.

Such tactics may lead to the temporary success of those who adopt them, but they cannot ensure any permanent tenure of power. If the object were solely to turn the Conservatives out, we might acquiesce. We should at any rate escape certain positive evils. There would be no more doles to landlords; no further efforts to make people pay for the propagation of doctrines in which they disbelieve; we should be free from the fear of finding our food taxed and our industry fettered, in the interests of monopoly. But these advantages, though great, are all negative, and the country cries out for positive measures. It will not remain content with a Government whose only claim is that it abstains from doing harm: the sins of others may put a party in power, but only its own positive merits will keep it there. If the Liberal party persists in marking time while the people clamour for advance, it will alienate all its best supporters. Some will join the Conservatives, who have at least not lost the power of movement: others will go off to form some independent party of their own.

Both these results will be regrettable. The mass of the Tories are unfriendly to reform, and the Liberal in their ranks lives in an alien atmosphere; he cannot show his true hand; he has to work by tortuous means to "educate" his party, and his measures are mutilated by compromises and concessions to ideas which he secretly repudiates: while, on the other hand, the formation of a progressive organisation separate from, and in competition with, the Liberal party,

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will confuse the counsels and divide the forces of progress; the man in the street, who has a general desire to see things made better, will not know which of the two camps he should join, and between the conflicting cries of rival recruiting sergeants may very well hold back from both; the enemies of progress will play off one section against the other, and, as usual, triumph in the disunion of their opponents.

But, however much we may regret them, these results will certainly follow from the stagnation of the official Liberals. Indeed, both processes have been going on before our eyes for some time past: it would be no difficult task to mention many in the Conservative ranks who, both by their sympathies and their convictions, seem more naturally to belong to the party of progress: while the Barnard Castle Election is significant of a movement that has long been gaining ground, and may be expected to produce still more striking results in the future. The apathy displayed by what professes to be the popular party has already estranged the great mass of the higher ranks of Labour. We should profoundly regret to see the Liberal and Labour parties acting in hostility to each other; it would increase the complexity of the Parliamentary game, it would play into the hands of the Conservatives in every constituency, and, above all, it would proclaim and stereotype the monstrous idea that there is any future for a Liberalism not continually concerned with the welfare of the masses of the people.

We therefore appeal to official Liberalism, if only on the low ground of party interest, to leave its purely critical attitude and to come forward with a definite policy, framed to meet some of the more crying needs of the time. And that it may not be said that we challenge others to do what we dare not attempt ourselves, we venture to sketch in brief outline the form which such a policy might take; not because we feel ourselves best qualified for such a task, and in no spirit of arrogance, but because, where the officers are dumb through sleep or fear, the rank and file must devise some plan of action for themselves.

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The first aim of government should be to develop the vast stores of energy and intelligence which, under existing conditions, run to waste for want of anything to call them forth, or are distorted into perverse or noxious forms through failure to find their natural outlet. When we think of our twelve millions whose whole energies are engrossed by the endeavour to escape starvation, it is clear that the amount of ability which never gets a chance of coming to the surface must be incalculable. The State, as at present constructed, is like some monstrously wasteful engine, extracting a minimum of energy from a maximum of fuel. Our fuel has hitherto been so abundant and of such good quality, while engineering skill elsewhere has been in the past so primitive, that we have been able, for all our wasteful methods, to keep the lead; but there are signs that we have been using up our best seams too extravagantly, and that what is left is of inferior character, and it is certain that other nations, Germany and America especially, have far surpassed us in economising force. If we would not be left behind, we, too, must put in new machinery. We must elicit and direct into proper channels the great resources latent in our population. These resources are our true national capital, and to develop them to the full is the only true economy, the only sure method of meeting competition, the only way to give our Empire permanence.

For the attainment of this end three things are essential. Wealth must be more equally distributed, since wealth means opportunity; all should have ready access to the best means for developing their natural capacities; and whatever influences tend to the abuse of wealth, or to the neglect of opportunity, should be counteracted. To all three tasks the State can contribute, both directly and indirectly.

A fairer distribution of wealth can be secured by the direct action of the State in determining the incidence of taxation, and indirectly by the State seeing to it that any private attempts to obtain the desired result, by means of combinations among the workers themselves, shall have a fair field for their enterprise.

One clear task for the party of progress is, so to arrange

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taxation that its weight shall fall as lightly as possible on those whose wealth is the product of their labour, and as heavily as possible on those whose wealth is produced by the labour of others, and, further, that State burdens shall be proportioned to the capacity of those who are to bear them. Towards this end we have ready to hand a guide, in the Minority Report of the Commission on Local Rating : the proposal there made is to separate, for purposes of taxation, the site value of urban land from the value of the buildings upon it, to assess the former at a higher rate than the latter, and to apply this assessment to all urban land, whether it happens to be built upon or not. This modest and reasonable proposal should be taken as the basis of legislation. It could and should be applied to the country as well as to the town, there being no reason for any difference of treatment between rural and urban land ; and it is also desirable that the tax on buildings should be removed altogether, so that the whole burden may fall on the site value. But even as it stands, the proposal is worth fighting for with all the strength of the party of progress, since it does embody the principles that some part of the wealth produced solely by the energy of the community should be taken for the benefit of the community producing it, and that industry should be penalised less than it is at present by the imposition of burdens. A further result of the proposal, of which we shall have more to say in a later issue, is that, by taxing land at its true site value, it would make it less profitable for owners to keep their estates vacant for speculative and other reasons, and would thereby increase the amount of land available for building, and facilitate the acquisition of public spaces by the community.

This, then, is one way in which the incidence of public burdens could be made to promote greater equality in the distribution of wealth. Another method which has been vaguely before the minds of progressive statesmen is that of a graduated income tax. There are evidently considerable difficulties in constructing a workable scheme of graduated taxation, and we have had no such thorough

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investigation of the question as in the case of Local Taxation. But the difficulties are matters of detail, that could certainly be surmounted by the ingenuity of experts; and the principle of the measure, that the burden should be in proportion to the ability of the bearer, is clearly right. A Liberal Government should therefore make it one of its first cares to appoint a Commission to inquire into the subject, and to recommend a feasible scheme for graduating the Income Tax.

In these two ways the State can promote a fairer diffusion of wealth. The other agent for securing the same result is Trade Unionism. This system is only capable of a limited application, and is undoubtedly open to criticism from an ideal standpoint. In the first place, it affects only the comparatively small number of skilled workmen, and does little for the great mass of labourers. In the second place, its action, unless guided by great foresight and self-control, threatens to do harm as well as good: in an ill-ordered social system, combinations of workmen to safeguard their own interests may very well be induced to limit production, by checking individual industry and by opposing the introduction of labour-saving appliances. When the mere permission to work is a boon, it is only natural that any device for diminishing the amount of work to be done should be regarded as a curse. To act on such a view is no doubt short-sighted from the standpoint of the national welfare, and it is the danger of Trade Unions that they may so act. But these drawbacks, due to an imperfect social system, are more than counterbalanced by the positive good the Unions do, both in material things and as an educative force, in accustoming their members to discuss and decide matters of the first importance, and in securing for them better conditions of work, greater freedom from the caprice and petty tyranny of their employers, and a larger share in the joint products of labour and capital. Nay, the very dangers which they threaten may lead to yet greater good, if they force the public to realise how absurdly constructed that society must be which, while making the acquisition of wealth its almost exclusive aim, has yet so arranged matters, that the more the

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means of acquiring wealth are multiplied and improved, the greater will be the fear of destitution felt by the mass of the population. However this may be, as things are, labour must have free power to combine for the purpose of bettering its own condition. We may deplore the strife of labour and capital, we may recognise that in a well-ordered society it would not exist ; but as we are in a state of war, and until that is changed, the Government's duty is to see that the fight takes place under equal conditions, that one party is not handicapped in the struggle. But unless Trade Unions are allowed to bring moral pressure to bear on those whose action they believe to be detrimental to the common interests of labour, they will be sorely handicapped in the struggle with capital. The right of picketing is essential to them. The masters have the right to combine, and they certainly put pressure on recalcitrants ; the men must have some corresponding right. This right we fully believe Parliament intended them to have ; but recently the law, made by judges, has withdrawn the right, and picketing in any effective sense is now illegal. This cuts at the root of the workman's power to enforce his demands on his employer, and it should be one of the first measures of a Liberal Government to alter the law, so as to redress the balance, and equalise the conditions under which Capital and Labour fight for their respective interests. Even the Judicial Bench cannot be allowed to render ineffective the chief instrument by which the labouring classes can work out their own salvation, and secure a fairer share in the profits of their toil. That much at least must be done, unless the State is avowedly to be run in the interests of capital. With regard to the other important but intricate problems of Trade Unionism, such as the question of the Union's responsibility for the acts of their officers, we may be content to suspend judgment until the Royal Commission now inquiring into the subject have presented their report. But it is an unfortunate fact, that the constitution of the Commission has given the gravest dissatisfaction to one of the two parties whose interests are concerned. The Trade Unions believe they are being tried by a one-sided tribunal, and in that

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belief they have unanimously agreed to abstain from giving evidence before it. We hope that that belief will prove unfounded ; but the fact that it is so strongly held can hardly fail to detract from the value of the Commission's report.

By these means, the State can do something towards diminishing the aggregation of wealth in the hands of the few ; it can appropriate for public purposes some part of the wealth derived from those values of land which are due, not to the owner's labour or capital, but to the industry of the community ; it can ensure that the rich shall contribute to the needs of the nation in a degree more proportionate to their riches by establishing a sliding scale in direct taxation ; and it can remove unfair restrictions on the power of the workers to obtain a larger share in the produce of industry.

But, if the acquisition of fresh wealth by the community for the common good, and the more equal diffusion of wealth among the working classes, are to produce the desired results, the people must be prepared to use their new opportunities to advantage. The mere increase of wealth will, no doubt, do something to produce the qualities required for its proper use ; it may be trusted of itself to stimulate self-respect and the sense of responsibility to some extent. But there is a certain truth in the party-pleading of the rich, that to give more wealth to the poor is to throw wealth away, is to put it into the hands of those who will only misuse it to their own detriment. That view is a gross exaggeration and a libel on the people ; but, though such a travesty of truth is mainly a hypocritical salve to the uneasy but facile conscience, it does contain this element of fact, that those engaged in a life-long struggle for bare subsistence do not as a rule possess all the virtues of the free man in full development. If they did, there would not be much point in changing their condition ; it is just because poverty debases the character and stunts the intellect, that it is so imperative to abolish it. So that the State has a double duty : it must aim on the one hand at distributing wealth, or the advantages of wealth, more evenly throughout the population, and, on the other hand, it must so influence the lives of the recipients as to fit them to

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enjoy their new privileges. For, though the pet proverb of Conservatism holds good to this extent, that an Act of Parliament bidding the foolish and wicked to be virtuous and good would remain of no effect, it is still true that Parliament can change the circumstances which go to produce folly and wickedness.

The chief evils which threaten to nullify the good that might result from diminishing poverty and increasing opportunity, are ignorance, drunkenness, and the low standard of life engendered by overcrowding and by unhealthy conditions of labour ; and, though the State cannot by direct enactments abolish these evils, it can, at any rate, create surroundings under which they will flourish less easily.

We have already seen, that much may be done towards relieving the congestion of the population in towns by taxing the site value of land, whether occupied or not. Lands within the city or on its outskirts, which ought to be available for houses, are at present frequently withheld from building by their owners, either from caprice or from calculation ; with the result that the growing community is strangled, ringed round with vacant spaces on which it may not expand, while the population is massed together at the centre. Both in large cities and in small provincial towns the same evil exists, and the general increase of prosperity only serves to intensify it. The greater the town's growth in trade, industry, and population, the greater is the squalor in which the bulk of its inhabitants are condemned to live. But if such land were rated at the value which its site commands, and, if as that value rose with the town's growth, the tax were periodically revised and increased, one of the chief causes of overcrowding would tend to disappear, and the tendency would spread still more rapidly if, as we suggest, the tax on buildings were removed altogether. The landowner, who at present holds back land in the hope that, as the city grows, he may extort an exorbitant price by selling it to the community for some essential purpose, would be less likely to speculate in the general necessity if, instead of enjoying his present immunity, he were subjected to an increasingly heavy contribution ; while those who still kept

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their land vacant through caprice, would at least pay the community some recompense for the public inconvenience. There can be little doubt that such a measure would, as we have already indicated, cause a general improvement in urban development, and would lead to the working classes being better housed at less cost, while the conditions of their domestic life would be proportionately improved.

The conditions under which they work are to a great extent provided for already by Factory Acts and by the operation of Trade Unions, and within the sphere of these agencies what is now most wanted is a stricter and more intelligent application of the law, and the imposition of more prohibitive penalties for its transgression : inspection should be made both more efficient and less pedantic, and punishments should be less ludicrously inadequate. But there is still a vast amount of work done in places where the factory inspector has no footing, and by labourers who have no Union to guard their interests. In private houses, work is still carried on under conditions that would have disgraced the factories in their worst days. The State should take up the cause of this unprotected labour, by extending the principle of the Factory Acts to all houses where industrial processes are carried on.

But if the State can contribute immediately towards removing the cause of overcrowding and its attendant degradation, and can guarantee healthy conditions of work to larger numbers than at present, it is more difficult to devise any direct measure to suppress the still greater curse of drunkenness. Healthier surroundings, better homes, the general spread of education, may do something to check the disease ; but, in view of the great interests involved in the promotion of drunkenness, the State can have recourse to no direct measures beyond the merest palliatives. The initial mistake was made in allowing the drink traffic to become a monopoly of private persons, in permitting the growth of a class to whom the debauchery of their fellow-citizens is a direct source of profit. The community should have kept so dangerous a trade in its own hands ; if we were starting afresh with a free hand, we should advocate that the manufac-

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ture of drink should be conducted solely by the State, and the dispensing solely by the municipalities, and that the profits should go to pay off the national debt. But it is vain to regret lost opportunities, and experience has proved how dangerous it is in this matter to dream of heroic remedies. The best the State can do at present is to continue legislation on the lines of Lord Peel's recommendations. Such legislation would have three chief objects : to reduce the number of licences, and to make the trade itself provide such compensation as may be required ; to reconstitute the licensing authority on a broader basis, with wider powers, and with greater independence ; and lastly, to ensure a more stringent and a purer administration of the existing laws.

The example of basing legislation on the Minority Report of the Licensing Commission has already been set : in obedience to Lord Peel's advice, drunkenness has been made a crime, and the selling of liquor to children has been prohibited. It remains for a Liberal Government to carry the work further, and to give legal effect to the more fundamental recommendations which we have indicated. We would also point out, that the present situation is full of promise for the cause of temperance, if its advocates will adopt a firm and united attitude in resisting retrogressive legislation, and in demanding moderate and practicable measures of reform. Alarmed by recent action on the part of licensing authorities, the drink trade are calling for alterations in the existing law : they are themselves raising the question of legislative interference. Let the temperance reformers make ready to meet the challenge. If they will concert a plan of campaign in which all can join, if the extremists will fall into line with the main body of those who are eager to combat our greatest national evil, they will not only repel the attack, but will carry the war into the enemy's country ; and, although his stronghold is too firmly fortified behind vested interests to fall at once, his outposts may be captured and his power may be crippled.

It is, however, on Education that we must mainly rely to

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develope what is best in the national character, and to counter-act what is evil : and our view of Education should include, not merely the mental discipline and the body of general and technical information provided by schools and colleges, but the whole aggregate of influences brought to bear on the citizen by the institutions under which he lives.

Education in the more restricted sense of school instruction is, of course, the more fundamental. Without it, the citizen cannot take advantage of the social and political training which modern life affords: and it is in our school education that we have hitherto been most conspicuously deficient. The present Government has given us what forms, at any rate, a basis for further advance: educational forces have been unified, and it rests to a great extent with the people themselves how far they will utilise their new opportunities. But, before any advance can be made, the religious discord must be removed: the English care far more for religious liberty than for intellectual development. Statesmen who have failed to recognise this fact show deep ignorance of the English character: if he cannot have better education without suffering an encroachment on his freedom of belief, the Englishman would rather not have it at all. And this applies especially to those who would otherwise be the most ready to profit by the improved opportunities for instruction. The "Nonconformist Conscience," in spite of occasional grotesque forms into which its exuberant vitality runs, is still the backbone of the country, our most serious element intellectually as well as morally. It is this great body of Puritan opinion that could, under normal conditions, be most confidently trusted to turn to account the possibilities contained in the Education Act; and yet it is just these people that the religious provisions of that Act have converted into enemies. Being placed in this dilemma, that they cannot work the machinery for promoting education without accepting the principle of supporting denominational religion out of the public funds, they have proved true to their traditions, and are ready to sacrifice education to religious freedom; and, when their whole energies should be devoted to turning the hopes just dawning for education into a reality, they are forced

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into the attitude of thwarting the present application of the Act, and clamouring for its abolition in the immediate future.

The Liberal leaders have recently expressed their sympathy with the grounds of this Nonconformist hostility, without, however, indicating the nature of the measures by which they propose to allay it. Pending their decision, we would venture to express a hope that they will make an entire separation between the secular and the religious side of education. The clearest solution would be for the State to undertake the secular instruction only, but at the same time to give full facilities for every denomination to provide religious teaching within the schools. It will not be till the religious difficulty has been removed, that the present Act will have the chance to show what its capabilities are: it will not be till then that the people will settle down to the serious business of working the Act.

When that task is at last undertaken in earnest, the State should exercise its influence in favour of two aspects of education which the English character is in danger of underestimating. It will be the State's duty to see that the interests of higher, as contrasted with technical, education should be fully recognised, and to emphasise the importance of utilising the schools for purposes of recreation, and for developing the artistic side of the pupils. Our institutions being what they are, our system of education will infallibly express the character of the English democracy: and that character is so pre-eminently practical, that there is reason to fear that the value of what may seem useless knowledge on the one hand, and trivial pastimes on the other, will be unduly neglected.

If the national education is to draw out the full capacities of the national youth, every care must be taken that a clear ladder, leading straight from the elementary school to the university should not only exist, but be habitually used; and that all who can do so with profit should be not only permitted, but actively encouraged, to go on to the higher branches of study. Technical instruction is certainly essential to the success of our industries, and its value is at last becoming recognised; but there is a double danger in this belated and consequently exaggerated recognition—the

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danger that it may lead to technical education being begun prematurely, and the danger that, in the rush for the practical benefits of technical knowledge, the value of scientific training may be lost sight of. Both tendencies would not only lower the general intellectual level of the country, but would be injurious to technical instruction itself. Unless learning is pursued for its own sake too, unless there is in the nation a keen spirit of living research as well, technical instruction will wither: its roots lie in the study of the theorist, in the laboratory of the man of pure science. If the root is starved, the plant will die away. There will be no more Marconis unless the supply of Clerk Maxwells is also maintained. It should never be forgotten, that the amazing success of modern German industry is based upon a century of pure learning. And what is true of natural science is true of all other branches of learning. Unless some seek truth with no ulterior object, and unless the value of that search is widely recognised, the national stock of ideas will rot away for want of sustenance. So, too, since our civilisation is the outcome of forces working in the past, and since the ideas by which we live are the creation of men and nations who, though now no more, yet survive among us in their work, the study of history, and the attempt to follow and feel the great movement of life and thought which lies behind our modern system,—to get into closer touch with those who first formulated and applied the principles that guide us to-day,—are no mere empty amusements of the idle rich, but are essential to a proper comprehension of the present. All who have the imagination to understand the great pageant which Greek philosophers and poets first led on to the stage of our Western world, should have free seats provided for them at the spectacle; that theatre is the highest school of wisdom and citizenship. It is therefore of national importance, that all who show promise of doing good work, in widening the bounds of abstract knowledge, shall be provided with every opportunity of bringing that promise to fulfilment, and that all who show the capacity shall have the chance of studying at first hand the ideas and forces that have produced the present.

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We also cannot but feel, that there will be a tendency to neglect that side of education which is concerned with recreation and art. It should be the deliberate purpose of the school to develop the feeling for what is beautiful in the works of man and nature, and to furnish the pupil with resources which in later life will fill his leisure profitably, and send him back refreshed to his daily work. One of the chief causes of drunkenness and gambling is the people's incapacity for rational amusement, their lack of all resources in themselves. Hence the importance of training children to find pleasure in mental and physical exercise, in dancing, swimming, drawing, music, natural history. The finer pleasures are also the keener; and if the faculty for enjoying them were sedulously cultivated in the child, he would be less likely in manhood to turn to the coarse and dreary delights of drink, and, since his life would afford him pleasures and interests within easy reach, he would be more immune from the fever of discontent which leads to gambling. In the case of town children in particular, physical recreation is absolutely essential to counteract the unhealthy influences of their artificial surroundings. Recent investigation gives grave reason for thinking that, under urban conditions, the race is in danger of degenerating. The danger can to some extent be met by making the cultivation of bodily health part of the curriculum of every school.

With regard to education, then, in its more special sense, our first task is to abolish the religious question, by allowing the State to provide only secular instruction, while affording inside facilities for every kind of denominational teaching. When it comes to the application of the existing machinery, and to the further development of that machinery, the influence of the State should be exerted to supplement what are likely to be the defects of popular administration, by counteracting the tendency to neglect the higher branches of study and the recreative and artistic side of education.

But there is a still wider sense in which the State can educate the citizen, by enlisting him in the management of public affairs. It should be one of the school's chief objects to impress the child with a sense of the duties of citizenship, that

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he may be fit to take advantage of the opportunities which our democratic institutions offer. Indeed, it is mainly on educational grounds that democratic self-government can be defended. So far as mere efficiency goes, we can imagine a benevolent despotism doing things far better with less friction : but to be well governed from above is less good than to secure an inferior administration by our own exertions, mainly because of the effect of such exertions on the mind and character of those who make them. But if a democratic system is to work, it postulates a broad basis of public spirit, a widespread keenness on public affairs ; what will occur if these fail us we see only too clearly in America. Since, then, it is so vital for the success of our institutions that the community, in enrolling recruits, should cast its net as wide as possible, we cannot afford to lose the help of any section of the population. As things are, a great class is still excluded from many opportunities of public service, although, in all the spheres in which they have been put to the test, they have proved themselves pre-eminently conscientious and successful. A State whose welfare depends on finding the requisite public spirit among its members, cannot wisely neglect the strenuousness and devotion which women bring to bear on all public duties. It should therefore be one of the items in any Liberal programme, to remove the remaining disabilities which both rob the State of so much eager service, and deprive so many citizens of the full educational opportunities afforded by our democratic system.

Just as we would enlist in the service of the State all who have the requisite capacity, so we would extend the principle of self-government in all quarters where a strong and general desire for it is felt. This, too, should be done, chiefly on the ground of the educational value of self-government, for the sake of the type of character which self-government produces among those who are fit and willing to undertake its burdens. To impose it where it is not asked for would be to court failure, but to refuse it where it is ardently desired is to stifle possibilities which the State should do its best to encourage. Much has been done for Ireland in this direction already, and the present Land Bill

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goes far to remove the causes of Irish discontent: but the desire of the Irish people for self-government is as strong as ever, and this desire should be both welcomed and gratified, so far as such gratification does not imperil the integrity of the Empire.

Such is the outline of a programme which we, since more expert hands seem stricken with paralysis, would venture to write on the Liberal slate. It is not an ambitious programme, nor does it claim to be comprehensive: it deals only with those problems which are at once most urgent, and most capable of an immediate practical solution. But incomplete and limited though it is, we cannot but feel that its adoption would rally the forces of progress round the Liberal flag, and that its execution would constitute an advance in the direction we desire, a contribution, however imperfect, towards the task of checking the waste and promoting the development of our national resources, the stores of strength, industry, and ability, latent in our people.

From the general body of Liberal opinion such a programme may with some confidence expect support: many of its proposals have already found able advocates among private members in the House of Commons, and some have even been blessed by Liberal leaders. But what we would urge is, that it should not be left to this or that little band of skirmishers to emblazon this or that device upon a banner, and bear it, with however great skill and dash, in a forlorn hope against the enemy, while their superior officers look on, and give but a passive sanction to their enterprise. We would have the generals themselves inscribe these now scattered emblems on the field of one united standard, call in the stragglers, give the word to close the ranks, and advance with a fixed purpose to a definite goal.

But, though the Liberal rank and file, together with many who profess Conservatism, and many more who have joined neither party, may approve of the proposals we have sketched; to those who measure our Empire's prosperity, not by the quality of its men or the character of its civilisation, but by the mere extent of its territory, our programme must needs appear paltry and parochial. From Imperialists of

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that stamp we expect no mercy for our plea. But we dispute their claim to the monopoly of patriotism, we deny their exclusive right to the title of Imperialist. The desire to put British civilisation on a basis of greater justice is not incompatible with patriotism : to promote the welfare of the forty millions of this country is no proof of treason to the seven hundred and fifty thousand of New Zealand. And those who for ever insinuate the reverse, both commit slander against the Empire, and promote its disruption. We would appeal to the friends of progress to save the Imperial cause from these, its self-elected champions. Already they have almost succeeded in making the word "Empire" synonymous with all that is most sordid and brutal in our race ; and now they are making the "Empire" a pretext for overthrowing half a century's prosperity, for taxing the food of the underfed, for crippling the productiveness of the industries through which we live, by means of a scheme that can bring profit neither to this country nor to the colonies, neither to the producer nor to the consumer, but simply and solely to the monopolist. This scheme, if carried into effect, will lead either to the Empire's dissolution or to its degradation : the former may well be the result if, as is assumed, England must either starve or lose her Empire. And, even though England prefer to face starvation, the bond of tariff-intrigues and commercial haggling will prove an unstable substitute for the present ties of sympathy and sentiment. But even if Britain heroically sacrificed her prosperity, and even if her Empire, in spite of friction, bickering, and jealousy, still held together, how changed would be her significance, and the significance of her Empire ! At present Britain stands for freedom, her markets are open to all, her commerce enjoys the most favoured treatment at the hands of others, her power rests on the arts of peace, her strength guarantees her colonies security to work out their destiny under free institutions. Britain's free trade at least minimises danger from outside ; her colonies' independence makes civil strife impossible. But the new Empire, to which we are bidden to sacrifice so much, would be a menace to the world's peace, and a challenge to foreign Powers, with ports closed against all

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nations, involved in unceasing tariff-wars, and ever-threatened with the secession now of this and now of that colony, as each in turn felt itself "bested" in the bitter market-strife of conflicting interests.

That path will never lead to the Empire's greatness nor to its unity. The true Imperialist will look elsewhere. The glory of our colonies consists, not in their fiscal system, but in their social institutions : it is by approximating to the latter, and not by adopting the former, that we shall draw nearer to them. Their freedom from feudal fetters, which still shackle us at home, their fearless but clear-sighted boldness in experiment, their virile love of equality, their determination to base society upon justice, to secure to all the opportunity of a life worth living, these are the real essence of the colonial spirit, the true ties which unite them with what is best in the mother-country. For we too have the same impulse, the same desire. But while we have halted and stumbled, they have gone forward without wavering ; if we take heart from their example, and follow where they have led the way, we shall find, in the identity of our sentiment, and the similarity of our laws, an Imperial bond that nothing can break. It is by community of ideals that the Empire will grow together, in a natural, spontaneous union, such as no violent and artificial means can ever realise. We cannot change the foundations on which our prosperity rests, nor do we wish to coerce our colonies to adapt their fiscal methods to ours. Convinced that our system is not only best for ourselves, but in the long run wisest for all people, we must be content to wait, in the hope that they, who are so far ahead in so many things, may learn from us where we believe ourselves in advance of them. To do otherwise would be to prove false to ourselves, and to be unworthy of those who have never lacked the courage of their convictions. If that should ever come to pass, if the ideas of Free Trade should ever win our colonies' allegiance as they have won ours, then the time will have come for a closer political union to supplement the union of sentiment ; and the Empire, friendly with all nations and free from domestic friction, will stand as one great Power, exerting its influence on the side of peace, industry, and

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justice throughout the world. That is the vision of those who realise the true significance of Empire ; and they must fight for their ideal against those who, seeking to compass a premature union by violence, would substitute a sordid and treacherous for a sure and spiritual bond, and would degrade and brutalise the part our race should play in the world's history. It is by broadening and deepening mutual knowledge between the mother-country and her colonies, by quickening colonial sympathies with the cause of progress at home, by inducing the colonists to see our point of view as we ourselves endeavour to enter into theirs, so that each side may realise how identical the other's aspirations are,—it is by such means that Liberalism must draw tighter the chain that links our great democracy to theirs.

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SOMETHING must be done" is the conclusion of many essays and speeches on the condition of the people. The rich, in a vague way, give their charity, and, as a class, are not ungenerous. The poor, in a way equally vague, demand relief. Philanthropists turn out from their busy workshops "leagues," "schemes," and "societies." Legislators propose, and sometimes pass, laws to protect wage-earners—to promote temperance—to safeguard health; and a tariff reform is supported or opposed by reference to its effect on social conditions.

The spirit of "doing" is active; but the spirit is vague, uncertain, and often divided against itself. Neither in charity, nor in agitation, nor in legislation is any method to be found.

But perhaps there is no need that anything should be done. Mr. Bosanquet contends, indeed, that the mere spreading of the idea that "something must be done" is in and by itself a potent factor in the creation of a miserable class; and Mr. Wells, anticipating the future, endeavours to show us the society which the present forces of self-interest, working by themselves, will evolve. Why not, it may be asked, let things alone, till struggle settles the survival of the fittest? To which question there are obvious answers.

In the first place, the plane on which the struggle is going on is artificial. The society in which the rich and the well-to-do, the more highly paid wage-earners, the poor, and the very poor live, is stretched on a framework of laws made by law-makers of another age, who had, indeed, a definite conception of what the relations of rich and poor ought to be, but had no power of foreseeing, and thus of

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providing for, the infinitely greater complexity of modern conditions.

The land laws, for example, are survivals of a time when landlords were the chief contributors to the country's wealth, and the ideal of society was a village of happy dependants grouped around the park gates of the manor house. If the present system is thus the result of past efforts "to do something," it would neither be reasonable nor fair that the "let alone" principle should be now applied, and that people whose work is the country's wealth, and whose ideal is a self-governing community, should be expected to seek no corporate remedy, and simply be called on to struggle with difficulties and pay the high rents due to an old framework of laws.

Or, to take another example, the reformed Poor Law represents the efforts of former generations "to do something" for the poor. It has achieved much, and on the whole has had a beneficial effect; but the system of out-relief is at the present time so woven into the scheme of living, that men both cannot and will not struggle to provide for the old age of themselves and their womenkind. It would be neither reasonable nor fair to say that there should be no more interference, and that therefore the claim for old-age pensions should be put aside. If nothing must be done, there is at any rate something to be undone, if all classes are to be left to frame a society by their own exertions, and individuals in every grade are to get space for the performance of the best private duty, which we are told is ultimately the best public duty.

But there is another answer to this question. Interference is itself a virtue. The sense that something must be done against poverty, ignorance, and sin, is a divine heritage in humanity. If the stronger members of society let alone the weaker, if no class achieved a victory over the idols of its class, the strong would lose more than the weak. A cold heart is a worse evil than a sore body, and if Mr. Wells's *Anticipations* were realised, contact with the first comet would be an end devoutly to be wished. Kindly interference has made many mistakes and done mischief easily condemned; and fussiness, the overflowings of energy, has often hindered

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quiet growth. It would have been better if the mistakes had been avoided and the energy restrained ; but the evidence of kindness has held society together in the stress of changes brought about by new conditions and new discoveries. What would have become of the world without the ideal of lives passed in doing good to man ?

The conclusion that something must be done is so far justified ; but there is a further objection to be met. Is there any real need for anything to be done ? Are not the statements of pressmen and missionaries exaggerated ? This is a question difficult to answer. There is hardly a word about the misery of the poor—their degradation and their suffering—or about the callousness of the rich—their luxury and their selfishness—which cannot be justified by some facts. And yet the impression left by the words is false, and the action induced is often mischievous. Visitors to Whitechapel, for instance, sometimes profess themselves surprised because so many of the people seem happy, and are decently housed ; and would-be helpers sometimes complain that there is no misery at hand which they can immediately relieve.

The truth is, that, though starvation and degradation do exist, they are only, like luxury and vice, “spots on the feast.” The mass of the people live orderly, respectable lives, sending their children to school, banking their savings, and looking after their own interests. A few workmen may waste their higher wages in riotous living ; but a great majority live respectable if dull lives, in the long rows of small houses in the new suburbs. Sensational tales may be true of certain districts ; the districts measured by numbers may be large, but they do not present a true picture of society. The prevalence of such tales is mischievous. Public opinion, fed on gruesome statements about poverty, startled by statistics about destitute old people or neglected children, overwhelmed by appeals for starving multitudes, is apt, if it does not suspect exaggeration and become irresponsible, to wear out its feeling in some hasty action, and then to wait for another sensation. Sensational philanthropy on one side is matched by aggressive socialism on the other.

There are exaggerations about the condition of the

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people which are both misleading and mischievous ; but abundant evidence remains that society needs something to be done. The workers, for instance, have to carry in their boat the load of the unemployable, too weak in body or character to pull their own weight. The want of air and water in the great towns is so great, that in some districts the infant mortality reaches 211 in the thousand. There is a large proportion of the population which, either through poverty or ignorance, is so imperfectly nourished as to be unfit to work or to bear children. The mass of the people are not sufficiently intelligent to understand the simplest proposition of ordinary business, or to apply inventions to their use, or even to carry a message with correctness. The voters have not the deep feeling, nor the clear thinking, which are necessary for wide views of politics, and for sympathy with the tastes of people in different circumstances and countries. They are not wise enough to govern an empire, nor to enter into the joys prepared for the century. There are loafers rich and poor, a class without the responsibilities of home or family, who constitute a constant danger. Men have largely given up church attendance, and as churches, with all their weaknesses and imperfections, are identified with the ideal aspects of life, neglect of them implies less care to respond to the highest and greatest things of life. There is, and in view of social reform this, perhaps, is the worst symptom, a feeble civic sense, an absence of that inspiration which creates a feeling of common membership, an indifference to the real responsibility of the vote, a carelessness of public dignity in comparison with private pleasure.

Society itself seems to be dimly conscious of its own condition. It is, "for want of clearness in respect to general principles," giving itself up to a "vivid exercise of the sensuous imagination." It is set on finding excitement, it delights in shows, and has given a new popularity to old ceremonials. It is attracted by what is big, and is ready for policies which are nearer to gambling than to well considered business. Society is restless, and looks for anodynes to artificial excitement. Patients who in like distress try like means of cure, are told to correct their own condition.

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Something must be done. That something, however, must be impelled and controlled by a conception of society as it might be. Impulses of pity, or indignation, or fear, have resulted in many efforts which have been fitful and extravagant. Pity is easily evoked by such tales of suffering as an East Londoner has printed on his heart ; but pity soon satisfies itself, and the people pitied feel humiliated. Who desires to be pitied ? Indignation has led to many hasty words and deeds, which, though generously inspired, provoke reaction. Fear, it is said, created the Mansion House Fund, which began tasks of relief it never finished, and entangled the problem it touched. It is only the passion of patience which effectually reforms abuses. It is only in the light of a clear conception of a future—of an ideal—which at once impels steady action and keeps it under control, that reformers can move with safety. The talk of an educated man differs from that of the ignorant, because of the controlling purpose which fills the words, and yet keeps them from side issues suggested by associations. Success among men is largely due to the power, which one man has above another, of keeping his mind on his object. It is a vision, according to the proverb, which keeps a State together, and the continued existence of the Jewish people, who, amid trials and temptations, have not lost sight of their high calling, is a proof of the proverb's truth. A conception of society as it might be is *necessary* to social reform. Prophets with their visions have again and again inaugurated changes which have raised the poor, removed abuses, and elevated the State. Poets, putting into words the thoughts of many hearts, have been makers of nations, inspiring statesmen to do what seemed impossible. The revelation of Christ sent His disciples to break down race barriers, and turn the world upside down.

A conception of society is the need of the moment, and the need can hardly be said to be supplied. The great political parties seem to be busy in trying to conciliate the rival claims of different classes. They are known by their platforms, rather than by their principles. Politicians incline to appeal, solely or mainly, to the special desires of their constituents, without putting before them wider issues. Each

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class in the community turns its mind to its own exaltation, and a "property defence" Government is faced by a "labour party." Greater national wealth has induced the dream of Empire, but not a higher national or civic ideal.

It sometimes occurs to the writer to say, that the chief need of the social reformer is a poet. During thirty years he has seen many measures of reform in East London; sudden bursts of activity, large expenditure on relief, new schemes for every imaginable need of the sick and unemployed. There have been abundant goodwill, and abundant practical power; but the manifest want has been consistency and persistency. Social reformers, in East London, have not always known what they have wanted. There has been not only some disorganisation of charity, there has been also some confusion in principle. The good doers have not generally been agreed as to what good doing means. The East Londoners themselves have had little outlook, and have not been helped to it by the jarring machinery and confused voices of their reformers. They have been sadly wanting in the spring which one finds, for instance, in the poor quarter of an American city, where nearly every one shares in some measure the hope which dominates America.

When, therefore, the writer considers his experience, he asks for a poet, rather than for more practical people or more laws; some one who will make a vision, or give a conception of the city or society, which will unite the actions of good people. There are conceptions—the creations of other ages—but, being of other ages, they miss the immediate earthly link. People must have their feet on the ground which they themselves know, when they look into heaven. The poet of the present must get his building materials out of the present, and hence the great importance of these enquiries which are now the vogue. "What change," it was the other day asked of an American visitor, "do you notice in English life since your visit thirteen years ago?" "This disposition to enquire about everything," was his answer. Mr. Charles Booth, various commissioners and

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councillors, and a new School of Sociology, have been or are busy collecting facts, tracing changes, and weighing influences. Enquiry will not make a conception of society, but it will provide the materials necessary for its making.

Enquiry, so far as it has gone, seems to show the growing prominence of the individual, the importance of the personal factor. Mr. Booth, amid the gloom cast by London wealth and poverty, points to the ray of light visible in the advancement of the individual. The best students of society agree that the removal of responsibility from individuals would be destructive of social life. Interests which draw out individual character are more and more found to be the best preventive of insanity and crime. "There is most madness," says Prof. Maudsley, "where there are fewest ideas." "The best way," says the Educationist, "of dealing with naughty children, is to absorb their whole attention in some interest." "The only way," says the philanthropist, "of really helping a man, is to strengthen him to meet his own difficulties, and organise his own life ;" and Lord Roberts says, that the beginning of army reform is to bring out the individuality of the soldier. This prominence of the individual is shown in the loud assertions which throw off the restraints of old habits and old beliefs, in the increasing demand for more individualising care in the teaching of children, in the growing disfavour of methods of repression, in the greater patience of eccentricities, and in the marked regard for personalities in politics and business.

The conception of the future which will satisfy the present generation must therefore give space for the man to be a man. The mediæval conception, with its hierarchy of authorities and its drilled souls, has no attraction for the living modern man. The revolutionist's conception, with its disorder and its contempt for its opponents, is equally unattractive. The Socialistic conception has had great influence. The picture of the well-ordered State, in which private interest is subordinated to the public good, in which none are too rich and none too poor, in which none are idle and none over-worked, has drawn out many generous minds ; and the socialists, inspired by their conception, have been among

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the most powerful of reformers. There is much in the light of this ideal for both warmth and guidance ; but there is a shadow over the light. The man who looks into the socialist State sees himself fed, made comfortable, rescued from the precariousness which has hitherto dwarfed his being, saved from the curse of the competition of classes and parties ; but he does not see himself free. He hears no call from it on his deeper self, on his powers of sacrifice, or on his love of adventure ; he finds in the ordered peace little room for the growth of that individuality known only to himself and God ; he realises in the earthly paradise little consideration of himself as a spiritual being. Socialism is not built out of the material which the present age recognises as the best ; it does not offer a place for the man who is restless to be himself, and it does not therefore hold its place as an ideal. It is much less talked of than it was a few years ago ; and "Socialist" has now become the designation of a party, as keen in seeking the interests of a certain class, as other parties are keen for other classes.

The conception which expresses modern aspirations is not yet formed. It will not be the invention of a moment, it will come in the fulness of time, when once more the word will be projected from the common thought, and each dumb man will tell, by some sign or other, that this word represents his unspoken hope.

It is the deep belief of the writer, that the conception of society will come as the gift of Christianity. The first disciples looked for a society which they called the Kingdom of Heaven. Subsequent believers have formed themselves into societies which they have called Churches. The worshipper of Christ, that is to say, who feels that his principle of being—his very soul—is looked through and through, is not only called to develope his own capacities, but is also made conscious of relationship to other beings of like and unlike capacities. He grows in and with a society by which he is controlled. The expectation is not unreasonable, that for the Christian his city will be his church, its service divine service, and that service perfect freedom. A new revelation of God has again and again preceded new social organisation, a glimpse of the Divinity seems to make

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people see deeper needs in the poor and fatherless and widows, and the religious movement is the most powerful in every revolution. But this is matter for an essay on religious reform.

It is enough for the present argument, that it is a conception of society which will give impulse to social reform. There may be no poet to inspire action by his vision of the end to which all things move ; but the more limited sight of the enquirer recognises, that the line of development is through the individual. The material out of which the poem will be made is Man and Woman. The fuel which the light, when it comes, will set on fire, so that its blaze lightens the world, is individual character. "The something to be done" is to collect that material, and see that it is good : to gather that fuel, and see that it is pure.

The impulse to social reform is, in other words, respect for individuality, for the manhood which, evident in the greatest, is to be found in each man, woman, and child. The acceptance of this guide would involve the surrender of some popular ways of reform, and the adoption of others difficult for impatient and warm-hearted reformers. The ways, for instance, of direct relief would have to be given up, and the ways of education widened and extended. There would be no more shelters, no more doles, no more out-relief, which lower human self-respect ; and there would be a vast expenditure on education, so that every child might receive individual care, and every man and woman the training, not only in knowledge and in habits of accurate thinking, but also in that use of the imagination, which will enable them to feel beating within themselves the human pulse of admiration, stirred by the reading of great thoughts and great deeds. There would be no more provision of cheap dwellings, provided partly by the rates and limited in occupation to a particular class. There would, however, be a change in the basis of assessment, an extension of compulsory powers of purchase, and the provision of easy access, which would force into occupation some of the abundant land on the borders of towns, and so offer to their inhabitants the opportunity of securing their own houses by their own efforts, and suited to their own tastes. There would be no

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more deterrent labour in workhouses and casual wards, no more reform by repression. There would be labour schools in which the unemployed would be taught or trained, and the unemployable detained to earn, or partly earn, their livelihood under firm and courteous control. There would be no more government *for* people, no more kindly patronage, either on the part of rich men with secure seats on the local governing bodies, or by employers treating men as children. There would be government *with* people, a way open for every citizen to share in the dignity and responsibility of being a ruler in his own community, and an increase in every business of the principle, if not the practice, of co-operation. There would be, on one side, greater regard for life, more rigorous interference with the greed or carelessness by which so many men and women are yearly crippled through preventible disease and accidents. There would be, on the other side, greater regard for each man's independence—his right to his own duties—his right to be left even to fall by his own faults,—and to make sacrifices for his own friends. There would be less of the interference by which so many men and women are yearly robbed of their energy, their moral control, and powers of self-help. There would be fewer institutions, fewer orphanages and asylums, less of the machinery of charity with its systems and paid officials. There would be more opportunities for personal friendship, closer contact between rich and poor, in which it would be possible to give and receive gifts without any sense of humiliation.

But sufficient examples have been given to show the direction in which a more vivid realisation of each man's need would start action. The point which it is the object of these lines to enforce is, that it is only a new conception of society which will at once impel and restrain reforms. That conception does not as yet dawn on the public mind ; but experience justifies the assertion that, when it dawns, it will include the strongest elements in present society. It will be modern and not ancient. The strongest element seems to be individuality, and the immediate duty of those who would prepare the way for the conception of

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society which is shaping itself in some unknown Nazareth is, to consider the characters lying hidden in men, women and children, so that "new hearts in individual growth" may "quicken and increase to multitude."

Something must be done. The generation of reformers which is leaving the stage has played its part. The condition of the people is vastly different from what it was twenty-five years ago; but still, every humane observer of the present condition is full of anxiety. The people, because of their improvement, have more ability to criticise what is done; reformers, weary of their own ways, disillusioned perhaps by the results of their own efforts, are tempted to say "reform is vanity;" and all classes—rich and poor alike—with more leisure and more opportunities, incline to seize on pleasure with an avidity which astonishes onlookers.

The moment of greatest possibility is often the moment of greatest temptation; and societies, like the Christian pilgrim, find that from the gates of the Celestial City there is a direct road to ruin. The present generation has to conquer its own disposition to weariness or to pleasure, as well as to go on doing something against poverty, ignorance, and sin. "Something" must be done, at least such is the conviction of the writer, in the direction of raising individuals by individuals, in order that the instinct which draws man to man may be so spiritualised, that society, reconstructed on the basis of brotherhood, will become, not a convention, but a necessity.

SAMUEL A. BARNETT

COLONIAL PREFERENCE

THE first question in the notorious "fiscal inquiry" ought to be, "What is the use of foreign trade?" In the course of discussion, when this question has not been asked, it is extremely common to find one or even both of the disputants assuming that the use of foreign trade is to provide employment for persons who, by some inscrutable dispensation of Providence, find themselves engaged in producing commodities which are exported. But everyone admits, when the proposition is once clearly stated, that employment, or in other words labour, is not a good in itself, and is only desired and undertaken as an end to the attainment of those necessities and conveniences of life, which form the real income enjoyed by mankind. There is no difficulty in providing or finding employment; the difficulty is to find employment which shall be as remunerative as we are accustomed to expect it to be. The employment of persons in producing exports would be practised by a communistic as well as by an individualistic nation, and the object would be the same, namely, the acquirement of goods in exchange for the exports. In ordinary cases, the goods obtained in exchange are the imports, though, of course, they need not come immediately, inasmuch as exports are often made by way of loan, and are paid for by an annual percentage of interest. The object of foreign trade is, then, to obtain imports; but this scarcely answers the question, "What is the use of foreign trade?", since the questioner will probably go on to enquire, "What is the use of obtaining imports? Why not produce the required goods at home?" The answer to this question is the same

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as the answer to the question why any individual does not produce everything for himself. Some things he could not get at all by his direct exertions, and some things he could not get so easily by his direct exertions as he can by the indirect process of making something which he himself does not want, but which other people do want. The question is slightly complicated by the fact that the goods which it is desirable to import belong to three classes. First, there are goods which it is absolutely impossible to produce at home. Secondly, there are goods which can be produced at home, but of which the whole required supply can be obtained more easily in exchange for goods exported. Thirdly, there is the class of goods of which a part only of the whole supply can be obtained more easily in exchange for goods exported than by direct home production. In the United Kingdom diamonds are an example of the first class, tea and wine of the second, wheat and iron ore of the third. It is difficult to devise a succinct form of words which will cover all three classes satisfactorily, but perhaps we may be content to say that we desire imports because we can make our real income—the necessities and conveniences of life which we enjoy together with the additions to our capital—greater by obtaining some things from abroad, by way of exchange, than if we confined ourselves to home produce.

Foreign trade should be just great enough to raise income to the highest possible point in this way, and there is no object in making it greater. Hence, indiscriminate exultation and indiscriminate lamentation over every increase of foreign trade are equally to be condemned. An actual decrease of foreign trade may result from a beneficial invention which diminishes the difficulty of home production, and thereby makes the direct method of obtaining the goods the most advantageous. Moreover it must be remembered, that considerable fluctuations in the magnitude of imports and exports are very often due to changes in the direction of the investment or repayment of capital. When a country borrows freely its imports rise: when it repays loans or invests capital abroad its exports rise. Hence a diminution of exports, for example, may be either, on the one hand, the

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result of diminished ability to pay off old debts or to make new investments abroad, or, on the other hand, the result of the discovery of new profitable openings for capital at home. Probably both diminished ability to make investments abroad in consequence of the vast expenditure of the State in the last few years, and the discovery of new openings for capital at home, have a good deal more to do with keeping down British exports than most of the reasons which are commonly alleged.

So far free traders and also protectionists, if gifted with ordinary intelligence, will go together ; but at this point they separate. The free trader believes that it is best to let the self-interest of individuals decide what goods and how much of them shall be imported, while the protectionist believes that national (but not local) governments should prohibit or discourage by the imposition of fines or taxes the importation of particular commodities, which he thinks ought to be produced entirely or more largely at home, although they can be obtained more easily by purchase from abroad.

For believing that the action of self-interest should be left untrammelled in this particular case, free traders have recently been derided as fetish worshippers and adherents of antiquated shibboleths. They are told that *laissez faire* is an effete doctrine which may have done a useful work in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, but which has long ago been abandoned as inapplicable to modern conditions. Free traders who have socialistic leanings are taunted with inconsistency in supporting *laissez faire* in relation to foreign trade, while they are in favour of State action in innumerable other directions.

It is, of course, often open to the free traders to reply with a *tu quoque*. The person who sneers at their inconsistency in supporting *laissez faire* in foreign trade is often himself a vigorous, not to say bigoted, adherent of *laissez faire* in every other direction. So little is consistency expected here, that I have actually heard one of the most intelligent and well informed protectionists of my acquaintance hazard in perfect good faith the suggestion, that the *Times*' contributor, "An Economist," was identical with the

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contributor of the articles on Municipal Socialism which appeared some time before in that journal. The suggestion was of course erroneous, but it is none the less instructive.

However, the *tu quoque* does not take us very far, and it is more to the point to observe, that there need as a matter of fact be no inconsistency in the free trader's position, even if he happens to believe in government action in a good many other matters. The truth is, that no intelligent person, socialist or other, really doubts that, as things are, non-interference with the action of self-interest, in the regulation of exchange and division of labour, is the general rule which is to be observed in the absence of good reasons to the contrary. The socialist may doubtless believe (whether rightly or wrongly it is no part of our present business to inquire) that an entire reorganisation of property and government could yield better results than the present arrangements; but that is no reason whatever for his approving indiscriminately every measure which interferes with the free play of self-interest. Every socialist knows that there have been innumerable evil interferences in the past, and that he may expect many more in the future. The fact that a man may believe that sound reasons can be given in favour of factory legislation or municipal enterprise, does not in any way debar him from believing that good reasons have not been given in favour of interference with foreign trade; and this is the true free trade position. The free trader may suspect that no good reasons can be given in favour of interference with foreign trade; but all that he need attempt to prove is, that such reasons have not actually been given.

So far as the past is concerned, history is not very encouraging to the seeker after sound reasons in favour of government interference with foreign trade. There was a time when such interference was advocated on the ground that without it a country could not keep or obtain an adequate stock of the precious metals. At first, prohibition of the export of gold and silver was resorted to; but it was afterwards seen, in countries which had no mines, that this expedient was insufficient, and resort was had to the plan of

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checking imports and encouraging exports, in the hope that this would lead to the receipt of a balance in gold and silver. Both plans are now admitted to have been absurd, and every one knows that no country with a sound currency will be in want of metal for as much coin as it requires. The regulation of foreign commerce with a view to the securing of sufficient currency having been abandoned, the various nations entered on a system of protecting various industries on the most different and often contradictory grounds. One country would protect manufactures because they were more profitable than agriculture to the producers, other countries, or the same country a generation later, would protect agriculture on the ground that it was more productive than other industries and yielded a rent or surplus. In general, it is perfectly clear that protection was given to whatever interests were threatened by importation, and had sufficient influence to secure the ear of the corrupt and inefficient governments of the time. The attempt of certain members of the last generation of the historical school to represent this mass of absurd and conflicting enactments as the cause of European and American progress, is one of the wildest and most desperate undertakings which it ever entered into the mind of man to conceive.

The new protectionism, however, we are told, is of a much superior brand, so superior, in fact, that it should really be rather regarded as an extension of freedom of trade. We are to put a moderate but hitherto unspecified duty upon food imported from foreign countries, but not upon food imported from our colonies and possessions; in exchange for this preference in their favour, the colonies and possessions will, it is said, give a preference in their customs tariffs to imports from the United Kingdom (and presumably from each other). The curious result will follow, that the agriculture of the Empire will be protected against foreign competition, and that the manufactures of each protectionist colony will be protected against foreign and, in a somewhat less degree, British competition. The question is, whether this state of things would be an improvement on the present, first, in the United Kingdom,

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secondly, in the Colonies, and thirdly, in both taken together.

There is no denying that it is sometimes advantageous for an area, even if it has been pursuing a free trade policy, to surrender its fiscal independence and become absolutely united for customs purposes with a protectionist neighbour. No one doubts, for example, that almost any West Indian island would gain by being admitted inside the customs barrier of the United States. Absolutely unhampered trade with the immense neighbouring market, thus provided, would more than compensate for the additional hindrances to trade with distant Europe. On the other hand, it certainly would not be well for a free trade United Kingdom to enter into a protectionist union with, say, New Zealand alone. The magnitude and nearness of the market opened up, and the magnitude and nearness of the market cut off, must obviously be considered in every case.

Hence, in considering whether it would be well for the United Kingdom to submit to additional hindrances to trade with foreign countries in order to secure the removal of hindrances to trade with the colonies, it is necessary to weigh carefully the probable gain against the probable loss. When this is done, it seems tolerably clear, that not even absolute freedom of importation from the United Kingdom into the present protectionist colonies would compensate the United Kingdom for the loss involved in a moderate measure of protection to agriculture as between herself and foreign countries. There is little reason for supposing that the entire removal of the colonial duties on imports from the United Kingdom would lead to the colonial market offering much higher prices than at present for these imports. In many cases, these duties are levied on commodities which are not produced at all in the colonies in question, or on commodities which are only produced there in such small quantities that their protective effect is practically unimportant. Consequently, their abolition would not have, at any rate in any important degree, the good result which follows the abolition of a very effective protective duty, the result of setting free a large amount of the labour power of

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the community to be employed in more productive directions. Instead of this, it would only have the result of the removal of an ordinary revenue duty, the result of freeing a certain portion of the consumers' money—incomes which, however, in this case would necessarily be promptly seized by the colonial governments by means of some other kind of taxation, so that the consumers would have little or nothing more to spend than at present. Of course, if the imposition of duties on foreign agricultural produce imported into the United Kingdom were effective in causing a great increase in the agriculture of the colonies, there would doubtless be a great increase in the quantity of imports from the United Kingdom into the colonies. But this increase of quantity would not involve any improvement in the conditions of the trade of the United Kingdom, as it would simply have been transferred from foreign countries. If we cease to take food from Argentina, we shall cease to export goods to Argentina to pay for it.

It would appear, therefore, that there is very little probability of any considerable advantage to the United Kingdom arising from the entire disappearance of colonial duties on British goods. It is not, however, even suggested that anything like so much as this is likely to be obtained. The most that is hoped for is a reduction of existing duties by 25 or 33 per cent. ; and there is good reason to suppose that not even that could be obtained, but that the preference would be given simply by raising the existing tariffs against goods from foreign countries, and leaving the tariffs against goods from the United Kingdom just where they are. The advantage to the United Kingdom would thus be infinitesimal.

This is so obvious, that no serious attempt has been made to prove that the United Kingdom would gain any considerable advantage from the proposed colonial preference. Mr. Chamberlain can only have been playing with the question, when he suggested that £10 a head exported to ten million people was a great deal more important than "a few shillings a head" to three hundred millions, since, after all, six and eightpence multiplied by 300,000,000 is equal to ten pounds multiplied by 10,000,000, and, one would imagine, more

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capable of increase. The calculation would thus not have been very convincing, even if it had been correct instead of involving, as it did, the somewhat important error of including exports to India and omitting the population of India.

Instead of insisting on the advantage of the projected colonial preference, the advocates of the scheme prefer to attempt to prove, that the duties on foreign imports of food into the United Kingdom would do little or no harm, and might even be directly beneficial.

We must, of course, admit that duties on food imports from foreign countries only would not be as harmful to the United Kingdom as duties on food imports from the colonies as well as from foreign countries. The loss of the productiveness of industry caused by growing an additional quantity of food within the Empire, as a whole, would not be nearly so great as the loss caused by growing the same quantity in the United Kingdom alone. But that there would be a loss, varying with the magnitude of the additional quantity of food raised, is undeniable. The very fact that a duty is necessary in order to force the increased production shows that a higher price must be offered for the food ; and this higher price simply registers the increased difficulty of production. It is said that this increased difficulty would be only temporary, that, when once a start was made, the colonies alone would supply the required quantity of agricultural produce as easily, and consequently as cheaply, as they and foreign countries together supply it at present. This, however, it should be noticed, is not quite the question. The true question is, whether the colonies alone could supply the required quantity in the future as cheaply as they and foreign countries together would supply it in the absence of such a duty. The answer to this question is a decided negative. The colonies themselves do not believe in the possibility suggested, or some of them would long ago have attempted to bring it about by bounties on agricultural exports.

To reconcile us to the discomfort involved in quarrelling with our bread and butter because it comes from foreign countries, the *Times*' "Economist" and others have alleged

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that, whether we like it or not, we shall soon have to be content with supplies from the colonies, because the territory of the United States is filling up and will soon cease to export food, in consequence of the increasing requirements of its own population. It seems to be forgotten, that the United States is by no means the only foreign country which either supplies, or is capable of supplying, the British market; but, even if it were so, and even if the prophecies of its soon ceasing to export food were correct instead of absurd, an intelligent anticipation of future events would scarcely be displayed by refusing its wheat immediately. Such an anticipation of future events, far from being intelligent, would resemble that of the man who committed suicide at fifty, because his doctor told him he would not live beyond sixty. When the United States does become fully occupied and requires all its own agricultural produce, this will not happen all at once, or at four months' notice, like Mr. Chamberlain's campaign, but will come to pass gradually, giving plenty of time for the introduction of new fields of supply.

So far, then, as the United Kingdom alone is concerned, the scheme offers an infinitesimal advantage, far more than counterbalanced by a direct substantial disadvantage. There would, of course, be, in addition to this direct disadvantage, a further indirect disadvantage in the still greater obstacles which would be raised by foreign countries to trade with the United Kingdom, in consequence of her abandonment of the free trade policy which at present secures her unusually favourable terms from them.

What, we inquire next, would the scheme offer to the Colonies? This would depend a good deal upon the way in which the colonial preference to imports from the United Kingdom was given. If it were given by way of a real reduction of duties, the colonies would certainly benefit by this relaxation of protection where there is any competing colonial industry actually protected. In such cases, colonial industry would be released in favour of more productive employment. But where no colonial industry is actually protected, the diminution of duties, as has already been pointed out, would merely deprive the colonial government of a source of revenue, which would have to be replaced by another and

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very probably less convenient one. As it is not in the least probable that any real considerable reduction of duties will be made where the protection afforded is actually important, it would appear that the advantage to be gained by the colonies in this respect is extremely trifling. They would, undoubtedly, for the most part, gain considerably by the preference given to their agricultural produce by the United Kingdom. But they could not possibly gain as much as the United Kingdom would lose, since the extra cost of the whole supply, which would be clear loss to the United Kingdom, would not be clear gain to them, but would, for the most part, consist of additional labour in production and transport.

There seems to be, therefore, not the least doubt, that the scheme suggested could not fail to be disadvantageous to the Empire as a whole, when considered purely from an economic point of view. The interference with the productive arrangements involved in the protection to agriculture would be far more damaging than the advantage gained by the removal of hindrances created by the colonial tariffs.

But, it will be asked, would the admittedly unsatisfactory economic result conduce to the unity and military safety of the Empire? If so, a considerable economic loss might, in the opinion of many people, well be endured without complaint. There is no reason to suppose that the scheme would conduce to the unity or safety of the Empire. It is childish to suppose that a feeling of solidarity can be produced by the sale of corn. Does the Western American farmer love the British consumer of his wheat? Does the British consumer include the Western American farmer in his thoughts, when he says grace or prays for his daily bread? The history of the world bears witness, that the closest trade relations are no guarantee of mutual affection. What towns are in closer trade relations than Liverpool and Manchester? Are they particularly remarkable for their friendship? It is far more probable, that the bargaining and haggling over tariffs between the mother-country and the colonies would produce irritation and disunity. As for military safety, it is doubtless true that a self-sufficient

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Empire is safer, provided its parts are contiguous and it can keep out the invader. But that is not the case of the British Empire. Its parts are scattered widely over the globe, and there appears to be every reason to believe that, in case of war, commerce between the United Kingdom and the colonies could be far more easily interrupted than commerce with neutral nations. Some advocates of the scheme have not scrupled to drag in the horrid supposition of a war with the United States, as if it helped their case. The idea that corn from Canada could be depended upon in the event of that appalling calamity, is ridiculous to anyone who possesses a very moderate acquaintance with the geography of North America.

What then is the advice that should be given to the nation? The best and most urgently required advice seems to be, "Do not believe in bogeys." A century and a quarter has elapsed since Adam Smith pointed out, that for generations alarmists had never ceased from crying out that England was on the decline and would shortly be ruined. The stream of gloomy vaticinations has continued without interruption ever since, and the people of England have continued to grow in number, wealth, and comfort. Fluctuations in prosperity we must of course expect, and we must not be alarmed if a very considerable temporary depression should follow the prosperity of the last few years, which seems to have been almost too great to be regarded as part of that permanent improvement in material welfare which is observed over long periods of time.

Do not let us believe that the nation is going fast to ruin because a few staple trades show a decline of importance compared with industry in general. These staple trades furnish material for satisfying certain elementary wants, which do not grow with increasing wealth like the more refined wants. The capacity of the human stomach to consume bread, and the capacity of the human back to carry shirts, is strictly limited; and we cannot expect unlimited growth in the trades which supply bread and shirts. The tendency of civilisation is to reduce the proportion of persons employed in producing simple rudimentary materials and commodities, and to increase the proportion employed in

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supplying the more delicate wants. Fortunately it is in these days possible for the proportion, and even the absolute numbers of persons employed in a great industry, to diminish, without the terrible hardships which sometimes accompanied such a change in the past. The *Times*' "Economist," when he talks of a future Armageddon in which Lancashire cotton manufacturers will die fighting rather than transfer Lancashire industry to machine-making, overlooks the fact that the transference has been long quietly taking place, and never more rapidly than at present, when American enterprise has sought a new home on the banks of the Manchester Ship Canal, outside the tariff wall of the United States in free trade England. When he grumbles vaguely over the absolute decline of British agriculture, and asserts that the old free traders never foresaw it, he forgets that, according to his own account, which is doubtless correct, the agricultural population knows itself to be better off than before this wonderful "decline" took place.

The gratification which every patriot ought to feel at the fact that the comparatively well paid "miscellaneous" occupations are growing rapidly, and the comparatively ill paid staple trades are increasing slowly or even diminishing, will not be seriously damped by the *Times*' "Economist's" apparent belief, that a City policeman is a poor thing compared with an Essex labourer or a South Staffordshire ironworker—a belief which he supports only by an obscure reference to an economic doctrine which was quite successfully exploded by McCulloch early in the second quarter of last century. Nor should we be unduly depressed when the same writer's admiration for the staple industries induces him to assert, that energy and intelligence will die out if the production of clothing for live Europeans takes the place of the manufacture of heavily sized winding-sheets for dead Chinamen. These ideas are merely the morbid imaginings of one whose ideal of industry and statemanship is in the eighteenth century, and who thinks that great things might be accomplished by a Committee of the Privy Council on Trade. If we retain our freedom to buy and sell where we choose, without being fined for our preference, there is no fear of ill paid trades taking the place of well paid

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trades; and, so long as the substitution is in the opposite direction, we must not regret too much the disappearance of some picturesque hewers of wood and drawers of water. Not only fathers but States also should desire, that their children should do the finest and best paid work of the world.

EDWIN CANNAN

PROTECTION AND THE STEEL TRADE

THE problem which Mr. Chamberlain presented rather unexpectedly to the nation for solution in the speech he delivered at Birmingham in May last, and which has been stated in somewhat more explicit terms in subsequent speeches both by himself and by the Prime Minister, will no doubt have to be solved on the basis of general principles ; but general principles can only be stated by the consideration of particular instances. It appears, therefore, pertinent to the discussion to collect these from various industries and to endeavour, if possible, to deduce from the collection some law governing the whole. Such an inquiry, however, will only be fruitful if it is directed and informed by a clear purpose ; it would otherwise be a mere groping around in the realm of the unknown. The first question, therefore, which presents itself is, in what direction or directions must we conduct our enquiry.

So far as it has been possible up to the present to gather, the objects which Mr. Chamberlain and, in some halting fashion, after him the Prime Minister, have in view, appear to be based on the following propositions :—

1st. It is necessary to bind the constituent parts of the Empire closer together, and this can be done best, if not solely, by the cash nexus.

2nd. The condition of British commerce is parlous, and requires the intervention of the statesman to preserve it.

3rd. Both objects may be gained by radical changes in British fiscal policy.

In the following paper no discussion of the first of these propositions, in its two branches, is attempted.

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The maintenance of the Empire is recognised as a matter of supreme importance to both Great Britain and her colonies. It is not denied that this depends on naval and military equipment and on general national efficiency. These things in their turn can only be accomplished by careful husbanding of the wealth of the kingdom ; and this is to be attained by prudent and far-sighted administration. The State, like the individual, cannot hope to pursue a policy to which no objection can be found. In all branches of human activity, the best we can look for is a compromise, in which we shall sacrifice as little and obtain as much as may be. We require, however, to be satisfied that what we surrender is not of more importance than what we obtain—still more that we do not give up the substance for the shadow. A policy which bears with it great benefits to the nation, but carries at the same time disadvantages to some section of the community, must not be discarded for one which, removing the latter, may be pregnant with effects of which the results are not easily foreseen. Like the heron in the fable,

“On hasarde de perdre en voulant trop gagner.”

A proposal, therefore, to interfere with the course of trade by fiscal measures, is necessarily regarded with suspicion. An endeavour to found patriotism on a cash basis leads to a balancing of interests of a very complicated kind. Above all, it risks the well-being of great classes within the nation. For all these reasons, such proposals and attempts should only be made after the most careful consideration. On the other hand, the position of British commerce, and the continued prosperity of the kingdom at large, are matters of vital importance. The maintenance of the Empire depends on the ability of Great Britain to incur the expenditure needed for the purposes to which reference has already been made. If our prosperity languishes, that ability disappears, and consequently no effectual remedy would be too drastic to apply to such a disease.

We must, therefore, address ourselves to the inquiry, first, whether British commerce is languishing, and second, whether the remedies now suggested will put an end to its

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decline. Here we seem to have clear objects of research, and, with these before us, it is proposed to look in some detail at the condition of the principal branches of British industry. It is not difficult to set out in general terms what these should be. The tables prepared by the Board of Trade show that our chief articles of export fall under the following heads :—Metals, Textiles, Chemicals, Coals, and Sundries.

In this paper it is proposed to deal, as succinctly as possible, with the group of industries under the head "Metals" which falls under the designation of "Iron and Steel." And here we are met by an initial difficulty. Iron and steel products, though by far the most important of the metal industries, can with difficulty be separated from the rest, as it is hard to say at what point iron and steel pass over into a different designation, that, for example, of machinery. Nails, screws and rivets, for instance, were until recently included in the Board of Trade returns under the head of "Unenumerated Iron and Steel Manufactures." They now have a place of their own in the Tables ; while machinery, by no means an unimportant part of the iron industry, appeared separately under the head "Manufactures of Iron and Steel" until two years ago, but has now been removed to a special place of its own in the returns. A rivet or screw, therefore, sent out as a duplicate with a piece of machinery, is included in the term "Machinery," but a rivet or screw sent subsequently to replace the duplicates which have been used up is an "Iron and Steel Manufacture." Such refinements, however, shall be left on one side, and we will inquire broadly into the position and prospects of the British iron and steel trade.

Let us in the first place endeavour to estimate the value of the iron and steel trade as a whole. We must begin with the pig iron which forms the raw material of the industry. The total make of this amounted in 1902 to 8,518,000 tons, while the quantity imported was 223,000 tons—together 8,741,000 tons. The make of pig iron has been gradually increasing. Fifty years ago it amounted to 2,700,000 tons. The first time it reached 1,000,000 tons was in 1835. In 1847 the second million was just not attained—the make

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being given as 1,999,508. The quinquennial averages since 1852 have been as follows:—

1858—62	3,651,000 tons
1868—72	5,972,000 „
1878—82	7,396,000 „
1888—92	7,572,000 „

and for the past four years the figures stand—

1899	9,305,319 tons
1900	8,908,570 „
1901	7,851,830 „
1902	8,517,693 „

Whether this growth can be maintained, depends on circumstances of a very complicated character. There is a general tendency to carry the processes of manufacture further. This is evidenced by the steady increase in the make of ingots, which has risen from 2,067,600 tons in 1890 to 4,901,054 tons in 1900. The figures for the last two years are—

for 1901	4,904,044 tons
for 1902	4,849,067 „

The capital available for employment in any branch of industry is limited, and flows into the channels where most profit can be obtained. It is possible that the output of iron in England may have reached its limit, and that the growth of the industry will be in the direction of working up the material into more finished products. Should this prove to be the case, it will not be surprising if the tendency we have recently observed, of supplies of iron being drawn in considerable quantities from abroad, should become more marked.

The home production was made from 13,426,000 tons of ore raised in the United Kingdom, and from 6,440,000 tons of imported ore, of which all but about one million tons came from Spain. Those who complain of foreign imports will have some difficulty in discriminating between the 6½ million tons of ore and the 223,000 tons of pig iron. The Cleveland miner and mine-owner will as justly

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complain that $1\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of ore are brought to the Tees to compete with the produce of the Cleveland hills, as the Cleveland blast-furnace-man and ironmaster of the 166,000 tons of pig iron of quality similar to their own, which came in about equal quantities from Russia, Germany, and North America.¹ It would delay us too long to deal exhaustively with this matter. It is mentioned merely because it is the first difficulty to be encountered by those who embark on a policy of protection for the iron trade. Of the total pig iron at the disposal of the manufacturers, 1,102,000 tons were exported, and consequently 7,638,000 tons were left to be dealt with in this country. We exported 2,474,000 tons of manufactured iron of various sorts. We further exported machinery, hardware, ships, and sundries which, judging by value, represent well on to a million tons of pig iron. It may be taken, therefore, that of the 7,638,000 tons of pig iron retained for manufacture in this country, about one half is exported in a more highly finished state. When we try to arrive at the value of the trade, we have the following definite facts to go on :—

	Tons.	Value.
Pig iron exported—quantity and value as given in Board of Trade returns	1,102,000	£3,569,000
Manufactured iron and steel—quantity and value as given in Board of Trade returns	2,474,000	£25,644,000
Machinery, hardware, ships, and sundries—quantity estimated—value as given in Board of Trade returns	1,000,000	£32,152,000
		<hr/> £61,365,000

If the portion retained in this country were converted into articles of equal value, it means that about four million

¹ I have excluded some 57,000 tons of Swedish iron of special quality, which is produced in that country only.

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tons of pig iron have been turned into articles of which the value is probably not over-stated at £90,000,000. We must deduct our imports, which in 1902 amounted to £15,775,000. We must also deduct the value of the ores we imported, to enable us to make about 25 per cent. of the pig iron we produced. This in 1902 is given in the returns as £4,979,000. Making these two deductions, we arrive at £130,611,000, as the net value of the British iron trade. This estimate is avowedly a mere approximation. It includes in the term "iron trade" all articles which consist chiefly of iron; a ship and a cycle are equally regarded as belonging to it, and similar articles are therefore included in the imports. The fuel used in the trade is, by implication, regarded as part of it, and the railway services for which it calls are also included. These facts must be borne in mind when any estimate of the total trade of the kingdom is attempted, lest items should be counted twice over. Regarded as a source of employment, it is by much the most important industry in the country. Under the head "Metals," the census of 1901 gives 1,174,000 males employed in England and Wales. Only one of the headings ("Conveyance") stands above it, with 1,249,000. The next largest is "Agriculture," with 1,071,000. But when we consider how much employment the iron trade affords to men included under "Conveyance," and still more to men included under "Mines and Quarries," it is clear that "Metals" stand pre-eminent in the list of the trades of the kingdom; and it is hardly necessary to add that iron is by many times the most important metal. This, then, is the industry to which it is thought necessary to apply restoratives.

It is to be noted, that the whole amount of the imports into this country is slightly over 10 per cent. of the total value of the whole trade—15½ millions out of 151 millions.¹

¹ This is the highest figure reached as yet. The Board of Trade returns have been re-shaped rather considerably in recent years, so that a comparison of these figures for preceding years is somewhat difficult. I think, however, the following are substantially correct :—

Iron imports for 1898	8,298, excluding hardware
1899	9,241, including "
1900	11,506, " "
1901	13,179, " "

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When we look at the imports in detail, we see that they fall into three classes. They consist either of articles which we do not and cannot produce in this country, or of articles which for some reason a foreign country is ready to sell cheap, and which the buyer sees his way to convert to advantage, or of some speciality which has been cultivated abroad. The following examples illustrate what has just been said. We get about 60,000 tons of pig iron a year from Sweden. It is made from charcoal, and is used in Great Britain to produce the highest class of wrought iron. We also get from the same country about 10,000 tons a year of unwrought steel of very high quality. It is obvious that we benefit by our ability to draw these supplies. Yet this is by no means the first time we have been asked to submit to legislation to control the import of iron of this character from abroad. To go no further back than the seventeenth century, we find the Sheffield Cutlers' Company in 1663 paying charges "concerning a petition that transporting Spanish iron may be continued."

"In 1736, the English ironmasters asked to be protected from the competition of New England. A petition was signed by sundry ironmasters and ironmongers at Birmingham, and presented to the House of Commons on March 10th, 1736. The merchants trading with the Colonies took a different view of the matter, and asked Parliament to admit iron from the British plantations duty free. They pleaded that American iron was as good as that of Sweden, from which, and other countries, upwards of 20,000 tons were annually imported into Great Britain; and they said if encouragement were given to Colonial iron, Great Britain might, in course of years, be rendered independent of foreign countries. This petition was presented March 3rd, 1736, and was referred to a select committee. Another petition drawn by the agent of the ironmasters, after referring to the facilities for producing iron in America, went on to say :—

"It is to be feared, if some encouragement be not given for the importation of it (iron) into Great Britain, that they (the Americans) will be forced to work the said iron themselves, to the great decay and prejudice

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of the iron trade in this kingdom. . . . We humbly therefore pray this honourable House to take our case into consideration, and give such encouragement for the importation of bar iron, pigs, and sows, from America, and to lay such restraint on their manufacturing as to this honourable House shall seem reasonable.'

"All the above petitions came before the same Committee, which took evidence, and reported on the 20th April; but after several delays the matter was allowed to drop, notwithstanding the alarming allegations of some of the petitioners (tanners) that the decay of the iron trade was making wood valueless, and unless something was done coppices would have to be grubbed up, and there would be neither oak for shipbuilding nor bark for tanning."¹

We have recently been fortunate enough to secure considerable quantities of cheap steel from the Continent of Europe. Those who seek to reverse the sound fiscal proposition that taxation should be used for raising revenue only, and not to attain other advantages, have sought to prejudice men's minds by giving the dog a bad name, and proceeding forthwith to hang him. When some article of English manufacture is undersold by a foreign producer the process is called "Dumping"; and clamour for the exclusion of the foreigner arises. If we once enter on this course, it is difficult to see where we should stop. Each manufacturer who finds himself undersold will urge that his case is an example of "unfair competition," from which the Government should protect him. I have already referred to the Cleveland ironmasters' case against Spanish ore. For some years the position of that very important branch of the British iron trade was seriously threatened by the supplies of pure ore from Spain. There were not wanting those who began to murmur that the native industry was suffering from "unfair competition," and that Spanish ore should be subject to duty. Had this simple expedient been

¹ I am indebted to Mr. R. E. Leader, author of *Sheffield in the 18th Century*, for the above most interesting quotation from a memorandum prepared by his brother, the late Mr. J. D. Leader.

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possible, does any one pretend that the attention of the Cleveland ironmaster would have been turned to devising methods for utilising his material in a way to meet the new conditions? I am sure I am within the mark when I say, that a quarter of a million of money has been spent in Cleveland, Lincolnshire, and other districts, in experiments which have resulted in the satisfactory solution of a problem which became urgent because of the opening of the mines of Bilbao. A very similar instance may be found in the substitution of the Bessemer steel rail for the wrought iron rail. I shall have occasion to refer to this matter later. The Scotch fisherman who wrote to Sir Robert Peel saying that he was a free trader in every other respect, but, with regard to herrings, urged caution against applying the general rule to them, was only putting into plain words what most traders think. Their own services to the State, the national importance of their particular industry, exempt them from the general rule. "By all means," they seem to say, "Free Trade in what I buy—but what I sell" (be it corn, or iron and steel, or textiles, or freights) "is of such importance to the State, that the rest of the nation must be ready to make sacrifices to secure my prosperity." The candle makers of the celebrated petition of Bastiat carried the matter to its logical end, when, after urging the importance of their industry, and its wide ramifications through other trades, pointed out the "unfair competition" to which they were submitted, and besought the legislature to protect them from the sun.

Let us examine the steel which has been "dumped" on us in recent years. In 1900 we imported about 7,000 tons, in 1901 this rose to 121,000 tons, and in 1902 no less than 267,000 tons came to us from this source. It cost us on the average about £4 10s. a ton. I look in vain through our exports to find anything with which to compare this price. I do not doubt what is the explanation. This material was in all respects comparable to the Spanish iron ore. It represented to those who bought it just as much the raw material as did that ore. The possibility of obtaining it permitted them to convert it into something else, and to make a profit on the transaction. I am unable to see why the one should

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be permitted and the other interfered with, or why, if it is proposed to protect the manufacturer of steel against Germany, you should not also protect the manufacturer of cheap pig iron against Spain.

It is asserted, that this importation of cheap steel means the ruin of our steelmakers for the profit of our users of steel ; but a consideration of the relative volumes of our imports and our production shows that such a fear is groundless. To some small extent there has been a shifting of activity from the making to the utilisation of unwrought steel ; but the labour thrown idle in the former occupation has been more than made good by the additional labour required in piling on more and more labour in the production of the finished article. I have already referred to this tendency, which is apparent in the iron trade. It is not improbable that this may continue. To grumble at it, is equivalent to complaining that a shoe manufacturer does not keep his own herds and tan his own leather. In deriving part of our supplies from foreign, and part from home sources, we widen our basis of operations, and are able to use the one set of producers to check the others. For example, the tin plate trade of South Wales has, in recent years, largely developed its exports by being able to use cheap "dumped" steel from German and Belgian sources. Again, the active exportation of galvanised plates has, during 1902-3, been made possible, in part at least, by buying foreign steel at £4 10s. a ton. This foreign competition acts as a useful stimulus to our own steelmakers, impelling them to greater efficiency. It is an impulse which, as we shall see, is immeasurably less destructive than the ordinary trade changes which are continually taking place in the iron industry ; yet, while they are accepted as a matter of course, it forms the topic of bitter complaints. Protection is an excellent thing for the conservative or inefficient manufacturer ; for it enables him to cover up his backwardness at the expense of the consumer. On close investigation we shall find, that much of the bitter cry of the iron trade comes from men who have not been able to keep themselves in the front rank of progress, and to whom it seems simpler to ask for protection against the foreigner than to set their own

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houses in order. If foreign countries are willing to sell us cheap steel, I do not see why we should refuse to buy. The English manufacturer is under no compulsion. He buys because he sees his way to a profit. If the foreign maker chooses to sell to England cheaper than to his own countrymen, we shall be better able—as in the recent case of the Copenhagen Gasworks contract—to compete successfully with their engineers, shipbuilders, and makers of finished iron and steel products.

I am not concerned in this paper to consider how “Dumping” is regarded by the country of the “Dumper”; but the recent report of Mr. F. Oppenheim, British Consul-General at Frankfort-on-Main, does not indicate that Germany is altogether satisfied with the process, looked at from within. The report as a whole should be read by those who desire full information on the subject; but the following extracts show how “dumping” is brought about, and how the fellow-countrymen of the “Dumper” regard the operation.

“The development of the German export trade in iron and iron goods is especially noteworthy. During the boom the inland manufacturers were not able to satisfy the demand of the home market and at the same time to maintain their position on the world’s market. Imports rose rapidly and exports receded in proportion. With the turn of the tide the exporting industries again became anxious to export, the inland consumption having proved insufficient. The figures for German trade abroad clearly illustrate this. Imports receded step by step, as the home market no longer needed them. It is very remarkable, however, how quickly the German manufacturers succeeded in regaining their former position on the world’s market, which they had abandoned of their own free will. They were assisted (it is true) by favourable circumstances, more especially by the heavy demands from the United States. Important articles of German manufacture went to the United States in considerable quantities.

“The syndicates, too, came to the rescue of the iron industry; under cover of the protectionist duties the syndicates were enabled to keep up prices at home in spite of the

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limited demand, whereby the several works were placed in a position to reduce their prices for the world's market and were enabled more easily to compete. The difference of prices, however, fixed by the same works for sales at home and sales abroad became so great that it produced very strong comments even in the Diet. Among all the syndicates those controlling raw material and half-finished goods proved themselves the most powerful and the hardest masters. They sold raw material and half-finished goods abroad at low prices, so that the home industries which worked off such raw materials, &c., were severely handicapped. These asserted (and not without reason) that the consumers of German material in foreign countries, especially in Holland and Belgium, were by these prices placed in such an advantageous position that it was most difficult, if at all possible, to compete against their prices. The syndicates themselves admitted the seriousness of the position by expressing their willingness to grant certain export bonuses, which, however, the industries concerned pronounced inadequate. Some cases actually transpired in which German "finishing" manufacturers had to decline orders owing to the exorbitant prices of raw material, which orders subsequently passed to Holland, Belgium and the United Kingdom" (pp. 7 and 8). . . . "Thus this German material is to be had much cheaper abroad than it can be had at home, yet the home customer makes from such German material (half-finished goods) finished goods, for the sale of which he will greatly have to rely upon export. On the world's market the merchandise of this German manufacturer will have to compete against foreign merchandise, also made from German material (half-finished goods), and as this material was purchased at a greatly reduced cost, the foreign manufacturer can sell his goods considerably cheaper than the German. Thus it follows that the German export of half-finished goods is rapidly driven up, while the export of finished goods recedes—a state of affairs altogether contrary to the best economic interests of the country, as it is most beneficial to the country at large that the exported goods should contain and represent as much national labour as possible. The export of machines, *e.g.*, benefits national labour more than the

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export of iron bars, yet iron bars, while they cost home customers 95 marks delivered at the Rhenish-Westphalian works, were exported during the month of September for 80 marks, or even 72 marks f.o.b. It is said that the British and Belgian rolling mills calculated their prices for rolled wire upon the basis of these cheap purchases in Germany, so that the price fell very considerably on the world's market, and the German wire industries, which export nearly 60 per cent. of their produce, were forced to make allowance for this considerably reduced price." . . . "A very glaring case to the point was reported in Düsseldorf. A factory using tin for its raw material continued for many years a profitable trade with Holland in tinned goods, buckets, &c. In consequence of the cheap export price of tin, the identical goods are now manufactured in Amsterdam very probably from German material, so that the manufacturer was left with a stock of about 100,000 pails, for which he could find no customers. Another firm (in Dortmund) has decided to transfer a considerable part of its establishment to Holland, as it can there obtain the necessary German raw material so much more cheaply than in Germany" (pp. 27 and 28).

All this is no more than those of us who pay attention to the course of trade throughout the world know without the need of consular reports. We have not failed to hear the Westphalian ironmaster declaim against the coal and coke syndicates, who keep up the price of his fuel, but sell the surplus at a "dumped" price to his Belgian competitor ; nor the proprietor of coke ovens, who is dependent on the coal-owner for his supplies of small coal, and is compelled to submit to all kinds of restriction in dealing with his finished product as the condition of being permitted to buy ; nor, in one word, the clamour of every consumer who is made to suffer, in order that the producer may sell cheap to a foreign buyer.

There remain the special articles which, for some reason, are made abroad. To find that reason would require a special examination of a very detailed character. In iron and steel, we may assume that these are to be found under the head "Unenumerated." The imports of these amounted to

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228,000 tons, and they cost £2,879,000 ; but under like heads we exported 141,000 tons at £3,123,000. So that we bought specialities at £11 11s. a ton and sold specialities at over £22. Moreover, in this as in all other cases, the value of the import is taken at the point at which it is to be used, while the export is valued at the point of shipment, and has to bear all the cost of carriage to the importing country. Machinery tells the same tale. We imported £4,761,000 worth ; we exported £18,755,000. The details are even more significant. The head "Other Descriptions" contains £3,338,000 in the import tables, but £6,264,000 in the export tables. If we could get further particulars, I do not doubt we should find here also that we are selling the specially good article. If we turn to the country whence we derive these imports, it is noteworthy that the United States of America stand for no less than £2,984,000 out of the 4½ millions of imports, and of this figure £2,109,000 is under "Other Descriptions." On that text might be founded a long discourse on the conditions of labour in the two countries. The American, driven by his necessities, has his ingenuity stimulated, and invents all kinds of cunning devices to save labour. The Englishman, less pressed on this side, waits till those devices are perfected, and then buys them from America. He is under no compulsion. He does it because it pays him. Why should he be compelled to turn his energies, already sufficiently occupied, into another channel? Nine cases out of ten the labour-saving "notion" he acquires is to him an implement of production. The Northampton bootmaker conducts a large trade by importing cheap patented machinery from America. The very freedom he possesses arms him better for the conflict. For a little while in his security he neglected his trade methods ; but, when American competition threatened him, he shuffled off his conservatism and regained his position. But for Free Trade, he need not have troubled to become more efficient.

The metaphor I have just used induces me to protest against the common habit into which one falls unconsciously, of using similes deduced from warfare in dealing with trade questions. It has come to be taken almost for

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granted, that, of two parties to a bargain, one must gain and the other lose. This is not the case. In all sound business transactions there is a profit to both parties. If it were not so, ruin would in the end overtake one or the other, and the commerce between them end. When I sell the commodity in which I deal, this is not what I desire. On the contrary, after making a profit myself, what I most ardently wish is that my buyer should do likewise. He will then be able to come again, and our dealings will continue. The prosperity of the neighbouring country is equally close to us. The well-being of Germany cannot fail to bring advantages to England. Her people will develop fresh wants which will need satisfaction. It will be something new in the history of the world, if some share in procuring them that satisfaction does not fall to England. The discussions one reads appear to assume that men and nations only want to sell. Surely they much more desire to buy. Buying alone satisfies wants. Selling is only a means to that end.

There is a further fallacy, that the supply of capital and labour is at any moment capable of indefinite expansion—so that, for instance, we might make all our machinery at home, instead of importing a large portion of it. Not a shadow of evidence is advanced in support of the assumption, and there is indeed every reason for believing that it is remote from the truth, at least as regards skilled labour. After making this assumption, it is proposed to divert the application of capital from that sphere which it has spontaneously discovered to be more profitable—the utilisation of foreign machinery—to the less profitable occupation of making it. Amid all the cheap and uninformed contempt which has been poured upon economic laws, nothing can be found to impair the truth, that capital always flows in the direction of the greatest profits. Finally, no effort has been made to determine what would be the effect on the world's industry of the duplicating of a large share of producing capacity, consequent on the stoppage of manufactured imports. Once already we have seen the effects of an equivalent development. During and immediately after the Franco-German war, there was a great growth of producing

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capacity in this country, followed by the rebuilding of the ruined factories of France, and the application of the huge indemnity to the development of German industry. In a short time the world's manufacturing capacity was in excess of the world's demands, and a prolonged and disastrous period of depression set in. Like results always follow like causes, and if the protectionists get their way, we shall once again have an economic crisis, until the surplus machinery has gone into the scrap-heap, the surplus capitalists into the Bankruptcy Court, and the surplus labourers into the workhouse.

There are not wanting signs that the capacity of Great Britain for cheap production has attracted the attention of the American capitalist. Sewing machines, which are largely imported from America, are also made in great quantities in Glasgow. More recently there have been established two great manufactories for the production of electrical machinery. The mention of electrical machinery seems to justify a digression on the subject of our present experience of legislative intervention in matters of trade. The law in this country has acted, and to some considerable extent still acts, as a direct deterrent to electrical enterprise. The conditions under which energy may be transmitted virtually prohibit the establishment of power-stations. The inclination of Parliament to favour municipal work, interposes difficulties of a most serious character in obtaining the necessary authorisation for the application of electricity as a source of energy. Much the same arguments apply to motor cars. Till a very short time since, the only condition under which a vehicle, propelled by any other power than that of a live animal, might traverse a road in Great Britain, was that it should be preceded by a man on foot bearing a flag. The next step was to permit the use of such vehicle under limitations which were, and are, habitually disregarded by those who use them. With considerable difficulty, Parliament has been induced to relax these limitations, and in a short time the use of a motor within the provisions of the law will be possible in Great Britain. Yet one hears continual animadversions on the sloth of the English men of business who have allowed themselves to be left behind in

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the matter of electrical appliances, and who have allowed foreign countries to become the builders of motor cars for English motorists.

I think that what I have said has demonstrated that the imports of iron and steel have been of immense benefit to the trade as a whole. I must not be understood to claim that no manufacturer has suffered. Many cases could be found where the importation of a cheap article has incommoded the persons who had supplied it previously ; but such cases are inevitable and, in fact, are often blessings in disguise. The main question is not, whether some individuals have suffered by the change, but whether the nation has benefited. One of the chief signs of the vitality of a trade is the readiness with which it adapts itself to changing conditions, and in this respect at all events the British iron trade shows no sign of languishing.

I do not propose to embark on an exhaustive history of the trade ; but a slight sketch of its development will help to prove the existence of this adaptability. Two hundred years ago, a great iron-producing district of England was speeding to its ruin—the Kent and Sussex trade was about at its end. It is said that the cast iron railings which once surrounded St. Paul's Cathedral were made of the last of the Sussex iron. I will go no further back, though I could point to extinct ironworks scattered over the Yorkshire moors. These owed their existence to the Roman invaders of Britain, and have been cold for upwards of fourteen centuries. But, since the reign of Queen Anne, the iron trade has changed its habitat again and again. Staffordshire, north and south, has grown up, flourished, and more or less died down. Wales, with its various kinds of ironstone, admirably suited to the production of pig iron adapted for further manufacture in the puddling furnace, shot up into a position of great pre-eminence, underwent a most doleful eclipse, and again revived under circumstances which would have seemed quite incredible to the Welsh ironmaster of the first half of the last century. Scotland has a similar history. Living men recollect the time when the use of Scotch iron was forbidden in specifications for castings. But, before long,

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Scotch iron was regarded as by far the most suitable material for the purpose. South Yorkshire iron, still enjoying a great reputation, no longer occupies the important position in the world which it had before the introduction of Bessemer and open hearth steel. Cumberland and Lancashire, producing iron of unrivalled purity, on the other hand, fought an uphill battle, till the invention of Sir Henry Bessemer gave this material an outlet it had not previously possessed. Cleveland, which, with Lincolnshire, may claim to be the last born of English iron enterprise, has had an almost equally chequered career during the fifty years of its existence. The trade arose in the year 1852, when the main bed of the Cleveland ironstone was discovered in the Eston offshoot of the Cleveland hills. It grew with surprising rapidity, and in 1857 the output of ironstone had reached 1,414,000 tons. Nine years later this was doubled, and in 1876 it had run up to 6,500,000 tons.

In the meantime, however, the Bessemer process, which had struggled against a succession of technical difficulties, had been perfected. This improvement dealt a stunning blow to Cleveland, as well as to other districts which depended on the puddling furnace for the consumption of the output of pig iron. Much suffering ensued. A rapid fall of prices, following the great expansion which took place after the Franco-German war, marked the advent of the Bessemer ingot as a formidable competitor of the puddled bar. The result was wholesale ruin to many manufacturers, and the loss of their employment to great numbers of their workmen. The following passage, quoted from the report of the British Iron Trade Association for the year 1877, is only one out of many complaints which that report contains :—"Throughout the last six months of 1877 there appeared to be a very uneasy and widely ramified feeling that our commerce was going to the dogs. Cries of distress and despondency came from nearly every important centre of industry—from spinners and weavers of Lancashire, as well as from the ironworkers of Cleveland and South Wales ; and nothing could be more natural than the conclusion, that our productive resources were largely and ruinously unemployed, and that when we came to reckon up the work

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of the year an inordinately heavy balance would be found on the wrong side."

Let us suppose that in 1876 the iron trade had been enjoying the doubtful boon of protection, and let us picture to ourselves what might have occurred. A deputation of employers and employed would without doubt have waited on the Prime Minister, and would have drawn, in most doleful terms, a gloomy picture of the condition of the iron trade. They could, indeed, hardly have used colours too black for the purpose. Some of the oldest and most distinguished firms in the kingdom were tottering to ruin. The then comparatively new district of Cleveland, of which the capital, Middlesbrough, but a few years before had been described by Mr. Gladstone as the latest child of English enterprise, was threatened with extinction; and some of the pioneers of the trade, in fact, succumbed. An industry employing directly thousands of men, and, through the railways and collieries, indirectly thousands more, with a capital reckoned by millions, was about to disappear. The employers might quite truthfully have said, that their commercial existence was of little moment, but that the starvation of thousands and tens of thousands of innocent women and children was a calamity they could not contemplate with equanimity. If the Premier showed no signs of melting, they would have gone on to urge that the safety of the commonwealth was at stake. They would have appealed to the representatives of the men, who would have confirmed the opinion that, unless help was afforded, it would be impossible to answer for the preservation of the peace. Both parties would have concurred in pressing on the Government the need of some relief, if only of a temporary character. It would have been urged that no question of principle was involved—all that was needed was, that the existing duty of X shillings on puddled bars should be raised to Y shillings. It is difficult to see what answer could have been made to such representations so supported. Fortunately no such deputation was at that time conceivable. The iron trade was driven to look to itself only for salvation, and the very cause of the ruin proved the means of recovery. The Bessemer

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process required pig iron of pure quality. The ores of Lancashire and Cumberland afforded this, but they alone did not suffice. Spain was called on to redress the balance ; and we find that what amounted to under half a million tons in 1875, had grown to 1,140,000 tons in 1877. This had more than doubled in 1881, and amounted to no less than 5,310,000 tons in 1902. But the production of pig iron from home ores continued nevertheless. Puddled iron, replaced by steel for rails and many other purposes, still found an outlet in the materials used for shipbuilding. With the flexibility for which the trade is remarkable, capital flowed into plate mills, and prosperity returned. Fate had, however, another arrow in her quiver. The problem of eliminating phosphorus, the noxious ingredient in pig iron, had long occupied men's minds. Its solution is due to Englishmen, to whom the world owes most, if not all, of the great improvements which have been made in iron manufacture. The basic process, invented by Messrs. Thomas and Gilchrist, and brought to practical success by Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan and Co., at Middlesbrough, was fraught with even greater disaster to the British iron trade. The ordinary pig iron of this country, and more especially that produced from Cleveland ironstone, is remarkably unsuited for use in the basic Bessemer converter. On the other hand, the ores of Germany, and certain other countries, yield a pig iron which could not be bettered for that purpose. A statement of the technical grounds for this assertion would be out of place in this paper. It suffices to say, that such a statement would absolve the British ironmaster from all blame in having seen the basic process develop in Germany with giant strides, while it made relatively little progress in this country.¹ But the difficulties did not deter some courageous men from the struggle, and these had their reward in an industry which we know has yielded satisfactory

¹ This is a curious example of the way in which many people take the obvious instead of the real explanation of economic phenomena. The development of German industry is attributed to the protective policy, with which it only synchronised, instead of to the Thomas Gilchrist process, which permitted the growth of the German iron trade.

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results to those who embarked in it. While this fresh revolution was in process of accomplishment, the iron plate and angle used in the shipyards were displaced by steel ; and yet again the trade had to show its ability to meet new conditions. To make good its position, it was essential to compass the use of ordinary pig iron in the manufacture of steel. This has been accomplished in the open hearth furnace. The remarkable growth of this branch of the industry seems to point to it as likely to replace more and more the Bessemer process. It is beyond my purpose to consider this question. Enough has been said to prove, that languor is not a disease to be found in the iron trade. But it may be asked, Why has the growth of the industry not been more steady ? It would be as reasonable to ask why the rate of growth of a healthy adult is not comparable with that of an equally healthy infant, or to compare, to the disadvantage of England, the 7,000 miles of railway she has added to her system in 30 years, with the 140,000 miles added by the United States. Suppose, however, this one fact which can be stated on the other side is held to prove that, in spite of all that has been said against it, the iron trade is menaced with ruin and is languishing, what remedy is it proposed to apply ?

The trade is among the greatest exporting industries of the kingdom. It must meet, therefore, and overcome, the competition of the world. To offer a trade of £150,000,000 the illusory benefit of protection against a paltry £15,000,000 or £16,000,000 of imports, would be the merest mockery. To tender it an import duty on food would, indeed, be to add injury to insult. To pretend that a body of men who have met the perpetual changes of circumstance in the manner I have endeavoured to portray, are likely to be benefited by the assistance of the State, can only be characterised as absurd. If the trade calls for any such remedies, the sooner it abandons the struggle the better. Let the furnaces grow cold, the mines fall in, the men migrate to more prosperous countries, and kindly Nature cover with a decent winding sheet of verdure those unsightly heaps of slag which now testify to the activity of a great industry.

But I refuse to believe that this fate is reserved for an

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industry which yields to none in the kingdom for importance, to none in the world for the skill and resource of its captains. What the remote future may have in store for it, I will not endeavour to foretell; but I venture to assert that, though changes at least as great as those I have described may be repeated under the eyes of living men, he is not born, nor his father, nor his grandfather, who will see the British iron trade displaced from its proud position, provided only that we succeed in saving it from the false friends who would offer it a protection which it spurns. Let those engaged in it, alike employer and employed, co-operate in maintaining its progressive character; let the State provide facilities for the scientific training of the officers, and suitable education for the rank and file of the great regiment, leaving them otherwise as free from legislative trammels as is consistent with the common weal; and I for one will look to the future of the trade with the same undaunted confidence with which I have witnessed it pass through the storms of the past half century.

HUGH BELL.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION A RETROSPECT AND AN OUTLOOK

THE history of education in this England of ours is an extraordinary one, and, like *Paradise Lost*, proves nothing, though it illustrates, admirably enough, man's fallen state. The old common law, which is still our best inheritance, and (what is left of it) our noblest contribution to the civilisation of the West, was sound as a bell on the subject of education—sound, that is to say, so far as it went. By the common law every free person had an unlimited right to education, though children born in villeinage could not be educated without the consent of their feudal lords. It has been suggested to me, in private conversation, by a conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, that, inasmuch as servile tenures have never been abolished by statute, the child of a copyholder even to this day has no right to receive education without the consent of the Lord of the Manor. But as this point was not taken in the House of Commons it is not likely there is anything in it.

By 7 Henry IV. c. 17 (1406), it was expressly enacted that "every man or woman of what state or condition that he be" (this language would by itself be enough to destroy the contention of the conveyancer, but for the fact that the statute now being cited was repealed in 1863) "shall be free to set their son or daughter to take learning at any school that pleaseth them within the realm." This bold statute, though it did not apply to Lollards, the only then known form of Dissent, displeased the clergy, always prone to consider education as their *annexe*, and many efforts were made to obtain its repeal or modification, but unsucces-

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fully. Four years later, in 1410, it was held, in the *Gloucester Grammar School* case (Year Book Henry IV., p. 4), "to be contrary to reason that a master could be disturbed from holding school where he pleased, save in the case of a University, Corporation, or a school of ancient foundation." Mr. Justice Hill declared that "to teach youth is a virtuous and charitable thing to do, helpful to the people, for which a master cannot be punished by our law."

This was the state of the law until we reach the disquieting and uncomfortable times of

"the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome."

Henry VIII. was the most highly educated man (unless indeed Mr. Lowe could dispute the title with him) who has ever played the part of President of the Board of Education, and he, instead of a Code, set forth a Grammar, to be used by all schoolmasters and teachers throughout the land; thus for the first time forging a link between the Crown and the elementary schools of the country.

Tests for teachers began in Elizabethan days, when the oaths, both of supremacy and allegiance, were required to be taken by all schoolmasters and public and private teachers of children. Nor did they stop here—nor could they have done, for we have now reached the time of a 'Religion' (Church of Englandism) *by law established*. Acts of Parliament now required that every schoolmaster employed by any person or persons, body politic or corporation, should attend the Church services with regularity, and teach "the established religion." The Privy Council instituted a searching inquiry as to the "backwardness" of schoolmasters in teaching the "religion now established by the laws of the realm." No case, however, arose for "passive resistance" on the part of the public, since no rate or tax was raised for the cost of education.

The bishop first appears on this scene in the reign of James I., when it was provided by statute that no person

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should keep a school or be a schoolmaster, "except he were licensed by the bishop."

This is the high-water mark of Anglicanism.

It would be unfair not to add, that the toleration of the common law which we have seen destroyed by statute, was more apparent than real. As soon as the Lollards, our first Dissenters, appeared, toleration disappeared. To have expected Queen Elizabeth to allow a Popish recusant to keep a school would have been unreasonable. Her age was not an age of religion, but of religious differences. It is an atmosphere familiar to all of us, and still congenial to many.

Archbishop Laud had things his own way in education for a while (and it would be wicked to deny his genuine love of letters), and then came the swing of the pendulum. The Puritans carried the country, not by leaflets and public meetings, but by hard fighting on many a stricken field.

"Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre hath given ground :
Hark ! Hark ! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear ?
Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God ! 'tis he, boys—
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here."

Neither "Brave Oliver" nor his Parliaments were minded to leave the education of the young in the hands of "scandalous" schoolmasters ; and commissioners were appointed personally to examine both ministers and schoolmasters as to "ignorance or insufficiency," and to eject those who failed to pass this examination, allowing the ejected ones, if they went peacefully away, a fifth of their year's income. No ejected schoolmaster was allowed to set up a school in the place from whence he had been ejected. Parliament did not hesitate to define what it meant by "scandalous." A scandalous schoolmaster was not only the holder of "blasphemous and atheistical opinions," a curser and swearer, a Papist, an adulterer, a drunkard, a dicer, a breaker of the Sabbath-day, but also "such as have publicly and frequently read or used the Common Prayer Book," or reviled "the strict profession or professors of Religion, or Godliness," or "have declared or shall declare by writing, preaching, or otherwise publishing, their disaffection to the present Government." The same Act of

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Parliament (1654, ch. 45) provided that ministers and schoolmasters should keep the chancels, churchyards, and schools in as "good and sufficient repair" as the same buildings were "at the time of their being placed therein."

The schools referred to in this Cromwellian legislation were the endowed schools, but it may safely be assumed that, during the Puritan supremacy, as during the Anglican supremacy, severe tests of "conformity" were exacted from all schoolmasters and teachers. But no taxes were levied to maintain schools or to provide education for the poor.

When King Charles came back to his own, his Church "as by law established" returned with him, and, in the teeth of the monarch's pledged word, the Act of Uniformity was passed which (among other things) required every schoolmaster and tutor to subscribe the declaration of conformity to the Litany as by law established; and in 1665 the *Five Mile Act* expressly forbade any Nonconformist to teach in any public or private school.

The pendulum has swung back again; but a new spirit, or at any rate a new way of looking at things, is now beginning to be noticeable. A series of judicial decisions restricted ecclesiastical jurisdiction over education to grammar schools, and the bishop's license was declared unnecessary when the schoolmaster was the nominee of the founder or of a lay feoffee. Between the Bench and the Church there used always to be a healthy jealousy.

By a statute of Anne (13 Anne, c. 7, 1714), the teaching of reading, writing, arithmetic, and so much of mathematical learning as related to navigation, was freed from all restraints.

Protestant Dissenters, under the grudging provisions of the Toleration Act, gradually became respectable and wealthy bodies. Some of their academies in different parts of the country were famous places. The greatest of all Anglican bishops, the celebrated Butler, was educated in a Dissenting College. From time to time, Acts of Parliament were passed in favour both of Dissenting and Catholic teachers, and by the middle of George the Third's reign it may fairly be said that, although excluded from the Universities and the old Endowed Schools, and still required

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to go to Church to be married, Protestant Dissenters were left alone to worship God as they chose, and to teach and to be taught (at their own charges) as best they might be.

There is matter for thought even in this brief retrospect, but I must leave it to take up another line.¹

Our old common law made for freedom rather than for what is now called culture. Whilst allowing anybody to teach, it did not require anybody to be taught. There was no duty on a parent, at common law, to educate his offspring in either sacred or profane learning. You had to feed your child, and clothe him according to your station ; but more was not demanded of you. In the eye of the law, education was a charity ; in the eye of the Church it was a religious duty. Every mass-priest was required, even in Anglo-Saxon times, to have a school in his house ; whilst to found a grammar school has always been an act of charity, protected by the law, and supported by public opinion.

Contrast for a moment the different fortunes that have befallen these two central propositions of the common law on education—the freedom to teach and the freedom from being taught. The first had always to struggle for existence ; for long years it was in total abeyance ; and eventually it was but grudgingly restored. But the second, the freedom from being taught, lifted unabashed its ignorant head right down the centuries until 1876, when for the first time education became compulsory. This duty was not, however, allowed long to weigh upon the light-hearted British parent, for, after twenty-five years, in 1901, education was made free, contrary to the opinion of the Prime Minister of the day, but in obedience to the advice of the party wire-puller, and in order to catch the agricultural labourer's vote at an impending General Election. The vote was not caught, but the children's pence remained abolished.

Had it not been for the enormous growth of the population, education would probably to this day have remained

¹ I take leave to refer to the admirable History of my friend Mr. Montmorency, *State Intervention in English Education*, published at the Cambridge University Press. 1902.

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a matter of charity, or an affair of religion, and in no way have become a national obligation to be paid for out of the pockets of the tax and rate payer.

The eighteenth century is commonly abused, and yet it saw our Empire founded, whilst within its limit were written books which we are compelled to believe must out-live even that Empire. Mother-wit abounded on all sides. The great pioneer inventions which have altered the face of the earth, and revolutionised our trade and commerce, were made in the eighteenth century by imperfectly educated men. There were also eager students of the old learning in all classes of society. Poor scholars found their way to the Universities as sizars and servitors, and not infrequently rose to the highest places in the Church. Enthusiasms and sentimentalisms grew and flourished. Humanitarianism, a movement second only to Christianity in power and the subtlety of its personal influence, had its rise in the eighteenth century, and was powerfully aided and abetted by a baser motive—that fear which has dwelt in the hearts of all Western rulers of men since the French Revolution. Our population was too big to be neglected any longer. Men's minds were moved by pity and by dread. Some loved the poor, others were beginning to be afraid of them. By the end of the eighteenth century the education of the people had become a problem.

It would be brutal to retell the weary tale of Bell and Lancaster, and of the monitorial system which was not even original, and half survives in our poor little pupil teachers. A word must, however, be allowed me of the British or Undenominational Schools, and the National or Church of England Schools. Both Societies were founded by religiously minded men—the British Schools taught elementary secular learning, and did their best to teach their pupils to fear God by keeping His Commandments as made known in the Bible; the National Schools taught the same profane things, and strove their hardest, to use their own words, “to educate the children of the poor in the principles of the Church of England.” In the estimable writings of Miss Hannah More you can breathe afresh the atmosphere

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that created the National School, whilst in the not less estimable Diaries and Correspondence of the Quaker *savant* William Allen you can (if you will) breathe the atmosphere that created the British School. Both schools came very late in the day. As individual efforts they deserve praise ; as national enterprises they were pitifully inadequate. The old dames' schools still live in literature and art, but after waging an unequal war with their new rivals, they gradually died out. In not a few of them the three R's were admirably taught.

All this time the population was increasing in geometrical progression. The ignorance and heathendom of both the field-labourer and the factory hand were being made known to the idle classes through the agencies of novels, sermons, and public meetings. Even Prime Ministers grew interested, and Chancellors of the Exchequer, then unaccustomed to deal with hundreds of millions, partially relaxed their grip upon the public purse. Small, but ever-increasing grants for building and equipping schools were made out of the taxpayers' money to the two Societies ; and every now and again some energetic bishop would secure for the Church of England a really fat contribution from public funds, to build Churches and Church schools in neglected districts.

Unhappily—but inevitably in a country like ours, in the matter of public elementary education—there was, almost from the first, rivalry between the Established Church and the Dissenting Bodies. If only there had been a State strong enough and wise enough, and sufficiently bent upon education as a great State aim, to bid both combatants “drop their swords and daggers,” and to cease their brawling over the children of totally indifferent parents, until such time as secular education had been organised, endowed, and established, when their brawling might have begun again, all might have gone well. But no such State existed or exists. Educated men know a little about religious differences, and can at a pinch be persuaded that they really care about such differences ; but about education apart from religious differences few either know or care. What makes the dispute all the more unreal is, that those who ought to be the chief

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(if not the only) disputants—the parents of the children who actually attend or ought to attend elementary schools—have never taken any part in the fray, either because they do not care, or because they are, perhaps, wisely sceptical as to the value of that kind of religious teaching which is likely to be imparted in the secularised atmosphere of a Protestant schoolhouse ; whilst the actual antagonists have never been educational experts, but rival religionists, each striving to prevent the other from getting any ecclesiastical advantage.

This most unholy war condemned generations of English boys and girls to grow up in ignorance. For long years before 1870 it was known that the school accommodation in the country, urban and rural, was insufficient to provide sitting room for half the children who ought to have been in daily attendance. Ignorance grew apace. The voluntary system had broken down. Travellers from Switzerland and Germany, those distant lands, came home with strange tales of national education and crowded schoolrooms. Something had to be done, and at once, to purge a great nation of a national scandal. England must be educated. The cry becoming general, Churchmen and Dissenters alike cocked their ears suspiciously, and prepared for a big fight.

The fight came off in 1870, and resulted in a compromise, famous in its day, though not so lasting as the most famous of all compromises in English history—Archbishop Cranmer's. There are men still living who honestly regret the compromise of 1870. I am not one of them, for out of it sprang those Board schools, the best things that have happened to this country since the Reformation.

The Act of 1870 was frankly supplementary ; its chief object being to make up the deficiency of school accommodation, by enacting that, wherever such deficiency was found to exist and to continue after notice, School Boards were to be elected which should proceed to establish a Board school or schools, to be built and maintained out of a public rate to be levied expressly for that purpose.

The question whether this deficiency in fact existed was a Whitehall question, which was decided without any reference to religious differences. If in a particular neighbour-

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hood there was a Church of England school with sufficient room for the children of the neighbourhood, there was then, in the opinion of Whitehall, no need for a Board school, and the fact, where it was a fact, that the parents of a majority of the children were Nonconformists, went for nothing. The conscience clause was supposed to be a sufficient protection. This clause provided that "any child may be withdrawn by his parent from any religious observance or instruction in religious subjects without forfeiting any of the other benefits of the school." Conscience clauses are now generally recognised to be wholly futile things. No child will endure being "withdrawn," and condemned to stand aside during any period of the day's instruction. Let him off attendance altogether during this period, and he will become an object of envy ; but compel him to attend, and to stand apart, and straightway he becomes an object of derision to his school-fellows, and the helpless victim of the stupid sarcasms of his teachers. I speak with experience of both lots.

When the deficiency of accommodation was admitted and not made good, the School Board came into existence, and proceeded to provide, out of what envious Churchmen then called the "bottomless purse of the ratepayer," the Board school, to which the notorious Cowper-Temple clause applied : "No religious catechism or religious formulary which is characteristic of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school."

The compromise of 1870 consisted in this. In the teeth of fierce Nonconformist opposition, the denominational schools, already in receipt of Government grants of public money, were allowed to become "public elementary schools within the meaning of the Act," and consequently were taken into account when the question of the deficiency of school accommodation was being considered. Nonconformist parents were, therefore, under the terms of this compromise, required to send their children to Church schools wherever it was unnecessary to establish Board schools, and to be satisfied with the protection of the conscience clause. But, as against this, the Nonconformists succeeded in keeping out of the rate-maintained schools all catechisms and denominational formularies.

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On these terms England was allowed to be educated.

It was a fierce fight whilst it lasted, and its history, if recalled, will serve to measure the crushing character of the defeat which the Church of England was able to inflict upon Nonconformity last year. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, and all stalwart Dissenters throughout the country, thought it a grievous thing that they should have been compelled to recognise sectarian schools, managed by sectarian managers, as part and parcel of a national system of education, so that the children of Nonconformist parents should in thousands of places be required to attend them. It was of course pointed out, that these schools belonged, both land and buildings, to the particular denomination that provided them, and that all the expense of keeping them open, over and above the Parliamentary grants earned by efficiency, and the children's pence (whilst that source of income existed), was made good by voluntary subscriptions. (Hence the inapt phrase, "voluntary schools.") But Dr. Dale and his friends refused to be comforted. Could that distinguished and pious man have been told in a vision of the night that his political ally Mr. Chamberlain would live to be a leading member of a Cabinet which would not only abolish the Birmingham School Board, but dump down all the voluntary schools upon the rates without altering their constitution, it is better only guessing the nature of his reflections.

One has only to take up and read Mr. Morley's fiery tractate, *National Education* (1873), to perceive, what apparently the Prime Minister and the bishops cannot do, that the Act of 1902 is the biggest slap in the face Dissent has received since the Restoration. The Act of 1870 was supposed to be the worst that could happen to Nonconformity! Little did Dissenters realise the force of the Tractarian movement at which they were then content to poke ministerial fun. Little did they dream of the success that awaited the "Counter-Reformation." The scales have now been torn from their eyes.

Looking back, it is easy to see how it happened.

Some enthusiasts, simple folk who cared about education, imagined that the Board schools would devour

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the Church schools. Board schools, so the argument ran, mean good buildings, ample play-grounds, proper classrooms, all well equipped, competent and well-paid teachers glad to be quit of clerical espionage and the patronage of the parson's lady. Board schools meant all this, true enough—but they also meant school rates. Nobody likes rates, though even Lord Goschen does not know who pays them. Landlords, farmers, railway directors, shop-keepers, private residents, all hate rates just as much as if they all paid them. How much better to be generous, and subscribe two or even three guineas a year to the Voluntary school where the children are taught to be respectful to their betters, than to be obliged to pay ten guineas a year for a nasty Board school.

Nor will it now be denied that Whitehall favoured the Voluntary schools. It was almost impossible to get a Church of England inspector to condemn a Church of England school. Many a dirty, over-crowded, ill-equipped, insanitary building, was allowed to preserve its status as "a public elementary school within the meaning of the Act."

In addition to these considerations, it must always be admitted that, for the most part, the actual flesh-and-blood parents of the little Toms and Janes who attended school with greater or less regularity, were blankly indifferent whether their offspring went to a Board school or to a Voluntary school ; and as for Tom and Jane, a school treat could always buy their innocent little votes.

But although the Voluntary schools were able, with these influences and backing behind them, to hold their own, they did so with great and increasing difficulty. They had to face a very real competition in the large towns. This competition was called by the good Churchman "the intolerable strain"; and the more he thought about it the more unfair did it seem to be. He had to pay for the Board school, when there was one, as a ratepayer, and at the same time to help to keep up the Voluntary school, as a Churchman. It was, so he declared, quite monstrous. He forgot that this was the compromise, under cover of which "his" school was allowed to become "a public

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elementary school within the meaning of the Act," and to be counted when the question of proper school accommodation was under consideration at Whitehall.

But the Church has powerful friends, and year by year greater demands were made upon the taxpayer; until at last, so successful were these raids upon the public purse, four-fifths at least of the entire cost of teaching the children in the Voluntary schools came from Parliamentary grants.

What, it may well be asked, was Nonconformity about all these years? Why was this policy of "Nibble" allowed to proceed unchecked?

On this, two things may be said. *First*, Nonconformists are rarely in office, and it is never easy for men not in office successfully to resist a policy of "Nibble," pursued by an Established Church to which most influential persons and all "personages" belong. To resist such a constant pressure demands "eternal vigilance." *Second*, the split of 1886 took the fight out of Nonconformity for many a year. Home Rule for Ireland divided Dissent, as it did all other groups, into two hostile camps. Mr. Gladstone was grievously misinformed when told that the Nonconformists were all on his side. Too many people who have left off "Nonconforming" think they are still entitled to speak for Nonconformity, nor is it possible to gauge the spirit of a population scattered up and down the whole country by occasionally inviting half-a-dozen London ministers to breakfast, to admire your surroundings and listen to your table-talk. The dangers of Home Rule, real or imaginary, drove all other dangers out of thousands of Dissenting heads, and bit by bit the policy of "Nibble" made such a hole in the principle of "paying for your own religion," that it is not to be wondered at that the policy of "Grab" at last presented itself to the clerical party as quite feasible. The late Archbishop of Canterbury frankly admitted that he was amazed at the "progress" made in this direction. What is the difference, it was not impertinently asked, between ratepayers' money and taxpayers' money? If we can take the one and yet remain in control of our schools, why should we not take the other? The compromise of 1870 was forgotten. The

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struggle which at last resulted in the recognition of the Voluntary schools as public elementary schools on certain terms became "ancient history," and Churchmen went about in entire good faith protesting that it was a gross injustice that one public elementary school should be on the rates, whilst another had to raise from volunteers a small sum every year to keep itself going. If reminded that this state of things resulted from a compromise by the terms of which in thousands of country places the children of Nonconformists are compelled to go to Church schools, either to receive instruction in "Church principles" or to be "withdrawn" from religious instruction altogether, the only answer usually forthcoming was, that this was an injustice, most regrettable, but apparently incurable.

Notwithstanding the enormous growth of Church power of late years, nothing but the Boer War and the shameless election of 1900 could have made the Act of 1902 possible. However, there it is, on the Statute-book; there also is its companion, the London Act of 1903. What is to be done with them?

"Leave them alone," say the bishops. "They do nobody any real harm. The opposition to them is but Dissenting sound and fury, signifying nothing. Our admirable magistrates are dealing with charming *brusquerie* with silly Passive Resisters, and our learned judges will know how to deal with recalcitrant county councils. After all, though Dissent is tolerated, we are the National Church, and the ratepayers ought to be, and probably are, greatly obliged to us, for allowing our schools, worth millions of money, to be used for the secular education of countless young schismatics, whose parents are guilty of the sin from which we pray to be delivered every day. Are the ratepayers prepared to buy us out? They will find our figure a high one."

Nor are the bishops, in speaking thus, speaking only for themselves. They have forces behind them. It is not easy to repeal Acts of Parliament in this country.

Nevertheless, the Nonconformists are a power no less than the Church, though not so influential in high places. They have got rid of their apathy, and are more numerous and better organised than ever. "Church principles," even

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when asserted in friendly terms, grow more and more repulsive to them every day. They cannot assent to these Acts, and, though *never* is a word seldom to be used, I am convinced they never will. As the Acts stand, they condemn Nonconformists for all time to be content with a national arrangement that compels them to send their children to a Church of England school wherever there is no other, and requires them to contribute to the support of Church schools where no Nonconformist can be a head teacher, and where "Church principles" are taught, which Nonconformists believe to be false and harmful. It may be true that of late years the policy of "Nibble" had gone far; but between "Nibble" and "Grab" there is a difference, if it is only this—that whilst "Nibble" may lure you to sleep, "Grab" secures that you are aroused from your slumbers. Nor can it be disputed, that public control should usually accompany the grant of public money.

It is hopeless to expect peace if the *status quo* is to be preserved. Liberals must *attempt* something. But what?

In the first place, the present Government must be turned out. All will agree that if they are they will not be mourned. Suppose them gone. A Liberal Government, of a stalwart hue, must take up the seals of office. Suppose that done. A Bill must then be introduced and carried through the House of Commons, if not repealing, so far modifying the Acts of 1902 and 1903 as to place all public elementary schools in England and Wales under the control of some public authority, with the natural consequence, that all teacherships will be thrown open without any sectarian qualification. To do less than this would be to do nothing.

To do this would require a Parliamentary majority big enough to make the Government independent of the Irish vote, and of the votes coming from parts of the North of England. A majority big enough to do this might possibly be big enough to sterilise the House of Lords, and reduce to impotence the bench of bishops.

Let this majority be supposed. Up will crop the eternal question—what about religious teaching? Is education to be secular throughout? Is the English Bible to be

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excluded? Is nothing ever to be said again in any English elementary school of a Life hereafter or of Judgment to come? I should not care to fight an election on that issue.

Is the teaching to be "undenominational"? In practice this could be done, despite the impossibility of a definition. Were there no Roman Catholics and Neo-Catholics in the land, the thing could be done in the twinkling of a pig's whisker. Whenever I am asked what I mean by "Board-school Christianity," I have one reply: "Dr. Temple's Rugby sermons." Dogmas may be splendid things, but an ordinary British child between the ages of 6 and 14 has no mind for many of them. They are an after-acquired taste. A pious teacher in love with Christianity can implant in the youthful mind the seeds of that religion without travelling outside Board-school Christianity; for, though Board-school Christianity contains tremendous dogmas, they are not dogmas which Englishmen, as yet, have learnt to quarrel about. But it is no good! Catholics and Neo-Catholics won't hear about it. They too have consciences. When you sympathise with the law, lawlessness is offensive. When you hate the law, you cannot hate the law-breaker.

The bishops are amazed that leading Liberals do not denounce the Passive Resisters, but will their lordships swear to observe reciprocity, and to reprimand any Churchman or woman who may hereafter decline to pay a school rate, levied under an Act of Parliament which applies a "Cowper-Temple" clause to all the public elementary schools? I doubt whether the bishops would promise to do more than pay their own rates, and it may be that some of them would refuse even to do that. There were once seven bishops sent to the Tower for disobeying the Lord's Anointed, to whom they owed the religious duty of "passive obedience." How did they excuse themselves? By the argument that, whilst they were bound by their faith never actively to resist the King, they were not bound *to do* everything he commanded, if they thought it wrong. Modern Nonconformists are not usually well read in non-juring literature; but if they were, they would find in the writings of the excellent Kettlewell their case admirably expounded.

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It is a most dangerous position, full of strife and discord, and the loosening of the laws. Neither Church nor Dissent is strong enough to snub the other.

There is one safe way out, and one only. By compromise between the rival parties—who, be it always remembered, are neither of them the parties really concerned. How can a compromise be effected? We are told, on high authority, that it is idle to negotiate with anybody unless you have something to offer him in exchange for what you want from him. *Do ut des*, quotes our Birmingham-Bismarck. It is a wise maxim, borrowed from the Canonists, and therefore appropriate to our present needs.

What has Nonconformity got to offer the Church of England? But one thing—the “Cowper-Temple” clause. It will be hard to part with. It has cost Dissent dearly enough. It is all that is left of the compromise of 1870. The Church has gobbled up everything else. Still, there it remains to truck with. There are more than a million children of Church of England parentage under the operation of this clause, and so prevented from being instructed in “Church principles” in their day schools. It cannot be denied that a million children are worth considering. *Do ut des*. A few high-fliers may believe that some day the “Cowper-Temple” clause may be expunged without any price being paid. But that is hardly likely. The Act of 1902 is the high-water mark of Anglican influence in our generation.

What ought, or might, the Church party be willing to give in exchange for a right of entry into the old Board school—now the “provided” school? In order to teach “Church principles” to a million of children, they will surely give something. On the other hand, how little is Nonconformity prepared to take in exchange for its beloved “Cowper-Temple” clause?

Answering the last question first, I do not think there is a chance of persuading Nonconformists to part with the clause, unless their admitted grievance as to their children being compelled to attend Church of England and Roman Catholic schools is *completely* remedied, and this can only be by all elementary schools being placed under the control

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of the public local authority. Were this done, the other (and admitted) grievance of the Nonconformist would disappear, viz., the inability of teachers of his way of thinking to become head teachers in one-half of the rate-maintained schools of the country. For many a long day to come it will be a disadvantage to be a Nonconformist, if you want to get anything ; but disadvantage is one thing, disability another.

Were any such compromise as this possible, the result would be, that religion could be taught in all the public elementary schools of the country.

The property question arises. It always does. The denominational schools are private property. If they are taken over by the country, they must be paid for. If the local authority can come to terms, either to rent or buy, well and good ! If it cannot, it must either buy the old schools from their proprietors at a fair valuation to be fixed by some third party, or build new schools of its own. This will cost money—there is no way out of it.

There still remains the question as to the nature of the religion to be taught in all the schools. Here the parents really must, whether they like it or not, conquer their shyness, and, making their first appearance in this ancient and horrid controversy, tell us, when they send Tom and Jane to school, whether they wish them to receive any, and if any, what, religious instruction. There is no chance of the multiplication of strange parental religions. We are not an imaginative people. Jews, Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Dissenters (in a lump), will usually exhaust the list. The great body of Dissenters will be found ready to accept the same broad, simple Bible-teaching which, for the most part, characterised Board School Christianity.

Unorthodox Dissenters and Agnostics seldom object to their children receiving ordinary religious school teaching, since they know they can always make their own opinions known to their children in private intercourse ; but any parent who feels alarm can set his fears at rest, by letting his child run home at the end of the secular work.

In schools where the great majority of the children are all of the same way of parental thinking, things will go on

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just as they do now in denominational schools. At the close of the secular work, a small minority may either clatter off home, or into another place to receive their religious instruction. In a very short time, we should have heard the last of the religious difficulty in schools. The extra expense occasioned by religious teaching must be paid for by voluntary effort. Would it be absurd to expect the parents to subscribe? At all events, if they did not, other people would.

Compromises are never popular. We love to get the better of our opponent. The Churchman likes to think he has got "his" school upon the rates, and the Dissenter clings to his "Cowper-Temple" clause. It will be hard to persuade either to compromise. The ardent Dissenter "passively resists" in his hour of affliction. If the pendulum swings, the ardent Churchman will do his bit. The honours are easy.

The friends of compromise must appeal to the common-sense and sobriety of the English people. Why should we not provide a good sound secular education for the children of everybody who cares or is obliged to send his children to a public elementary school, and at the close of each day's secular work, for which alone the tax and rate payer will be responsible, allow the children to receive in the school-house the religious instruction their parents desire them to have? Who then can complain? There will be no room for passive resistance on either side. Whoever is opposed to such a state of things must, as it seems to me, be prepared to admit, that he looks upon our national system of secular education as a means of propagating his own religious faith among a class of children he could not otherwise hope to reach.

If no such compromise is possible, the fight must continue, with consequences to the cause of religion which some day will startle both Churchman and Dissenter.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

THE OBLIGATION OF THE CREEDS

THERE may be said to be three different attitudes of mind in regard to the Creeds. At least there are three distinct types to which the attitude of different minds will more or less conform. For the sake of clearness we may rather exaggerate the difference between them, so long as it is understood that practice always modifies theory, and that in real life the three types will not stand out sharply, but will shade off into each other.

Premising this, we may say that there is, first, the type which identifies itself with the Creeds, which takes them as its starting-point or standard of theological truth, not seeking to go behind them. Secondly, there is the type which distinguishes between its own beliefs and the Creeds, for which they are two things and not one, though the relations between them are friendly and the Creeds carry great weight in the formation of its beliefs. And lastly, there is the type for which the formation of its own beliefs is altogether independent of the Creeds, for which they come in as a purely external authority, and which is somewhat impatient of them as representing the element of restriction and constraint.

It will be obvious that, in regard to any particular clause of the Creed or Creeds, if a question is raised in public controversy or by introspection in a man's own mind, the aspect of the question will vary considerably according as one or another of these three points of view is adopted.

In trying to define more exactly the extent of this variation, I will also try to describe with greater fulness and accuracy the psychological type from which it proceeds. For this purpose I will avail myself of two published

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papers, which may be taken roughly to represent the two types that are most opposed to each other. These papers are, one on *Doctrinal Standards* by my much lamented friend Dr. Moberly (*Pusey House Occasional Papers*, No. 1, Longmans, 1898), and an article by Dr. Hastings Rashdall on the "Ethics of Religious Conformity" which appeared in the *International Journal of Ethics*, January, 1897. To this may be added two sermons recently published by Canon Henson, under the title *Sincerity and Subscription*, (London, 1903), and written from much the same point of view.

I.

I would venture to invite any one interested in this subject to make a special study of Dr. Moberly's paper, which is not, perhaps, so generally known as it deserves to be. If the criticism is passed upon it that it is in style somewhat involved, I should not be prepared to assert the contrary; but I should be quite prepared to point to this paper as a conspicuous instance of the not uncommon fact, that a certain degree of intricacy in style is compatible with great clearness and precision in thought.

I may take Dr. Moberly's paper as substantially expressing the first of the three attitudes of which I have spoken. Broadly speaking, it expresses it; but at the same time it suggests a correction in the way in which I have described it. The type of mind of which I am thinking does not exactly identify itself with *the Creeds*, but with the *mind of the Church* as embodied in the Creeds. This is the real starting-point of the whole argument. Dr. Moberly had an intense belief in the corporate character of the Church. This was for him "a truth primary and essential, a necessary result of the nature of man and of God." From this corporate character of the Church it followed that the expression of the Church's faith would be also corporate. A creed that can make good its claim to represent the corporate belief of the Church comes to him with a presumption which is practically irresistible.

The case, of course, may arise, in which it is necessary to distinguish between the real faith of the Church and its

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expressed faith; but with reference to the great historic Creeds this need hardly be contemplated.

“He does not . . . wish to separate between the Church’s belief and its formal utterances; it is by no unfortunate condescension, but essentially and even ideally, that the Church’s faith implies to him the Church’s creed. And where he is dealing with those forms of words which, as a matter of history, undoubtedly are the formal and authorised expressions of the faith of the Church as a whole throughout the centuries,—that is, the Apostles’ Creed, in the directest and completest sense conceivable; the Nicene Creed (so called),” with a completeness practically almost indistinguishable from that of the Apostles; and at least all the positive and actual meaning of the so-called Athanasian Creed: so far from being on the defensive against what may be expected to be more or less misleading, he is in the presence of what may naturally be presumed to be the simplest and most necessary utterance of that which is the very life of the Church’s faith” (p. 9).

The writer of this paper, it is evident, was rightly called a High Churchman. His conception of the Church could not be higher. It is to it that he refers his ultimate standard of theological truth. For him the belief of the Church, when once it has been ascertained, is final.

An outsider may ask, on what does this position rest? We may be sure that with Dr. Moberly its foundations lay very deep. A sentence I have quoted hints that the basis on which it stands is philosophical: it is “a truth primary and essential, a necessary result of the nature of man and of God.” Those who have read the chapter on the “Holy Spirit” in *Atonement and Personality*, will know what this means. No belief lay nearer to the heart of Dr. Moberly than this in the immanence of the Spirit, “the Breath, and Life, and Being—the beginning and consummation—of the Church.”¹

This is significant; and there is another set of expressions which is also significant—those in which stress is laid on the use of the Creeds in acts of worship. For instance, the following:—

¹ *Doctrinal Standards*, p. 5.

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“When he is baptized into Church membership, he is expected to repeat his Christian profession in the form of his baptism—that is in the form of the Apostles’ Creed—weekday and Sunday, day and night, as part of his unchanging worship,—practically, you may say, every time he enters the House of God for worship at all” (p. 6).

“[There is] an immense presumption in favour rather of the devotional profession in all ages of the Church’s creed, than of any critical capacities of his own or others” (p. 10).

“You will observe that, while there is this strong *a priori* presumption in favour of creeds in the abstract as creeds, the authority, to him, of any particular creed will vary just in proportion as it can be said with more or with less approximation to truth, to be the very form with which the heart of the faith of the Church in all ages and places has been identified, and in which the devotional aspiration and worship of the whole historical Church has expressed itself with most undeviating conviction and joy” (*ibid.*).

One feels that this impassioned imaginative language is as far removed as possible from that which regards the Creeds as a cold external authority, severely saying, “Thou shalt believe this,” and “Thou shalt not believe that”—much as St. Paul conceives of the Mosaic Law. The writer seems rather to identify himself with the Church, and to desire only to think what the Church thinks and say what the Church says. The identification is no new thing, but part or parcel of his very being; it has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until it has become a kind of second nature. For all that, the identification is not merely emotional, but deliberate; it is an outcome of “the doctrine of the Incarnation, which sees in what is outward and bodily the consecrated method, not the imprisonment or mere degradation of the Spirit. Of the doctrine of Incarnation in that aspect, Church unity and Creed unity are, as it seems, a necessary corollary” (p. 19).

And yet, in spite of this exalted ideal, there is allowed to be room for a certain progressiveness of interpretation. “One who takes the view described is prepared to comment on them [the Creeds] to any extent. He is prepared

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to recognise and to protest against all prejudices, however venerable, which may have attached to them" (p. 12). He is prepared to admit that "Christians may have in some points attached to them false or inadequate meanings." But the one point at which he stops short is the admission, that what "they properly do both say and mean is itself inadequate or false."

The margin of error, on this view, lies between expression and substance, expression and the truth expressed.

"He is perfectly conscious that human language is far less than a perfect instrument. He knows that spiritual realities are larger and subtler than our words. He knows that to different minds, to the same minds in different moods, the same creeds convey varying capacities of meaning. He is therefore prepared as on the one hand for all sorts of possibilities of misinterpretation or difficulty, so on the other for such progression, or at least varying capacities of spiritual apprehension in individuals or in the Body, that the same simple utterance of fundamental faith, being throughout in essential character the same, may yet have different aspects and a deepening significance" (p. 10).

It is important to note that this range of interpretation is left open, not only for the individual, but for the Body (*i.e.* the Church). It is assumed that the current interpretation of clauses in the Creed will differ at different periods. The examples given are "the descent into hell, the resurrection of the body, or even the forgiveness of sins."

But although such clauses may be explained, they must not be explained away. The explanation must be such as can fairly be called "natural." The person who recites or subscribes the Creed may put upon it what meaning he honestly thinks it bears; but he may not put upon it a meaning which he does not honestly think it bears. Deliberate glossing is not allowed.

Dr. Moberly does not say in so many words that he regards the essence of the Creed—the "mind of the Church" expressed in the Creed—as infallible; but he evidently regards it as far more likely to be ultimately right than any criticism that has been passed upon it.

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II.

The view that has just been expressed turns, as we have seen, upon a conception of the Church that may well be called "high." We may appreciate fully its religious depth and beauty; but it would be another thing to expect that it would be generally, or even very widely, held. The religious experience out of which it grows will not be common, and the philosophical premises that lie behind it will hardly be more common. The "natural man"—the average man—is an individualist in philosophy.¹ For him to grasp the corporate life in the sense of Dr. Moberly, and to feel his own individuality merged in that larger whole, would require an effort that he will not readily be disposed to make. For the individual self is the most certain thing that he knows. And the primary fact about it will seem to be that it is distinct from all other selves. It is just this distinctness which constitutes the problem of his relation to the Creeds. The average man, with this sort of common-sense philosophy more or less consciously held, if he is at the same time honest and sincere, will say to himself that his beliefs must be his own. He cannot take them at second hand, or on mere authority, even from the Creeds.

Of course there will be many persons who will not be so scrupulous. Without possessing any such exalted grasp upon the corporate life, but also without feeling the necessity for any philosophical basis, however homely, for their beliefs, they will take their start from the Creeds, and will not care to go behind them. They will accept them, practically on authority, as part of their inheritance as Christians. They will not feel called upon to verify them to their own consciences. They may well say, that what has been good enough for so many generations of Christians is good enough for them.

I suppose that the great mass—at all events the majority

¹ On this see Dr. Strong's little book, *God and the Individual* (London, 1903). Much that has of late been written on the subject of Personality would also be in point.

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—of Churchmen and Churchwomen would come under this description. I am not thinking of them, but rather of those—if not the majority, yet doubtless a large class among professing Christians—who have sufficient robustness and independence of character to feel that they must needs think for themselves, and who hesitate to say, or allow others to regard them as saying, what they do not in their own hearts really believe.

I can easily imagine a member of this large class starting from individualist premises and unable to take anything altogether upon trust, and yet arriving at a result very similar to that which has just been described ; at least cordially accepting the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, and desiring to be, and feeling himself to be, a loyal Churchman.

Such an one will not take the Creeds, as they stand, simply on authority. He will weigh them, and weigh each clause in them. He will not regard the Church—even the *Ecclesia docens*—as infallible. And yet its decisions, and specially its decisions as embodied in the Creeds, will carry great weight with him. He will treat them, not exactly as authority, but as an argument—a form of the argument from consent. He will be reluctant to think that the universal belief of so many centuries has been wrong.

No doubt it is true, that not all that is found in the Creeds is equally and in the same sense universal. If the person of whom we are thinking is a scholar, and thorough-going in his methods, he will feel bound to test, as I have said, each clause of the Creeds in detail, and try to estimate the exact degree of consent which it represents. He will compare the Nicene Creed in its original form and in its later form or forms. He will put aside the *Filioque* to be considered by itself. He will compare both forms of the Nicene Creed with other creeds current in the East. He will take to pieces, as it were, the traditional form of what we are accustomed to call the Apostles' Creed. He will distinguish between the oldest form of the Creed and its gradual accretions. He will consider what elements in both the Creeds have been constant and what variable. He

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will even go back behind the Creeds, and take into account those floating *κηρύγματα*, as Harnack calls them, brief summaries of belief current especially in the second century, *disjecta membra* of creeds not as yet exactly made, but in the making. All these multitudinous items our scholar will try, as best he can, to put into their place, in order that the argument from consent may take concrete shape, with due discrimination of its various shades and degrees.

It is probable that the scholar of whom I am now speaking—for we may as well take the type of mind that I have in view as seen in a scholarly representative—will be a strong believer in Divine Providence. If he is, he will not need to regard the Church as infallible, in order to have, short of this, a very considerable assurance, that no belief that has ever extensively prevailed has so prevailed without a purpose. The enlightened Christian of the present day, who is a student of comparative religion, will have this strongly impressed upon him by many common features even in the ethnic religions. Much more will it be impressed upon him when he comes to apply the same comparative method to the study of the many forms of the religion of Christ. Instead, for instance, of pouring scorn on the pagan stories of supernatural birth, he will regard their currency as testifying to some real principle in the nature of things, one of those hidden mysteries which, whether or not God wills that we should believe in it now, He certainly has willed that men should believe in time past.

An inquiring mind of this type will look out with a certain reverence and awe into the manifold phenomena of history and life. He will be slow to call anything common or unclean that he can reasonably believe that God has cleansed. He will have little inclination to give up deep-rooted elements in the faith, at the bidding of what he considers a shallow and sometimes flippant criticism.

For such an one the Creeds will be a great deal more than a string of dry propositions, the skeletons of belief unclothed with flesh and blood. They will be what, I think, Tertullian called his creed, *contesseratio*, "the password of brotherhood," the password by which a Christian is known

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to his fellows, the countersign that he gives when he is challenged.

When the Creeds are looked upon in this light, we begin to understand the emotion with which they are regarded; we begin to understand how they enter into worship, and as a part of worship are recited (to use Dr. Moberly's words) "with undeviating conviction and joy."

III.

There is, however, yet a third way of looking at the Creeds which does not go so far as this last. It does not much consider (though it does from time to time note and allow) the place which they hold, historically and devotionally, in the economy of the Christian religion as a whole; it does not much consider their value as the *confession* for all Christendom in every age and in every clime; but it concentrates attention upon them as the test required by law of English Churchmanship.

There is, I need not say, no reason why, for purposes of argument, they should not be contemplated in this light, at least so long as it is remembered that this is only a part—and perhaps the least dignified and important part—of their natural uses.

And there is the special justification for considering the Creeds at the present moment, in their relation to English Churchmanship, that it is just here that in certain ways "the shoe pinches." The question is, How can the use of the Creeds from this point of view be reconciled with the progress of modern thought?

I said at the outset that I would take as typical in this respect Dr. Rashdall's article in the *International Journal of Ethics*, now rather more than six years old, and the little book, *Sincerity and Subscription*, recently published by Canon Hensley Henson.

It is fortunate for the cause which they represent, that these two writers should be its special champions. Both contend for the right to take certain clauses in the Creeds—and one in particular—in a sense that is confessedly non-natural. They claim the liberty to do this without being

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accused of disingenuousness. They have not escaped the imputation, but they resent it, and I think not unreasonably. For if we were to search among the clergy who are addicted to letters, I doubt if we should easily find two who are more conspicuously and consistently frank and open. And their advocacy of this very cause has been conducted entirely above board. If they do take words in an unnatural sense, they have advertised to all the world that they are doing so.

Indeed, a part of the criticism that I should be inclined to pass upon them would be that they are too candid. They make themselves out worse than they are. Dr. Rashdall, in particular, repeatedly uses the words "untruth," "untrue," "disbelief," "disbelieve," where I think that I could show by a little cross-examination that he does not mean either "disbelief" or "untruth," in the full sense of the words, if he were to define his meaning accurately.

No doubt it is an excellent thing to "call a spade a spade." Dr. Rashdall never hesitates to do so. He never shrinks from a disagreeable consequence because it is disagreeable. I thoroughly honour him for this, and I honour him for it none the less because of another characteristic which is not so pleasant for the person with whom he is arguing, a fondness for putting his opponent into disagreeable positions, and compelling him to say what he does not like saying.

Those are the little idiosyncrasies which give piquancy to controversy; and, if I were Dr. Rashdall's antagonist, I would not grudge him his play for a moment. But there is a more serious side to it. The characteristic of which I am speaking becomes something of a drawback when the object is, not to make sport for the Philistines, but to ascertain the exact shade of a rather delicate truth. It is all very well to call a spade a spade; but it would disturb the look of the page—and perhaps something more than the look of the page—to insist on spelling the word, every time it occurs, in capital letters.

And it seems to me, I confess, that this characteristic of which I have been speaking goes along with, I will not say a defect of Dr. Rashdall's mind, but at least a defect in his treatment of this particular subject. To me he seems to

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be always taking hold of things at the wrong end, and just to do the very thing that he ought not to do. It is all done quite frankly and openly, and with that candour which is really very delightful.

This, for instance, is the way in which he himself describes the first step in his argument :—

“It may seem somewhat of a paradox to say that my apology for minimizing the unveracity involved in the practice must consist very largely in maximizing the extent of the formal divergence between the accepted doctrinal standards of the Church of England and the actual beliefs of her clergy” (*Int. Journ. of Eth.*, p. 139).

What do we want with either “minimizing” or “maximizing”? Just in so far as we do either, the argument is vitiated. What we really want is to state the facts precisely as they are.

By the process of “maximizing” it is made out that the present state of things is very bad. With what object? To correct it? No; but to make it still worse. I think it is not unfair to summarise the second step in Dr. Rashdall’s argument in the innocent formula, “Two bads make a good.”

First he enumerates a series of instances in which, as he contends, the clergy (virtually) say what is not strictly true. He insists upon it that there is no moral difference between them. A number of lax proceedings stare us in the face. But with a single stroke of the pen they are all condoned. A general amnesty is passed. And the next moment all these dubious actions become a precedent for others still more dubious. Now we see the policy of “maximizing divergence,” or blackening our former conduct. The blacker it is, the better the precedent, the bigger the equivocation it will cover. And yet we need not distress ourselves if our misdeeds are rather magnified. It is only for the moment. The sponge is coming, and will wipe out all together. We shall start with a clean slate, after all.

It is prettily argued in transparent English, and I can quite understand the argument commending itself to Dr. Rashdall the liberal Churchman. But I am not so clear about Dr. Rashdall the moral philosopher. And I rather

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think that there ought to be an appeal, and that it is before Dr. Rashdall the moral philosopher that the case ought to go for a new trial.

It seems to me, if I may say so, that the fallacy begins at the beginning. Dr. Rashdall begins by obliterating distinctions just where—as I conceive—he ought to examine and emphasise them. That is what I mean by “taking things at the wrong end.” I should have thought that every case ought to be taken on its own merits, and that the one inference we ought to avoid is, that, because one sort of dubious thing has been done, therefore it is perfectly open to us to do another.

Surely the whole of this series of questions comes technically under the head of “casuistry.” But casuistry is before all things a science of distinctions. It does not pass its judgments *en masse*. Nice balancing of motives enters into every one. The questions reviewed are nearly always, not all black or all white—as Dr. Rashdall is so fond of making them out to be—but various shades of grey. And all depends upon the shade.

There is, I think, one sound point in Dr. Rashdall’s argument. That is, his introduction of the *animus imponentis*. Words mean what they are understood to mean. And I do not think that we need consider too curiously the question, by whom? Provided that the words are understood as they are taken by some broad and recognised body—not too sectional—of educated opinion within the Church, I for one should be satisfied.

But in the way in which Dr. Rashdall states this point, there are, as it seems to me, two questionable features.

One is, that the person interested is to decide in his own cause. He is to say whether the body of opinion that supports his view is large enough and general enough.

And the other is, that the person interested is encouraged to strain a point beyond any precedent already existing.

“It is true that such liberty as now exists has been won by a gradual succession of increasing extensions of the

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understanding formerly accepted, each of which at the time it was introduced would have been perhaps generally condemned" (p. 143).

"But personally I should not admit that every man who went one step further in the latitudinarian direction than was recognised by the current morality of his day was doing a wrong act. On the contrary, it is just because increased liberty can only be secured by the individual to some extent 'taking the law into his own hands,' and doing what many of his best contemporaries would think dishonest or untruthful, that I venture to contend that the principle of liberalizing interpretation may be carried a little farther than can be justified by a strict insistence upon the principle, 'Words must be taken to mean what they are generally understood to mean'" (p. 144).

I am in no doubt as to the opinion of Dr. Rashdall the liberal Churchman; it is he who is speaking. But I should again like to ask what Dr. Rashdall the moral philosopher thinks about it—and what he thinks about it from the point of view of *moral philosophy*, without bringing in "liberal Churchmanship."

For this is my last and most serious question of all. Dr. Rashdall's essay is so eager in its pursuit of the particular end, the liberation of the clergy from the constraint of subscription, that I find myself gravely doubting, whether or how far the conclusions at which he arrives to his own satisfaction could be brought under the Kantian maxim, "So act, as though your action were to be a law for all human beings."

Throughout the essay, the sanction implied for the course of action recommended is, that the end justifies the means. The crucial question is thus stated:—

"The actual state of society being what it is, will this non-natural use of language do more harm by weakening the respect for truth and sincerity among people who cannot understand the reasons for what I am doing, than I shall do good by accepting the office of a clergyman on these terms, and contributing to a further step in that process of religious development which has proved so beneficial in times past?" (p. 144).

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I am not a moral philosopher, but I have a dim idea that the doctrine of the end justifying the means, especially where the person interested is to be the judge of both end and means, is not one that can quite be taken for granted without discussion or qualification. I have an uneasy feeling as to what I am to say the next time our friends the Jesuits propound their view as to end and means ; or what answer I am to give when the new Pascal comes round and begins to put awkward questions. I should like to be instructed by the two Rashdalls, the Churchman and the philosopher, when they have come to terms between themselves.

IV.

With so many doubts and hesitations in my mind, I am afraid that I cannot see my way to accept Dr. Rashdall's view bodily as it stands. I should have too many qualms of conscience to satisfy first. To say this is, I need not say, to throw no aspersion upon his own veracity. I really regard him as one of the most veracious of men. Indeed, in my opinion, his essential veracity nowhere shines out more, than when he is arguing in favour of unveracity.

Still, I agree with Dr. Rashdall that some mitigation to the strictness of subscription, even to the Creeds, is not only desirable but inevitable. Thought progresses, and the thought of the twentieth century cannot be identical with the thought of the second or the fourth.

So far, the only *principle* of mitigation that we have attained to, beyond the considerations emphasised as above by Dr. Moberly, is the appeal to the *animus imponentis*, interpreted—I am afraid—not quite so liberally as Dr. Rashdall would interpret it. I do not think that this is the only principle ; but, before going further, let us consider how far this will carry us.

I have no doubt that it would cover any difficulties that are likely to be felt at the present day in regard to such a clause as the "descent into hell." The quotations which Canon Henson has given from Hammond and Barrow, show sufficiently the latitude of treatment in regard to this clause

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allowed by leading divines of our own Church in the seventeenth century. In addition to this, it would be perfectly fair to call in what Dr. Moberly described as "the perspective of history." We remember, of course, that this clause does not appear in the Apostles' Creed before Rufinus of Aquileia (*circa* 400 A.D.), and that it became established in the Creed during the centuries of declining culture which followed that date. If we go back behind Rufinus, we find a thin vein of tradition, traceable ultimately to the enigmatic passage 1 St. Peter, iii. 19, and sharing in all the difficulties and ambiguities of that passage.

The same kind of considerations would help us greatly as to such a clause as "the resurrection of the body." The competing phrases "resurrection of the flesh" or "of the body," and "resurrection of, or from, the dead," were used in ancient times almost as equivalents or synonyms. They alternate with each other in the oldest forms of creed; and it is almost an accident—if anything of this kind were really accident—that the one has come down to us in the Apostles' Creed, and the other in the *textus receptus* of the Nicene. We are also familiar with the fact that the ancients themselves (*e.g.* Origen) protested against a too materialising view. I imagine that the influence which favoured the form "resurrection of the flesh" was the desire to insist on personal identity—an idea which the ancients found it hard to express or realise. The sins done in the body were to be punished also in the body, *i.e.* in the same self.

To take a still more crucial example, the principle, or (if I should say so) principles, hitherto laid down, would entirely cover—at least to my own satisfaction—all the difficulties that are felt as to what we call the Athanasian Creed.

Many years ago, when I first began clerical life, I joined in a memorial asking for relief from the use of this Creed; but now I value it greatly. The principal reason for this change of front has been, a more thorough study of the patristic writings concerned with the prolonged and searching controversy of which this Creed is at once the climax and, in the Western Church, the close.

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No doubt the Creed goes beyond what is written—beyond, as it might be said, what is really true—in precision of language. But that is an infirmity inherent in language—and not only in language, but in the human mind. Language cannot reflect the infinite subtlety of objective fact: *subtilitas naturae subtilitatem argumentandi multis partibus superat*. And yet we constantly do use language although we are well aware of its inadequacy; as, for instance, when a student maps out history into periods, though he knows perfectly well that there is no such thing as a clear-cut period, one period passing into another by gradations far too subtle to be measured in time. So, in the case of the Athanasian Creed, its marvellously terse and balanced clauses, each one with a world of history behind it, are not definitions like the definitions in Euclid (though I believe mathematicians would tell us that even the definitions in Euclid do not correspond perfectly with reality), but are rather, as it were, guide-posts or arrow-heads, pointing in the direction that thought would take, if it could cope with its object. The Christian theologian freely admits the truth of Matthew Arnold's felicitous *dictum*, that all our words about God are “*thrown out*” at an object that is far too vast for them.

As to the other, more popular, difficulty in regard to the “damnatory clauses,” I believe that we are perfectly justified in putting upon them the construction which modern opinion does so widely put upon them, viz. by emphasising their positive rather than their negative aspect, the blessedness of a right belief rather than (though we do not exclude this) the peril of a wrong one. I say that we do not exclude this peril, because we are sure (1) that wrongness of belief is not to be dismissed as an unimportant thing, and (2) that, corresponding with the blessedness of a right belief, there must be serious loss in a belief which is not right. At the same time, the modern mind shrinks, we have no doubt justly, from what seems to be sweeping condemnation of our fellow men, and therefore allows itself to put a gloss that, in this case at least, is surely reasonable and natural, on the cruder language of our forefathers. I believe that this attitude of mind is perfectly defensible;

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but before I should be prepared to use it as a precedent, I should need to have it shown that the case compared with it was really parallel.

There is, however, yet another principle that I think may fitly come in to "mitigate the strictness of subscription," a principle that I do not remember to have seen pressed as I conceive that it deserves to be. I believe that we should do well to distinguish, more than we have been in the habit of doing, between the Creeds as expressing the faith of the collective Church, and the Creeds in relation to the private opinion of the individual Christian.

The Creeds are primarily a corporate possession. They are the product of the Church as a whole, and they belong to the Church as a whole. Their use in public worship, like that of the other prayers and praises, is general and congregational. It is more even than congregational, because the Creeds are (practically) common to the whole of Christendom. The individual, when he joins in reciting them, does so, not exactly as an individual, but as a member of the corporate body.

The use of the Apostles' Creed as a baptismal creed does not really affect this, because the Creed is still the Church's Creed committed to the individual, not in any sense his own creation. There were certain ancient ceremonies called the *traditio* and *redditio symboli*—corresponding with the learning of the Catechism, but performed more solemnly in church, the Creed being slowly dictated to the children by the priest on one Sunday, and repeated by them on the next—which really symbolise this.

It is a well-known characteristic of the Eastern Creeds generally, extending even to the older Latin translations of the Nicene Creed, that they are couched in the plural and not in the singular—"We believe," and not, "I believe." Our current use of the singular in the Nicene Creed is a Western modification, arising out of the use of the Creed in the *traditio symboli* just mentioned. The first example of this, I believe, is in the so-called Gelasian sacramentary. Perhaps it is to be regretted that the Eastern usage does not prevail in ordinary public worship. It would better express the essentially corporate character of the Creed.

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But in any case, at no time in the history of the Church did the multitude of individual confessions really constitute the Creed; the Creed was really the Church's one confession in which individual Christians took part.

What, on the other hand, is the nature at the present day of individual opinion in regard to the subject-matter of the Creeds? What in particular, let us say, is the nature of such opinion in the case of a scholar who is capable of examining, and does examine, the questions involved, more or less at first hand? It would be true to say that the Creeds were formed in the first instance by methods similar to those by which he reaches his conclusions, by methods bearing the same sort of relation to the culture of the time, and therefore, we may say, *mutatis mutandis* the same. But *mutatis mutandis* in this case means a good deal.

The question is, how far under these different conditions will the results coincide? We cannot expect them to coincide absolutely: there must needs be a margin of variation—of reasonable, natural, permissible variation. I believe that it is open to the individual at any time to claim the benefit of this. Of course he cannot do so indefinitely. I do not doubt at all that there is a limit which, if it were passed, would really, in effect, exclude him from the Church's communion. But the margin is real, so far as it goes.

It naturally is not for me, or for any other single writer, to lay down what this margin should, or should not, include. But I may venture to suggest an opinion by means of a concrete example. I do not think that we can prevent, or that it would be right to attempt to prevent, a competent scholar from forming his own estimate of the evidence (in the narrower sense) for the Virgin Birth.

I say advisedly, the "evidence in the narrower sense," as distinguished from the evidence in the large sense or from the doctrine; because the historical testimony is altogether a smaller and more compassable thing, and is less likely to be treated inadequately. Of course the individual will judge of this too; but he cannot do so independently of the Church's judgment.

As to the historical testimony, thus isolated, I should be

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prepared for some difference of opinion. I could not myself admit that it is really "slight." A short time ago I put forward¹ a view of the sources of the evidence which was to some extent contingent and conjectural, but which, if certain conditions which seemed probable were true, would claim a very high value indeed. To ignore these possibilities and treat them as though they did not exist, I should consider a very hazardous proceeding. Any estimate of evidence depends, not only on the indications that are followed, but on those that are left behind and neglected.

I may just throw in parenthetically, because it is so often forgotten, the reminder, that objective truth of fact is by no means always in proportion to the conclusiveness of evidence. The conclusiveness of evidence turns so largely on conditions that are wholly irrelevant to the thing attested; such (*e.g.*) as the survival or non-survival of a particular branch of literature. The evidence for the Virgin Birth cannot in any case be less than it is, and some chance discovery might at any moment make it more.

I should not think highly of the judgment of a writer who could pass over, *sicco pede*, such a careful statement of the evidence as that recently put together by Dr. Knowling, confined as it is to a simple marshalling of facts, with a minimum of hypothesis or conjecture. It might be said, that not one of the items proves beyond gainsaying the point at issue; but what becomes of them if they are taken cumulatively? For instance, supposing that we could not feel sufficient trust in the Gospels of St. Luke and St. Matthew, what should we still have to say to Ignatius, and Aristides, and Justin, and the clause in the Apostles' Creed?

Writers like Dr. Rashdall and Canon Henson seem especially anxious to rationalise this one part of the Christian tradition. They do so because they allow themselves to isolate it from the rest. They both freely and fully confess their belief in the Incarnation; but they do not seem to realise that, if the Incarnation is true, all its surroundings at once assume a wholly different aspect.

¹ In a sermon preached at St. Mark's, Marylebone, and published in a volume entitled *Critical Questions* (London, 1903).

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Things that might surprise us if the Incarnation were not true, cease to surprise us if it is.

Dr. Moberly has some strong words on this head :—

“To attempt to marshal the evidence for or against (say) the truth of the Virgin-Birth, as if it could be a new question to be determined by itself in this age ; apart from either its historical connection with the immemorial faith, or its theological connection with the primary and basal conceptions of Christianity, does seem to me beyond all words superficial and unreal” (*Doctrinal Standards*, p. 20).

And there is another book that is very pertinent to this side of the question. Mr. Illingworth's *Reason and Revelation* (London, 1902) states with great force the inner coherence of the Christian creed. It protests in advance against the separation of a part from the rest. It insists that each leading particular should be taken with its context. And what is the context? The context is “the Christian Religion, all that it is, and all that it has done” (p. 102). That is a sentence that deserves to be thought over.

If I press the solidarity of the Creed in one direction, it is only right that I should press it in another. Canon Henson complains that certain Bishops (he names in particular Bristol and Norwich) have announced their intention of requiring, from candidates for ordination, what I suppose amounts to an express and separate subscription to the clause relating to the Virgin Birth. But if I deprecate the sundering of this particular from its context in the forming of opinion, I must also deprecate it in the matter of subscription. We do not want to induce our young men to commit themselves to more than their knowledge or clearness of head would perhaps justify them in committing themselves to. The total effect is the important thing. Let it suffice that, by subscribing to the Creed as a whole, the man declares himself heart and soul a Christian.

I may illustrate the position that I would myself take up, by reference to a case that has of late been much before the public. The name of Bishop Lightfoot has been mentioned in connection with a case of conscience arising out of this question of the Virgin Birth.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury the other day took occasion, from the fact that he had been himself at one time chaplain to the Bishop, to deny in emphatic terms that he had ever ordained any one confessedly "unsound."

If I may take the liberty of saying so, this statement of the Archbishop's was both wise and true. It was wise, because the great uneasiness of public opinion required that something should be said. At the same time it was strictly true, and the only form of truth for which the Archbishop, in his position, with the infinite possibilities that always exist of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, could make himself responsible. It must be remembered, too, that the Archbishop was, in all probability, speaking from his antecedent confidence as to what *must have been* the case, rather than from definite knowledge of the particular facts.

But at the same time, using the greater liberty which belongs to one in a less exalted station, I would express my belief—resting also, not upon knowledge, but upon the probabilities of the case—that a slightly different version would be equally true.

To the best of my belief, the first mention of the case referred to occurred in the very essay of Dr. Rashdall's upon which I have been drawing. It ran as follows :—

"It may be of interest to any one who is hesitating to take orders on this ground to know that the most learned and most universally respected theologian among the English Bishops of this generation consented to ordain a candidate who confessed to him that the question of the miraculous birth was to him an open question" (*Int. Journ. of Eth.*, p. 158).

I do not know exactly what passed ; and, at the same time, I believe that everything really depends on the details of what passed, at the interview between the Bishop and the candidate. For this reason I confess that I do not like to see the attempt to erect this case into a precedent. That is just what in my judgment it ought not to be, and cannot be, in default of fuller knowledge.

At the same time, with this reserve, I confess that to me the version given appears to bear the marks of

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verisimilitude ; and I do not think that it really conflicts with the Archbishop's declaration.

I too was for a time examining chaplain to the Bishop, and I can imagine that I see him in such circumstances. Absolutely sincere and single-minded himself, I know how quick he would have been to recognise sincerity and single-mindedness in another. He would wish to see such an one ordained. He would enter sympathetically into his difficulties, every moment on the watch to find something that he could take hold of as definitely drawing a line short of what he would have had to consider real "unsoundness."

As I have said, I do not know what actually passed ; nor is it possible for me to invent criteria for the Bishop. But I can conceive what kind of criteria in the circumstances I should apply myself. If the "open question" were as to the exact degree of cogency attaching to the evidence as evidence, that I could regard as a point of research on which an able man was entitled to his own independent opinion, and on which no one else could think for him. It would be a question for the methods of the nineteenth or twentieth centuries, not for those of the fourth ; and the decisions of the fourth, or even of the second, century could not foreclose the matter. The more delicate question would be as to the consequence drawn from that particular estimate of the evidence. If it led to round denial, or a definite expression of disbelief, then I think the bar would be insuperable ; but if it only led to doubt, to suspense of judgment, and reluctant self-committal, such scruples I should consider worthy of all respect and tender handling. And if I felt assured that, on the central point, which is also the sum and substance, of the Creed, the candidate was "heart and soul a Christian," then I think that I should see my way to regard the "open question" as something short of actual "unsoundness," and I should let the ordination take its course.

But questions such as these are "casuistry" of the most searching kind. And they would have to be treated as such—with close attention, with minute care, with fine discrimination and judicial weighing of motives. Fiery rhetorical

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appeals, addressed *urbi et orbi*, seem to me wholly out of place.

To force, or seduce, the intellectual conscience of one who knows what he means and what he is saying, is a very serious thing. But to weaken the hold of a national Church on a symbol which unites that Church to the rest of Christendom, is not less serious. Between that Scylla and that Charybdis, the Church of England and its rulers have to steer.

W. SANDAY

ECCLESIASTICISM

THE practical importance of religion in the history of society, the profound influence it has exercised from the beginning upon human development, the incalculable power of its motives and its sanctions over the whole life of man, are matter that now lies beyond dispute. Never again will it be possible to believe, as it was believed in the eighteenth century, that religion was a cunning invention of priests and kings for their own advantage. We know now that it has its roots deep in human nature, as deep as the primitive instincts and emotions, with which, indeed, it is inextricably intertwined. No one, whatever be his own beliefs, can afford not to take account of it ; for if it were nothing else, it is a force, and, like all forces, must be reckoned with.

All the more important is it carefully and dispassionately to consider, what ought to be its place in the society of the future. And such consideration must, I think, fall under two main heads :—First, whether any religion, or which, is true ; secondly, whether any, or which, and under what conditions, is desirable or, as some might hold, necessary. To some minds, the second question might seem to be disposed of by the answer to the first. For, it may be said, if a religion is true it ought to be believed, and if it is false it ought to be discredited ; and there is no more to be said about the matter. This opinion, however, I do not think is one that is really at bottom accepted by a number of the most influential apologists of religion. On the contrary, religion has in the past derived, and in the present is, I believe, increasingly deriving, a great deal of support from the conviction, not that it is true, but that it is neces-

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sary. And if it be urged, that it is not possible to believe a thing to be true because one desires to, I would reply, that it is possible at least to decline to consider the matter, to regard the whole inquiry as ruled out by practical considerations, and to support an institution of which the object and function is to perpetuate a belief, merely on the ground, whether or no it be avowed, that the belief is useful. It is for this reason that the question, whether religion is desirable, may be treated independently of the question whether it is true ; nay, that the answer given to the latter may depend, not in logic but in practice, on the answer given to the former. And that is my justification for raising the one issue independently of the other. I propose in this article to discuss the position, that religion ought to be supported, not primarily because it is true, but because it is necessary to society. And in this discussion I propose to consider that form of religion which seems to offer most support to the position I am examining. This form I shall call Ecclesiasticism.

By Ecclesiasticism I mean religion as embodied in a Church ; and by a Church I mean an organisation which claims to be the depository of a Truth otherwise inaccessible to the human reason, and which, therefore, endeavours to propagate its doctrine by appeals, not primarily to the reason, but to the emotions, the hopes and fears, the prejudices and habits, the deep-rooted instincts and the æsthetic sensibilities of men. It is clear, that if this definition be accepted, there is a great deal of religion which has nothing to do with ecclesiasticism. All that, however, I leave at present out of consideration ; not because it is unimportant, but because, for my immediate purpose, it is irrelevant. For a religion which rests simply on the deliverances of an individual conscience, could hardly give a basis for the position with which I am concerned. Such a religion is naturally anarchic in its tendencies, and has shown itself to be so in history. It could hardly form a secure foundation for a given order of society ; and is not, therefore, the kind of religion supported by those who adopt the view I desire to discuss. An ecclesiastical religion, on the other hand, is essentially stable ; and it is this kind of religion that people commonly

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intend when they assert, that religion is necessary to society.

The position to which I refer is not so familiar, and has not been so ably and frankly expounded, in England as upon the Continent ; and to many English readers it may seem strange, remote, and unintelligible. Yet I think it is one which it is of practical importance for us to investigate ; for it may be influencing, half-unconsciously, many people who have never formulated or avowed it ; and it finds natural allies wherever there is an Established Church. Nor is it by any means among stupid people only that it finds its recruits. On the contrary, it commends itself specially to those who have been led by their reason to scepticism, and yet have convinced themselves that scepticism is dangerous to society ; and these have been sometimes men profoundly versed in human nature, deeply concerned for the good of mankind, of catholic sympathies and wide experience. The deliberate conviction of such men demands a serious consideration ; and I shall endeavour in these pages to give it the weight it deserves.

What, then, is the position ? Briefly, I think, it may be put as follows :—“ It is necessary to the existence of society that men should observe certain rules of conduct, that they should obey the laws, civil and moral, should respect property and life, should cherish the family, and should honour the King, or whatever may be the form of government ; that they should be honest in business, faithful in service, generous to the poor, kindly to the weak ; that they should hold their country dearer than themselves, and be prepared to sacrifice to it, on due occasion, their wealth, their energies, and their lives. That men do, however imperfectly, conform to such rules as these, is the extraordinary, the almost miraculous result, of habit and prejudice. But how are habits and prejudices maintained ? Not assuredly by reason. On the contrary, reason is their great solvent. Teach men to think about the basis of their life, and it crumbles away. For reason is critical, not constructive ; it may destroy, but it cannot create. The problem, therefore, of statesmen is, to lay reason to sleep, so far as fundamental questions are concerned ; and for this no better agent can be

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found than religion as interpreted by ecclesiasticism. For a Church does not doubt, but affirms; does not ask questions, but answers them. Suppressing the critical faculty, it masses in defence of the foundations of society all the emotional resources of human nature. It not only defines the end, it creates the motive; and is thus, in a profounder sense than the laws, the bond of society. For it is the living spirit, they an external mechanical force. An alliance, therefore, between Church and State, is natural if not indispensable, and has been felt to be so by some of the greatest statesmen, even by those who themselves have had no religious convictions. Whence, for example, the remark attributed to Napoleon, 'If the Pope had not existed, I should have had to invent him.'"

The position, thus briefly stated, might be copiously illustrated from Continental writers of the Neo-Catholic school. I prefer, however, to quote an Englishman, and one who will not be accused of ecclesiastical prejudices. In Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, the superiority of prejudice to reason is a principal and constantly recurring theme; and for the support of prejudice he looks primarily to the Established Church. "We Englishmen," he says, "are generally men of untaught feelings; instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices; and the longer they have lasted, and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them. We are afraid to put men to live and trade each in his own private stock of reason, because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages. Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them. If they find what they seek, and they seldom fail, they think it more wise to continue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to cast away the coat of prejudice, and to leave nothing but the naked reason; because prejudice, with its reason, has a motive to give action to that reason, and an affection

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which will give it permanence." So much for the value of prejudice. As for the means of maintaining it, we read a little later in the same book :—"The English do not consider their Church Establishment as convenient, but as essential to their State ; not as a thing heterogeneous and separable ; something added for accommodation ; what they may either keep or lay aside, according to their temporary idea of convenience. They consider it the foundation of their whole constitution, with which and with every part of which, it holds an indissoluble union. Church and State are ideas inseparable in their minds, and scarcely is the one ever mentioned without mentioning the other."

Such is the general theory of the importance of a Church to society, as formulated by one of the greatest of English statesmen. But the theory may be further supported by the lessons of history ; and especially by that of the French Revolution, the event which, in fact, evoked the utterances that have been quoted from Burke. When Burke wrote, the storm had hardly broken. A gleam of sunshine travelled in front of the approaching thunder-cloud ; and, while our English prophet was raising his warning voice, the French were dancing in their orchards in anticipation of perennial summer. The tempest burst ; and the reality exceeded the worst that Burke had divined. The Church fell, and with it the State ; the crust of habit broke and was engulfed ; the central fire burst through. Every cruelty, every vice, every sordid passion crept out of hiding and walked the streets, jostling the rarest virtues. Every distinction of good and bad, true and false, was obliterated. A patriot was indistinguishable from an assassin, a republican from a tyrant, a statesman from a buffoon. Despotism and anarchy formed an incestuous union. And over this carnival of all the disintegrated elements of human nature, presided an opera-singer in the guise of the Goddess of Reason. No wonder the English hugged themselves in their ancient orderly routine, and swore with Burke that they were "resolved to keep an Established Church, an established monarchy, an established aristocracy, and an established democracy, each in the degree in which it exists, and in no greater."

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It would be easy to multiply examples tending to the same conclusion ; to point to the political ruin of Greece accompanying the development of philosophy ; to the decline of Roman morals as the State religion lost its hold ; to the anarchy, political, intellectual and moral, that coincided with the Renaissance and the Reformation ; to the Visconti, the Sforzas, the Borgias, the hysterical tragi-comedy of Munster, and the long agony of the Thirty Years' War. Or, confining ourselves to our own history, to trace the decline of the Puritan ideal, from the serene and starry radiance of Milton, to the dust and ashes of Muggleton and the Muggletonians. It would be easy to do this, if it were worth doing ; and all that could be said on such lines would be true. But it would not be the truth. History may be used to support any conclusion, according to the emphasis of our conscious or unconscious principle of selection. And a history written on the lines suggested above could be met by a rejoinder equally convincing. We have only to select the bad instead of the good elements in order, and the good instead of the bad ones in disintegration, and the whole phenomenon will wear a different aspect. For then we shall see, not the excesses of the Revolution, but the iniquities it swept away ; the starving peasants, the parasitic Court, the impotent or mischievous administration, industry fettered, intellect muzzled, virtue mouldering in the dust. And, concentrating our imagination, not on the delicate and factitious charm, the brilliancy and wit of the aristocracy of the Court, but on all that lay at the roots, and was the condition of the life of that wonderful flower, we shall regard in a different light both the order of society and the organisation by which it was supported ; shall hear above the *Te Deums* of the Church the cries of the persecuted Huguenots, and the inarticulate misery of starving peasants ; and, remembering, that the voices raised in behalf of common sense and humanity proceeded, not from the pulpit, but from philosophers and atheists, shall turn, not in levity, but in indignation, from Bossuet to Voltaire, and cry, with the great apostle of reason, "*Écrasez l'Infâme.*"

The example is sufficient to indicate the fatal flaw of

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ecclesiasticism. Just so far as it is calculated to support an existing order, just so far is it compelled to perpetuate abuses ; for every conviction that repudiates reason, repudiates also criticism, and therefore reformation. An ecclesiastical system moves, it is true, as a coherent and stable whole ; but it moves under the control of fixed ideas ; and these, even if once they were in accord with what was good and true, fall inevitably out of touch with it by the mere lapse of time. Of this the whole history of the Catholic Church is an illustration. That Church is now commonly regarded as one of the great civilising agencies of the world ; and I have no desire to dispute its claims. Let all that is urged for it in this respect be granted. Let it be admitted, that it evolved order out of chaos, that it civilised barbarism, that it fostered the virtues of charity and peace in an age of universal war, that it kept alive the tradition of philosophy and culture, fostered the arts, disciplined the mind, and inspired the spiritual life. Let all this be admitted, and nevertheless it is true, that the evil wrought by the Catholic Church is so incalculable, that a sober and impartial historian would hesitate to pronounce whether, even to an age of barbarism, it was more of a blessing than a curse. Consider its record. If it has preached peace, it has also filled the world with war ; if it has saved life, it has also destroyed it ; if it has raised the spirit, it has also degraded it ; if it has kindled the intelligence, it has also extinguished it. Deliberately and in cold blood, in pursuance of a policy, it has tortured the souls and burnt the bodies of men. Deliberately it has struck at the root of virtue, by evoking and fostering slavish fear and desire, by promising a material heaven and threatening a material hell. Deliberately it has invited men to lie, and punished them for adhering to the truth. Deliberately it has arrested, so far as it could, the nascent growth of science, and thwarted the only activity by which man may alleviate his material lot, and set himself free for the triumphs of the mind and the spirit. In saying this, I am stating simple matters of fact, such as no competent historian will dispute. And the point I want to make is, that the Good and the Evil of the Church have both proceeded from

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the same principle, from the principle of ecclesiasticism. Because the Church claimed to possess a revelation, therefore it conquered the world, and therefore also it harried and tortured its conquest. Because it relegated reason to a secondary place, therefore it produced Dante and Aquinas, and therefore also it persecuted Galileo and burnt Bruno. Because it appealed primarily, not to the intelligence of men, but to their fears and desires, therefore it imposed upon them an authoritative moral order, and therefore also it invited anarchy when the order was superseded.

For even the anarchy attributed to reason might more truly be attributed to the attempt to suppress it. That it is which divorces reason from experience, which makes it revolutionary and rebellious, instead of tentative, cautious, and practical. So that, in truth, the very order which ecclesiasticism has founded and sustained, has prepared the chaos by which it has been succeeded. For if history shows anything, it shows that an ecclesiastical order will not endure permanently. And, it may be added, if it could, such endurance would be more fatal than any amount of confusion. For every order imposed upon the will at the expense of reason becomes, in the course of time, whatever it may have been at the outset, a chain that is only the more fatal to life if it is not felt to gall. To trust society to the naked reason is to run the risk of anarchy; but to trust it to ecclesiasticism is to incur the certainty of petrification.

With the view thus put forward probably most Englishmen, and even most English churchmen, will be inclined to agree, supposing the premises—the antithesis between ecclesiasticism and reason—to be accepted. But this antithesis may be denied. For reason, it may be urged, is not to be found in a pure and abstract form. It is inevitably biassed by something that is not rational. No one judges of what is good and true, so to speak, *in vacuo*. For man is not man in the abstract, as certain philosophers have loved to delineate him, but man here and now, of this century, of this or that place, of this or that calling in society. He is an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German; he has been brought up in such and such a home, in a slum or in the

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West End, in London, in a provincial town or in the country; he has been educated in a public school or in a Board school, or, it may be, at home; he has been to a university or he has not; he is an artisan, or an agricultural labourer, or a miner, a professional man, a politician, a journalist, or a gentleman at large; he has been in love or he has not, he is married or single, he has travelled or stayed at home; and the total result of all these influences has been to envelope him in an atmosphere which determines, whether he knows it or not, all his most apparently unbiassed and objective opinions. But ecclesiasticism is only a way of creating such an atmosphere deliberately, instead of leaving it more or less to chance. And, in so doing, ecclesiasticism is only doing, more effectively and thoroughly, what is done by every home and every educational institution. A child takes the colour of his environment at home or at school, as inevitably as he takes the colour of his church. In neither case is reason the predominant, or even an important, factor. Why, then, should ecclesiasticism be singled out among the innumerable non-rational influences, for special contrast with those that are rational?

The answer is, that ecclesiasticism labours, deliberately and of set purpose, to fix the mind and character permanently in a certain mould, so far at least as what may be called fundamentals are concerned. Its object is not merely to give a certain bias—that is the object of every educational institution—but to make the subject immune against all other influences to which he may be exposed in the course of his life. It is not so much the more or less unconscious giving of a bent that is in question; it is the giving of a bent which is, so to speak, itself a bent to a bent. It is the deliberate effort to prevent a man ever coming into the rights of his reason, on the assumption that, in the most important matters, the reason is incompetent. This is a thing very different, and different in a most important way, both from the unconscious and inevitable action of social environment, and from such direct or indirect inculcation of moral habits as must be part of the work of any system of education. For the inculcation of such habits is quite compatible with such a development of

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the reason as will enable it in turn, when it is ripe, to question and to criticise them. Whereas it is the very object of ecclesiasticism, as I have defined it and as it has historically existed, to prevent the reason from ever making claims in the region reserved for revelation. The reason, it is true, will not, in either case, be acting *in vacuo*. But in the one case it is encouraged, or at least permitted, to act within the limits of its range ; in the other it is deliberately bound and tied.

The distinction may be illustrated by a concrete example. An ordinary public-school-boy is submitted, while he is at school, to very strong habitual influences, to a weight of public opinion more constant and more powerful in its pressure than he is likely ever to meet with again in the course of his life. Whether these influences are more good than bad, I do not at present discuss. What I wish to point out is that, strong as they are, they are not what I have called ecclesiastic in their character ; and that, although the services of the Church of England are part of the traditional routine, these services do not, and I believe I may fairly say they are not intended to, work powerfully upon the intellectual attitude of the boy. They are rather, if anything, one of the means of preventing him from having any such attitude. It is the boast of the school—whether justified or not is not at present the question—that it turns him into a healthy, instinctive kind of creature, decent, well-mannered, and on the whole right-feeling, but without any intellectual bias at all, and without any views or prejudices as to the basis of religious belief or the authority of the Church. Such a boy, transferred to the university, may very likely go through his career there in the same condition of intellectual atrophy. But, if his intelligence does awake, it will awake free. There will be nothing in the discipline of the university, any more than there was in the discipline of the school, to fetter it ; nothing, that is, except the unconscious and inevitable influences of the society in which he moves. He may, as he often does, speculate boldly on the foundations of belief ; may lose what is called his “religious faith,” but what very commonly is no more than a block of unassimilated

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ideas, laid down like a pavement over the springs of religion by years of habitual but passive church-going ; may question moral intuitions commonly supposed to be fundamental ; and, after many mistakes and blunders, may emerge from it all a really useful and stimulating person, with some chance of contributing his mite to the clarification of ethical, social, and religious ideals.

But now, imagine that the public schools and the universities were to adopt the ecclesiastical position ; that they were to fall into a state of panic over the decline of religious belief, and to have recourse to ecclesiastical machinery to remedy it. From that moment everything would be transformed. Just so far as the system were successful, just so far would the public-school-boy be converted from a healthy barbarian into a hypocrite, a fanatic, or a saint. The chapel services, instead of being, as they are now, merely a part of the discipline of the school, would become real instruments of propaganda. Every agency of rhetoric, of ritual, of emotional and sensuous appeal, would be brought to bear, to make him feel and assimilate, with his whole being, what would rapidly cease to be the intellectual propositions, and come to be the instinctive belief, that the Church is of divine authority, that it has a final and immutable revelation of truth, that in philosophy, in ethics, in social institutions, the last word has been said, and that the function of the present is simply to apply, to the changing conditions of life, the known, fundamental, and eternal truths. At the university he would be subjected to the same influences. His whole training would be conditioned by the rule, that there is to be no enquiry into the foundations of belief. And the result would be, that the universities would turn out, year after year, a succession of able, highly-trained men, whose one aim, so far as they had a public aim at all, would be to preserve and perpetuate those institutions and ideas, which it had been the object of their whole training to impress automatically upon their minds. Henceforth they would be hermetically sealed against the bacilli of new experience. Argument, feeling, touch, sight, would avail them nothing. Whatever might act as a solvent upon the structure of their ideas, would be

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met simply as an enemy. Polemics would be their only method of controversy ; and, though they might be able to convert, they would be unable to convince, just as they would be unable to be convinced, because they would be unable to conceive that their adversary might be right.

If this account of an ecclesiastical education be thought to be fanciful or exaggerated, I would ask the reader to recall the discipline devised for the propagation of his Order, by one who was, perhaps, the greatest ecclesiastical genius the world has ever known ; I mean the founder of the Society of Jesus. The training of a Jesuit, as prescribed in the famous Institutes, was based upon a process which a modern man of science might describe as self-hypnotisation. By intense and solitary meditation, accompanied by physical exercises, by fastings, flagellations, postures, groanings, weepings, he forced himself, so far as possible, to realise, to re-enact in his own person, the Passion of Christ, to ascend with Him to heaven, to taste, in anticipation, the joys of His kingdom, and to share the tortures of the damned in hell. Not the imagination only, and the intelligence, but almost the very physical senses were compelled to co-operate in this deliberate hallucination. He must not only think and conceive, he must hear, see, touch, and taste. The whole personality, intellectual, moral, one might almost say physical, was run in this way into a final mould. That it should take that shape, uncritically, passively, not of conviction but of force, was the essence of the whole process. But once that was achieved, development was permitted and encouraged along the lines thus rigidly prescribed. The mind henceforth was the tool of unquestioning faith. It might calculate, but it must not reason ; it might devise means, but it must not consider ends. Every accomplishment the Jesuit may and should acquire ; he should be a linguist, a mathematician, a man of science perhaps, above all a man of the world, accomplished, polite, persuasive, plausible, up to date in his knowledge, his methods, his arts ; he may be anything and everything, so long as he does not think, and obeys. He may study history as much as he likes, but it must be history as interpreted by the Church ; he may study Latin and Greek, provided that he remains insensible to the classical spirit ; he may study

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science, so long as he does not permit it to react upon theology. Nay, all these things he *ought* to study, in order that he may meet the enemy on his own ground. Only that the enemy is the enemy, that the truth is the truth, that the Church is the Church, and that his whole duty is to subordinate to the interest of his Order all his powers, spiritual, intellectual, moral, and physical—this is the never-forgotten command of his hypnotic dream, of the fixed idea branded upon him at the outset of his career, by the deliberately non-rational discipline to which he has been subjected. Once for all he has been cured of the possibility of asking, “Why?” His reason has not been killed. No! It has been chained to the car of Faith. And in the car rides theology triumphant, surrounded by the saints of the Order, and crushing under the wheels the heretic, the speculator, and the unbeliever.

The example, it will perhaps be admitted, is sufficient to prove, that there is an antagonism between ecclesiasticism and reason, different in kind from that which exists between reason and any ordinary prejudice; that it is the object of an ecclesiastical system, not merely to create an atmosphere, but to paralyse beforehand the faculty by which that atmosphere might be disturbed; with the result, no doubt, of encouraging stability, but only at the cost of arresting growth. But it may be said that ecclesiasticism, as I have defined it, has ceased to exist, or at least has clearly no future before it. If I thought that, I should not have troubled to write this article. But it is not, I believe, a view that is borne out by a survey of contemporary history. On the Continent, at any rate, the battle between ecclesiasticism and reason appears to be raging, with an intensity of which we in this country have little conception. And, even in England, is it so clear that the issue has not been raised? The Church of England, I readily admit, has not commonly been ecclesiastic, in the extreme and uncompromising sense in which I have been using the term. It has been, on the whole, and in comparison with the Church of Rome, a friend of compromise and of common sense. But it will be admitted that, of late years, it has been animated by a spirit very different from that which inspired it during the

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eighteenth, and, for the most part, during the nineteenth century. Whether or no, from certain points of view, that spirit may be judged to be better than the old one, I am not at present concerned to dispute. I can believe that it is more zealous, more active, more devoted, more fruitful in a certain kind of result ; but I am sure, and that is the point with which I am concerned, that it is more ecclesiastic. Every day it appears more and more to make the kind of claims that are made by the Roman Catholic Church, every day more and more to develop a similar machinery for silencing, by emotional appeals, the protests of the reason. While preserving the social and other advantages of the Establishment, it is apparently determined not to acquiesce in the accompanying restraints. Now, just so far as the Church of England adopts this attitude, just so far as it assimilates itself to the Church of Rome, just so far is it alienating from itself, not merely that large and increasing section of thoughtful Englishmen who cannot except by courtesy be called Christians (though they certainly cannot fairly be described as irreligious), but also the whole body of Christian thought and sentiment included in the various Nonconformist bodies. A militant Church, confident in its mission, will, of course, regard such a statement rather as a challenge than as a warning. It will go in and fight, and expect to win. Only, let it not suppose that the challenge so made will not be taken up. Many who would be glad to be relieved of the duty of setting themselves in antagonism to the Church, who feel to the full the appeal of its historical associations, to whom its ritual, its architecture, the very rooks amongst its ancient elms, preach in every village and town, with an eloquence the more poignant and profound that it is half stifled in the smoke, the din, the multitudinous squalor of this age of futile industry—many, I say, who do not accept Christianity and who yet would be loth to attack the Christian Church, will be, and are being, daily driven into an attitude of hostility, by the new ecclesiastical policy and methods. The Church, it would seem, has before it—I hardly know whether I ought to say “has”—two courses sharply contrasted and defined ; and the future of the spiritual life of England will, I believe, be

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largely determined by its choice, if choice is still open to it. Either, while preserving its organisation intact, and the tradition of its forms and ritual, it may develop its intellectual position in the broad daylight, in full and candid intercourse with the reasoned convictions of men, and with their developing moral experience ; and this, I take it, is the attitude of what is, or was, the Broad Church. Or, reverting to the position of a final and exclusive revelation, claiming, not merely a continuity of tradition, but an identity of fundamental doctrine with the mediæval Church, insisting on a special and privileged position as the interpreter of God to man, repudiating philosophy, and so much of science as cannot be reconciled with its dogmas, and appealing always, in the last resort, not to reason and experience, but to authority, it may set itself, as the Church of Rome has done, across the whole intellectual movement of the age, and play for a supremacy over the conscience and the spiritual life, deliberately based on supernatural claims, supported and reinforced by the Confessional and the Mass. What may be the issue of the conflict thus provoked, I do not care to predict. I know only that, should the Church be victorious, it will have saved society from the possibility of intellectual and spiritual anarchy, but only at the cost of arresting the growth of science, the development of the conscience, and all the hopes of a new and happier order which have been the inspiration of the noblest minds of the past century.

It is the issue thus adumbrated that gives a more than temporary interest to the controversy still raging in connection with the recent Education Act. The reason why the continued control by the Church of more than half the elementary schools in the country is regarded with grave mistrust by many who are not animated by the jealousy of rival sects, is simply the avowed determination of leading champions of the Church to use their power in the interest of ecclesiasticism. They hope to lay the foundation of their control over the intelligence of the country, by bringing up a generation imbued from its earliest years with an instinctive and non-rational conviction of the authority of the Church, the efficacy of its sacraments, and the truth of its theology. This, and this only, can be meant by the creation

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of an "atmosphere"; this, and this only, by the expressed hope that the school may have a door opening into the Church. To begin so, is to start upon the inclined plane which leads to a completely developed system, such as that which was elaborated by the Jesuits. Whether the attempt is likely to be successful in England, I do not know; but I am sure that it is one that the English, if they are true to their history, should resist to the uttermost.

I have thus stated briefly, and, I hope, not intemperately, what appears to me to be the valid objections to ecclesiasticism, and to its intrusion into our schools. And if, in conclusion, I be asked, what then should be the aim of an educational system, I would reply,—to surround a child with all the influences which society may judge to be healthy for body and soul, while at the same time training the understanding to become, when it is ripe, the critic and judge of those influences. The position has been put once for all by Plato, in a passage which ought to be inscribed over the door of every school in the kingdom. Plato, it is true, presupposes, what is also presupposed by the Church, that the atmosphere to which the children would be subjected in his ideal commonwealth would be the right and true one, so that the reason, when it awoke, would inevitably approve the discipline to which it had been subjected while it slept. But, on the other hand, concurrently with the training of healthy instincts and perceptions, he postulates a free and liberal development of the understanding, and leaves to that the last word on the legitimacy of the whole process. Here is the passage—one that goes far beyond the scope of our contemporary disputes, and might well serve as an inspiration, not only to the Church, but to all who have in any degree the control of our national education:—

“We would not have our Guardians grow up amid images of moral deformity, as in some noxious pasture, and there browse and feed upon many a baneful herb and flower, day by day, little by little, until they silently gather a festering mass of corruption into their own souls. Let our Artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of the beautiful and graceful: then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and

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receive the good in everything ; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear, like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason.'

" 'There can be no nobler training than that,' he replied.

" 'And therefore,' I said, ' Glaucon, musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful, or of him who is ill-educated ungraceful ; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and, with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why : and, when reason comes, he will recognise and salute the friend with whom his education has long made him familiar.' "

With what a breath of the air of dawn, what a gleam of Mediterranean light, do these words come wafting, as in a blue heaven, over the delirious fumes of the Middle Ages, to remind us of what men were before they had learnt to distrust their own fairest impulses and instincts, and to seek in authority the good and the true which it is their privilege to divine through experience. With this passage sounding in our ears, I am content to leave the subject. For the spirit of Greece is the true antithesis of the spirit of ecclesiasticism. And the minds of those who fear the spread of the latter will not be the more at ease, when they realise that the exaggeration of the claims of the Church is coincident with an attack upon Greek letters.

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UPON Scotsmen, what Herbert Spencer calls the patriotic bias has always operated with considerable force. The reason is not far to seek. By her dramatic contrasts, her soul-stirring episodes, and her heroic achievements, Scotland strikes responsive chords in the hearts of all her sons. By Scotsmen of nationalist aspirations, the history of the wars of Independence is studied with feelings akin to religious fervour. Those whose ideal is spiritual independence, find food for enthusiastic admiration in the study of the Covenanting and Disruption periods. On the other hand, Scotsmen of rationalist tendencies, to whom religious and ecclesiastical contests are but the contentings of rival fanatics, find in the rise of the Humanist movement of the eighteenth century cause for exultation. With feelings of relief, they turn from the heavily-laden atmosphere of the Conventicle to what they deem the ampler air of literature. Still another class, those who care for none of these things, whose souls are nurtured upon Blue Books and statistical tables, find in the growing volume of Scotland's trade and commerce ample material for the cultivation of patriotic sentiment.

In the midst of the general complacency, there are those who are not quite satisfied with the Scotland of to-day. In their opinion, the intellectual has lagged greatly behind the material progress. In the higher spheres of the national life, there is discernible no such uninterrupted progress as in the lower. Since the Union, Scotland's material prosperity has been by leaps and bounds, while in the things pertaining to the mind, progress has been slow and intermittent.

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The explanation lies here : in the material sphere the national energies have been concentrated without division upon one ideal, while in matters intellectual two ideals of life have been in deadly conflict—the Theological and the Humanist. In his masterly survey of Scottish Civilisation, Buckle detected the fundamental antagonisms ; but the tone in which he approached the subject, arising from his lack of sympathy with the theological side of Scottish life, prevented him dealing with the problem in any but the most one-sided manner. The time has come to lift the subject out of the narrow groove of theological and literary contention, to the wide arena of historical impartiality.

For purposes of this survey the appropriate starting-point is the Reformation. It must be admitted, that the immediate effect of the Reformation in Scotland, with its theological conception of man, was to check the Humanist movement which had manifested itself under the Roman Catholic régime. The evil side of the Reformation has been duly emphasised ; the good side has not always received equal prominence. The Reformation represented a stage in the liberation of the Scottish mind, and as such was an important factor in intellectual progress. At first sight, it seems that nothing was gained by simply substituting one infallible authority for another. Reflection shows that much was gained. Acceptance of the decrees of an infallible Church is fatal to the growth of individuality. Acceptance of an infallible Book leaves room for the growth of individuality, inasmuch as, by making a book believed to contain a supernatural revelation the ultimate authority, the believer is sent to the law and the testimony for rules, not merely to frame his own life, but by which to criticise the conduct of his spiritual and secular guides. Once the critical mood is created, private judgment, beginning in religion, soon extends to all the spheres of life. When Knox won the battle on behalf of Protestantism, he sowed the seed of Scotland's intellectual and political harvest.

The immediate effects of the Reformation on the intellect of the nation were far from beneficial. The dogma, that the Bible contains a complete revelation of

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God's will, was bound, in the hands of fanatical theocrats, to lead to the discouragement of all knowledge which had not a direct religious bearing. The effect of this on the higher thought may be inferred from the fact, that the Universities were entirely subordinate to the Church. When in 1639 the Covenanting party gained the ascendancy, it was resolved that all masters and teachers of colleges and schools, and all scholars at the passing of their examinations for degrees, should subscribe to the Covenant. Special care was taken that all the Universities, and more especially the chairs of Divinity, should be filled by those favourable to the Reformation. After the Revolution, subscription to the Confession of Faith was made a condition of holding office in the Universities. In the interests of religion, the clergy claimed the right to superintend the teaching given in schools and colleges. It scarcely needs to be pointed out, that such a claim on behalf of the Church was only too well calculated to prevent the Scottish mind emerging from what Comte calls the theological stage. In his essay on Burns, Carlyle fairly well sums up the intellectual position of Scotland under the Reformation régime :—"For a long period after Scotland became British, we had no literature : at the date when Addison and Steele were writing their *Spectators*, our own good John Boston was writing, with noblest intent, but alike in defiance of grammar and philosophy, his *Fourfold State of Man*. Then came the schisms in our National Church, and the fiercer schisms in our Body Politic ; Theologic ink and Jacobite blood, with gall enough in both cases, it seemed, to have blotted out the intellect of the country. Lord Kames made nearly the first attempt at writing English ; and ere long Hume, Robertson, Smith, and a whole list of followers, attracted hither the eyes of all Europe. And yet, in this brilliant resuscitation of our fervid genius, there was nothing truly Scottish, nothing indigenous, except perhaps the national impetuosity of intellect which we sometimes claim, and are sometimes upbraided with as a characteristic of our nation. It is curious to remark that Scotland, so full of writers, had no Scottish culture, nor indeed any English. Our culture was exceedingly French. It was by studying Racine and Vol-

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taire, Batteaux and Boileau, that Kames had trained himself to be a critic and philosopher. It was the light of Montesquieu and Mably that guided Robertson in his political speculations; Quesnay's lamp that kindled the lamp of Adam Smith. Hume was too rich to borrow, and perhaps he reacted on the French more than he was acted on by them; but neither had he aught to do with Scotland. Edinburgh, equally with La Flèche, was but the lodging and laboratory in which he not so much morally *lived* as metaphysically *investigated*."

How was the Scottish mind to be liberated from the thralldom of the Church? Isolated effort was hopeless. David Hume flung down the gage of battle. His metaphysical views went to the root of the entire theological system, while his essays on religion were calculated from the historical side to weaken the hold of orthodoxy on minds impervious to philosophical speculation. Against the combined forces of the Church, Hume was powerless. He was boycotted; and, had he not been possessed of a private income, his reward for independence would have been starvation. It is a grim commentary on the power of the Church, that the greatest speculative thinker of his time should have been compelled to accept the humble post of librarian to the Advocate's Library. World-wide as has been Hume's influence since, during his lifetime his views met with nothing but contemptuous rejection in Scotland. Hume, as a factor in Scotland's intellectual development, was for long indirect and indecisive.

It was plain that an intellectual movement in Scotland, to be effective, must take its rise within, rather than in direct antagonism to, the Church. From the appointment of Francis Hutcheson to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, dates the rise of a distinct Scottish school of thought. Hutcheson's influence was all the greater that he did not ostensibly repudiate the theology of the Church. He was willing to acknowledge, as his predecessors had done, the Confession of Faith. Hutcheson did not deny the supernatural; he ignored it. Personally he appears to have accepted Christianity; but his system of philosophy rested upon ideas which could not be

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reconciled with the Calvinism of the Reformation. In my book on Adam Smith, I have thus endeavoured to contrast the two systems which in the arena of thought struggled for mastery in the eighteenth century :—"In opposition to Calvinism, with its doctrine of election, the theological rationalism of the Hutcheson school postulated the existence of a God whose ruling desire was the happiness of all his creatures. In opposition to Calvinism, with its doctrine of human depravity, the Hutcheson school represented man as supplied with two monitors, conscience and reason ; by means of the one actions were classified as right or wrong, and, by means of the other, knowledge was gained of Nature and her laws. Following from this was the belief, that the harmony of interests which a beneficent Nature sought to promote, could best be reached by individuals respecting one another's rights : enlightened self interest would lead to social harmony. Natural liberty thus became the watchword of the theological rationalists, as opposed to the supernatural paternalism of the Calvinists."

Hutcheson's influence was far-reaching and many-sided. His conception of a natural, as opposed to a supernatural, basis of human affairs, was seized upon by Adam Smith in the sphere of industry, and was made the basis of the *Wealth of Nations*, while in Smith's *Moral Sentiments* we find evidence of the influence of Hutcheson, who treated the ethical side of humanity as a natural product, in opposition to the Calvinists with their theory of a primitive catastrophe in human nature, involving supernatural intervention. In theology, Hutcheson's influence was specially felt. Moderatism, which reflected the rationalising tendency of Hutcheson, was distinguished by its attempt to separate religion and ethics from the Calvinistic theology. Moderatism was an attempt to rationalise theology. Its outcome on the theoretic side was a glorified Deism, and on the practical a refined Epicureanism. The Moderates of the eighteenth century yearned for a more expansive life than could be found under the reign of the saints. They thirsted for secular knowledge ; they hungered for social intercourse, and for a political order resting on the natural interests of humanity.

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For a time it seemed as if, under the guidance of the Hutcheson school, the Church was to become the leader of the national mind along the path of intellectual progress. To all appearance, the eighteenth century in Scotland was the beginning of the Age of Reason. It seemed as if the seventeenth century, with its theocratic ideals, its intolerance, its gloom, its fanaticism, had been for ever left behind. The Moderates, the men of reason, of good breeding, the patrons of Letters and social amenity, were in the ascendancy. Deism, with its free, joyous, worship of Nature, was rapidly taking the place of Calvinism, with its soul torturings and its asceticism. From the study of the old Calvinistic divines students turned to the classical authors, and in the poetry of the time may be breathed quite a Pagan atmosphere. It seemed as if the Scottish mind, after its long repression, was determined to revel in all kinds of secular freedom. Hutcheson and his school headed the revolt against the theological conception of human nature. Hume aided in this direction, but his influence really began to be felt in the next century. Adam Smith headed the revolt against the theological conception of society, with its supernatural theory of industry and prosperity; and Burns headed the revolt against the claims of the Church to dominate both the individual and society.

In Scotland the dawn of the new day became suddenly clouded. The movement which Hutcheson inspired came to a swift end. Buckle's theory is, that the Scottish school failed because it followed the deductive instead of the inductive method of inquiry. There is something in this; but the collapse of the intellectual movement in Scotland was due to quite another cause, namely, the French Revolution. How great was the reactionary effect of that event is seen in the remarks of George Combe. In America, Combe was asked how he accounted for the great change that had taken place in the Scottish clergy since the days of Robertson and Blair. "The only account of it," says Combe, "which I could give, was one which I had received from an aged friend who was long an Elder of one of the Churches in Edinburgh, and who himself had witnessed the change. 'Before the breaking out of the French Revo-

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lution,' said he, 'the Scottish clergy were distinguished for the liberality of their religious sentiments, and public rumour mentioned the intention of their leaders to propose a revival of the standards of the Church. The men of property, the lawyers, and distinguished physicians, in general, partook of the same spirit, and the people would have followed in their train without much hesitation. In this state of the public mind the French Revolution broke out : the throne and the altar were overturned in France and trampled under foot. The Government and the owners of property in Great Britain became alarmed at the progress of French principles among their own people, and combined to resist them. Their great object was to rear bulwarks around the throne for the protection, through it, of their private interests ; and, viewing the altar as the principal pillar of State, they became zealous supporters of religious institutions and observances. I then saw,' said the Elder, 'individuals of great political influence, who for many years before had never entered a church door, ostentatiously walking up and down the High Street of Edinburgh with their Bibles in their hands to attend public worship.' Their efforts were successful. A vast zeal was instantaneously evoked and put in action, and serious impressions were communicated to the young."

A religious revival, the outcome of panic, would not long have sustained itself against the intellectual force of the time, had not what may be called the democratic factor appeared to upset the calculations of the drawing-room philosophers of the Enlightenment. In all their speculations of the future of humanity, and in their forecast of the spread of reason, the eighteenth century optimists forgot that the people had not participated in the so-called blessings of Rationalism. For them the Age of Reason was simply a name. Intellectually, the masses were living in the seventeenth century, the century of theologic and theocratic ideas. The effect of the Industrial Revolution, in producing the religious reaction, is not sufficiently noticed by historians of the period. Through neglect of this factor, we are apt to over-estimate the extent of the rationalistic movement of the

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eighteenth century. The movement never reached the masses ; consequently, when the people, attracted by rising industries, began to congregate in large centres, they were so much inflammable material for any religious enthusiast who was on their own mental level. Methodism in England was the product of a state of mind far removed from the dry, cold, formalism of the Established religion—a state of mind that was beyond both the dull orthodoxy of English clerics, and the unsettling criticisms of English free-thinkers. Evangelicalism in Scotland had a like origin. Like Methodism, it drew its inspiration from the masses, though, as society progressed and the middle classes began to become prominent, Evangelicalism spread in the Church, and gave great impetus to religious zeal for years, its greatest product being the Disruption. That event marked the ascendancy of the Evangelical party, and the downfall of the old Moderates.

In addition to these causes of Calvinistic reaction, another must be noted, namely, the failure of Deism as a philosophy of life. In the presence of the great outburst of diabolism in France, the drawing-room optimism of the Scottish school seemed an elegant mockery. In face of the actual facts of life, talk about a benevolent Deity, a self-centred humanity obeying the dictates of reason, and a social order working harmoniously under the guidance of enlightened self-interest, seemed grotesque. As a theory of God and Man, Calvinism, with its stern theology, and its dogma of human depravity, seemed more in touch with reality than the sentimental vapourings of bloodless philosophers. The time has come when justice should be done to the Calvinistic theologians of the seventeenth century. Enough, and more than enough, has been said of the great services done to Scotland by the philosophers of the Enlightenment, the pioneers of science and literature. That Calvinism has proved an obstructive force is now admitted ; but it is not so readily admitted that, with the exception of Hume, none of the philosophers of the Enlightenment equalled some of the Calvinist thinkers in dealing with the fundamental problems which underly theology and philosophy alike. The speculations of the eighteenth century

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now rest calmly in oblivion. The superficialities of Deism interest no one but the student of fossilised systems of thought. On the other hand, the speculations of those whom Buckle contemptuously calls a monkish rabble, are in touch with some of the deepest results of modern thought. In evidence of this, I may be permitted to reproduce words which I have used elsewhere:—"In their reasonings, the old Calvinistic divines were more in touch with reality than the Moderates with their Epicurean optimism. The old Scottish theologians, in the guise of the Calvinistic system, grappled with the problems which occupy the minds of the Mills, the Hegels, and the Spencers of to-day. Nay, more, the conception of the universe reached by those old Calvinists was in substance not far removed from that reached by modern German and British philosophers. The last word of philosophy both from German and British is Determinism. Hegel, in the hands of Mr. Bradley, a brilliant Oxford thinker, makes short work of what is understood as freewill; and thinkers of the scientific school of Huxley are favourable to the view that man is an automaton. Now what is philosophical and scientific Determinism but Calvinistic foreordination in a new dress? The only difference is, that modern philosophers and scientists attribute to Nature a universal necessity which has deprived man of freedom, while the Calvinists interpreted the necessity of Nature as an ordination of God. Modern philosophy and science are Calvinistic. Another standing complaint against the Calvinists of the old school is, that they took a gloomy view of man and his destiny, that their doctrine of Election grates upon man's feelings of justice and equality of treatment. Now what is the new scientific doctrine of heredity but our old friend Election in a new dress? Men of science tell us, that the present and future of the individual are the outcome of influences which operated before he was born, and of an environment which he did not create. The difference between the scientific and Calvinistic doctrines is, that one is called Natural Selection, and the other Supernatural Election. In regard to the ultimate nature of the universe, those old Calvinists reached a view which is being endorsed by the latest

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philosophic and scientific interpreters. Science brings us down to atoms. Philosophy cannot rest in the atomic conception of the Cosmos. It reduces the atoms to centres of force and energy. Thus we come to the view, that matter is but the phenomenal appearances of an Infinite Energy, which, though unseen, is the real basis of matter, the source of life, the inspirer of law and order. Spencer's Infinite Energy, what is it but the Calvinist essence of God, which is everywhere directly and immediately energetic. Hegel and Spencer can go no further in their researches and definitions than the words of the Shorter Catechism :— ' God is a Spirit, Infinite, Eternal, and Unchangeable.' Many and great were the faults of our Calvinistic forefathers ; but they were something more than fanatics. While their hearts were burning against oppression, in their silent moments, in their enforced solitude, those grim, uncouth men were grappling with the great mysteries of life, with an intellectual strength and philosophic breadth rare among those modern critics, who affect a tone of superiority as ridiculous as it is unjustifiable."

Notwithstanding its fundamental weakness, the Scottish school did much to foster the intellectual. By diverting the public mind from purely theological topics, it gave a great impulse to the study of science, the cultivation of philosophy, and literature. By its optimism, the Scottish school awakened faith in human nature, and, though its faith was excessive, the error worked on the practical side for good. Fatalism, which is apt to follow upon the heels of Calvinism, gave place to a healthy and vigorous self-reliance, which has been fruitful in various fields of activity.

When the nineteenth century opens, we hear little of the Scottish school and its tenets. The Calvinistic, or, as it now began to be termed, the Evangelical party, was in the ascendancy. It was aided in its propaganda by the political reaction which followed upon the French Revolution. The Scottish school, with its doctrine of liberty, naturally allied itself with Whiggism ; and thus, when the reaction began, the political as well as the intellectual influence of the school was greatly weakened. In the early

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years of the nineteenth century, the two forces which wielded absolute power were the Church and Toryism. Such a combination could not but have an obstructive influence on the intellectual development of Scotland. Between them the Church and Toryism effectually barred from higher positions in intellectual circles those whose views did not square with the authorised religious and political creed. Elections to university chairs were decided upon theological and political grounds ; and men of advanced thought, for the sake of peace, concentrated their attention upon practical matters, and left severely alone all questions which concerned theology or philosophy. One instance may be given of the disastrous effects of the régime of authority which followed on the French Revolution. That Scotland in the eighteenth century did good work in the sphere of physical science, readers of Buckle are well aware. It is not so generally known that, but for the repressive methods of the Church, Scotland might have contributed much to the elucidation of the great evolutionary ideas so familiar to us in these latter days. Incalculable harm was done to what may be called the speculative or philosophical side of science in Scotland, when the Church in 1806 prosecuted Leslie, the Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, for endorsing in a footnote in his treatise on *Heat*, Hume's theory of Causation. What more natural than that men like Leslie, rather than suffer the turmoil of heresy-prosecutions, should keep their speculations to themselves, greatly to the detriment of Scottish science. How great was the harm in the case of Leslie may be inferred from the fact that, in the writings of that distinguished man, are to be found anticipations of the modern doctrines of Evolution and Conservation of Force. Thus, in his book on *Heat*, we find him declaring "that in all her productions Nature exhibits a chain of perpetual gradations, and that systematic divisions and limitations are entirely artificial, and are designed merely to assist the memory and facilitate our conceptions." Again, he remarks :—"All forces are radically of the same kind, and the distinctions of them into living and dead is not founded on just principles." If Professor Leslie, like Mr. Spencer or

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Mr. Darwin, had been able to pursue his studies independently of his position as a university professor, Scotland might have had a large share in the honour which England now enjoys in connection with the theory of Evolution. In face of the ecclesiastical tyranny in Scotland, Leslie's train of thought had to be abandoned.

The establishment of the *Edinburgh Review* was a notable stage in the intellectual evolution of Scotland, but here, too, the ascendancy of Ecclesiasticism and Toryism was detrimental to the higher life of the nation. In his book on the English Utilitarians, Sir Leslie Stephen passes a severe criticism on the Whigs of the *Edinburgh Review*. Commenting on James Mill's description of the Whigs as Trimmers, he says :—"They were a set of brilliant young men, to whom the *Review* was at first a mere pastime, occupying such leisure as was allowed by their professional pursuits. They were men who meant to become members of Parliament or even Bishops. Nothing in their social atmosphere had stimulated the deep resentment against social injustice which makes the fanatic or the enthusiast." No intelligent Scotsman will rest satisfied with such a depreciatory estimate of the Edinburgh Reviewers. Had they been actuated by mercenary motives, had they been intent upon the main chance, they would never have chosen a cause which, by virtue of its hopeless unpopularity, made worldly success absolutely chimerical. If Sir Leslie Stephen had been a Scotsman, he would have found the cause of the intellectual caution and timidity of the Edinburgh Reviewers, not in a weakness for political trimming, but in the conditions of Scottish life. Sir James Mackintosh, in his preface to the republished essays of the first *Edinburgh Review*, gives the key to the problem when he says, "the temper of the people of Scotland was peculiarly jealous in every question that approached the boundaries of theology." If the Reviewers were to make headway, it was essential that they should avoid ostensibly basing their politics upon first principles, which in their case must have been anti-theological. Hence the strange silence, among all the intellectual Whigs of Edinburgh during the early years of the nineteenth century, upon fundamental

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questions of man and society. Hume had boldly thrown down the gauntlet to the theological party; and Hume had not only no influence in his native land, but was ostracised from all public appointments. So acutely alive were the philosophic party in Edinburgh to the dangers of their position that, when the first *Edinburgh Review* was projected in 1756, Hume was not invited to be a contributor. It was different in England, which, in toleration, was fifty years in advance of Scotland. Had James Mill been in Edinburgh instead of London, he could not have written his essay on Government, with its avowedly anti-theological implications. Before the Edinburgh Reviewers could advocate a theory of government like Mill's, resting upon rationalist principles, they had to reckon with the theocratic theory of politics which in Scotland at the beginning of the nineteenth century held the field. What added to the difficulties of the Whigs was the fact, that, as a result of the French Revolution, there was a great revival of the Evangelical party. Moderatism, which looked with a friendly eye upon Hume and Adam Smith, was supplanted by the Calvinistic party, the leaders of which would have fought to the death a political sect which flouted religious beliefs, and strove to bottom society upon undiluted secularism. Apart from that, the intellectual Whigs had a well-grounded dislike of enthusiasm. They had witnessed in Scotland enthusiasm degenerating into sheer fanaticism. Scotland for centuries had been involved in turmoil by the contests of rival theologians over first principles. Are the Whigs to be blamed for desiring breathing space, for wishing to have done with reconstructing society on theoretical lines, and for yearning for a line of advocacy which would produce good results, with the minimum of friction? In their eyes, Mill's theory of Government, though wholly secular, came in the guise of an abstract theory, and was flavoured with fanaticism. In view of this, how unjust is Sir Leslie Stephen's remark that there was nothing in the social atmosphere of the Whigs to stimulate "the deep resentment against social injustice which makes the fanatic or the enthusiast." In the eyes of the Whigs, the social injustice which prevailed was largely owing to the importation of

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fanaticism into political questions; and accordingly they distrusted fanaticism, whether it came in the guise of a theocratic system like Calvin's, or a democratic philosophy like Mill's.

Not only did the alliance between the Church and Toryism effectively muzzle the *Edinburgh Review* in fundamental questions; it also had a detrimental effect on the University thought of the time. What but intellectual impoverishment could result from a system by which professors were elected, not upon their fitness, but upon their ecclesiastical and political leanings. A vivid illustration of the evil of the system was afforded by the contest over the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh in 1820. The two principal candidates were Sir William Hamilton and John Wilson, better known as Christopher North. There could be but one opinion as to the respective merits of the men. Compared with Sir William Hamilton, Wilson, in the sphere of philosophy, was a dwarf. The election was decided upon purely political grounds. Wilson was a Tory: Hamilton a Whig. The Tories, being in the majority, put in their man. Hamilton was appointed to the chair of Civil History, with a salary of £100 a year. Latterly, when the city became bankrupt, the small salary was stopped, and Hamilton ceased to lecture. Some years later, Hamilton found his true vocation as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics; but the treatment meted out to a man of his calibre is more eloquent than words of the difficulties which lay in the path of intellectual progress in Scotland. In view of all this, what wonder that men who scrambled into their Chairs by the help of religious and political influence, should avoid original ideas as they would the plague, and contentedly pace the beaten path of intellectual conventionality.

The outcome of the system, which exists in a modified form down to the present day, is, that the vital intellectual forces which give an impetus to the Scottish mind come from isolated thinkers. The history of eighteenth century progressive thought in Scotland was repeated in the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century new ideas, to be acceptable, had to come dressed in a foreign garb.

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The men of the Hutcheson school undoubtedly drew their inspirations largely, if not mainly, from France. To Scotland, Hutcheson acted as an interpreter of the ideas of the Enlightenment. Modified as they passed through the cautious minds of the Scottish thinkers, the fundamental conceptions of Hutcheson, in regard to the great problems of life, were conceptions perfectly familiar to French and English thinkers, as part of the reaction against the theological creed of the Middle Ages. In the nineteenth century, the intellectual impulse came, not from a native, but from a foreign source. Carlyle, as the literary interpreter of Germany, did more for the mind of Scotland in the early half of the century than all the professors or Edinburgh Reviewers combined. Carlyle stimulated thought on the highest themes. He lifted the Scottish mind out of the narrow secular sphere of the *Edinburgh Review*. He broke the conspiracy of silence. In the spirit of the Covenanters, Carlyle grappled in lonely solitude with the great mysteries of existence, and by his writings turned to finer intellectual and spiritual issues the minds of young men, who were repelled alike by the theological conventionalities of the preacher, and the literary platitudes of the Reviewer.

In philosophy the impetus too came, not from university professors, but from an independent thinker, Dr. Hutchison Stirling, whose efforts to secure a Chair, half a century ago, were rendered abortive by his well-known association with the Hegelian philosophy. Hegelianism was then treated as a kind of intellectual leprosy ; and those like Dr. Stirling, who suffered from it, were ruthlessly thrust without the camp. Hegelianism now is popular in Scotland. The late Principal Caird managed to form an alliance between it and Christianity ; and, though sterner students see nothing in Hegelianism but a glorified Rationalism, its language so closely resembles that of the pulpit as to delude those who dispense University patronage. Thanks to the Gifford lectures, the old system is gradually being relaxed ; but the old spirit still remains. A modern David Hume would have no more chance of being elected to a University chair, than his great prototype had in the early years of the eighteenth century.

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From Germany too have come the new ideas of Biblical criticism, which have shaken Scottish theology to its foundations. From the famous utterances of the late Professor Robertson Smith, dates a new epoch in the history of Scottish theological thought. Till the Robertson Smith heresy-case, the problems which agitated the Church were mainly ecclesiastical. The ecclesiastical leaders were principally occupied with defining the relations between Church and State. Professor Robertson Smith's utterances raised the question of the relations between Church and Bible. Till that time, Scottish theologians based their reasonings on the assumption that the Bible was the infallible word of God, inspired in all its parts. The duty of the theologian was to classify and arrange in logical order the revealed truths. The Confession of Faith, as a body of systematised doctrine, was the natural result. The new views imported from Germany, and popularised by Professor Robertson Smith, struck at the roots of Scottish theology. The Scottish people were astounded to learn, that not only was the Old Testament not infallible, but that it was largely unhistorical. They were alarmed to discover that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, but was really a product of the Exile period, a compilation by ecclesiastics who wove the story of the wilderness-journey, and its miraculous incidents, into a legendary framework, in order to give supernatural sanction to the priestly régime. The minds of religious people in Scotland were thrown into confusion. In their view, if the narrative of the Fall is dismissed to the realm of mythology, the whole fabric of Protestant theology falls to the ground. Take away the first Adam and the Fall, and the reasonings of Paul about the second Adam become meaningless. If the story of the wilderness-journey, and the Divine injunctions about sacrifices in the Pentateuch, are traceable to the imaginative editing of ecclesiastics of the Exile, what becomes of the parallel in the Epistle to the Hebrews between the Mosaic sacrifices and Christ, the great Sacrifice? To the Scottish mind, it seemed as if the Higher Criticism was scarcely distinguishable from Rationalism.

The outcome of the theological upheaval in Scotland

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was the removal of Professor Robertson Smith from his Chair, not because his views were erroneous, but because he was a disturber of the theological peace. How stands the situation to-day? Men occupy theological chairs whose views are identical with those of Robertson Smith. These men are deliberately teaching theories which are diametrically opposed to the views which they have sworn to uphold. The effect on the Church is deplorable in the extreme. Young men of intellectual honesty refuse to enter the ministry; and, as a consequence, there is a falling-off in the supply of Divinity students. Meanwhile, the Higher Critics within the Church are busily employed, not in pursuing their studies in a scientific spirit, but in endeavouring to patch up a truce between the new and the old beliefs. The effect of all this on the higher theological thought of Scotland is disastrous. As matters stand, the Scottish Church can do nothing to advance Biblical criticism. One might as well expect original work in astronomy from men who, as a preliminary condition, were compelled to subscribe to the Ptolemaic theory of the universe, as look for independent philosophical and theological results from thinkers who, as a preliminary condition, are compelled to accept the Calvinistic theory of the Bible. No genuine intellectual development is possible, till the leaders of the Higher Thought in Scotland have the courage to free themselves from their present fetters. The Scotland of to-day stands in need of a new Reformation, with the watchword of freedom—freedom to pursue the truth, discover the truth, and declare the truth, regardless of the theological obscurantism of the Church, and the intellectual conservatism of the Universities.

HECTOR MACPHERSON

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THE Eastern Question—that interminable Eastern Question which has vexed Europe and threatened its peace for nearly a century—is again upon us. In one sense it has never been absent, for wherever the Turk rules the elements of danger are present. But from time to time the fires that are always smouldering break out into fierce flame, spread over one province after another, and seem on the point of involving Europe in a general conflagration.

Though it had become plain, even in the eighteenth century, that the decay of the Turkish Empire would make the territories embraced within it a scene of internal discord, and ultimately a prey to be fought for by neighbouring Powers, the Eastern Question, as we know it, may be said to have begun with the insurrection of the Greeks in the second decade of last century. The battle of Navarino in 1827 decided the issue of that struggle; and the creation of an independent Greek kingdom, shortly afterwards, gave to the Christian populations in other parts of the Sultan's dominions hopes of emancipation, which have never since deserted them. The process then begun has gone on steadily. First, the Danubian Principalities, practically independent already, became legally independent; then Servia won her freedom by a long struggle, and had it formally recognised in 1829 and guaranteed in 1856. Bulgaria was erected into an autonomous State at the Congress of Berlin in 1878. Bosnia was in the same year occupied by Austria. Montenegro was enlarged, and Thessaly was added to Greece. Eastern Roumelia, also established as a principality in 1878, achieved her union with Bulgaria in 1885. Crete, after repeated risings, virtually ceased to be Turkish in 1897.

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Thus the dominions of the Sultan in Europe, which, in the seventeenth century, had stretched as far north as Budapest, have now become reduced to a comparatively narrow strip of territory, running from the Adriatic to the coast of the Black Sea at Cape Iniada, north of Constantinople.

The process whereby the regions just enumerated have been delivered has for a hundred years past been always the same; and the same causes have been everywhere at work. Misrule has provoked discontent, discontent has broken out in rebellion, rebellion has either held its ground until the Sultan's power proved unable to overcome it, or has been suppressed with massacres so horrible, that intervention by one or more of the European Powers became inevitable. Some interfered because public opinion compelled them : and the two nearest Powers have had a further motive, for the disorders gave them an excuse, which humanity approved, for extending their own borders. The process would have been more rapid—would indeed have been completed before now—but for the jealousies of the four great States which thought themselves chiefly concerned. England deemed it her interest to maintain the Turkish Empire as a safeguard for herself against Russia. France, as the protector of Roman Catholic interests in the East, was suspicious both of England and (till within the last twenty years) of Russia. Still more pronounced has been, in recent days, the rivalry of Russia and Austria. But for these jealousies, the Turk would have little, if anything, to call his own upon European soil. In 1878 the Treaty of San Stefano, dictated by Russia after the war which the Bulgarian massacres of 1876 had provoked, took from the Sultan, and gave to Bulgaria, nearly the whole of what we call Macedonia ; and it was the action of England which then substituted for that instrument the Treaty of Berlin, whereby these regions were handed back to the Turk. By the twenty-third article of that Treaty the Sultan undertook to introduce administrative reforms : and an International Commission was appointed to draw up a scheme embodying them. The scheme was duly prepared, but no effect was ever given to it. Things remained just as bad as they had been before. Indeed, things were in one sense worse, for the miserable

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peasantry of Macedonia now saw on their borders a new State, inhabited by men of their own tongue and faith, but delivered from the oppressions under which they were left to groan.

One may speak of the peasantry as a whole, because all the Christians suffer, all are alike anxious to rid themselves of Turkish misgovernment. But there are differences among them, and it is partly in these differences that the special difficulty of the problem lies. In most parts of Greece, almost the whole population was Christian, and whether it spoke Greek or Albanian, it was equally anxious to be free. In Crete the Christians were, and are, in a large majority. In Servia, there were hardly any Musulmans. In Bosnia, as in Bulgaria, the Musulmans were a minority, and in Bosnia the hand of Austria was strong enough to impose order and repress the strife of faiths. In Macedonia (omitting Albania) the Christians vastly outnumber the Musulmans. But the Christians themselves are divided into four races and three religious communions. The Bulgarian race prevails over three-fourths of the country, from the Black Sea to the mountains west of the Vardar valley, and extends southward nearly to the Aegean and northward to the frontiers of the principality of Bulgaria. The north-western districts round Pristina and Novi Bazar belong to the Servian branch of the Slavonic family. These Serbs speak a language near akin to the Bulgarian, but the two races are dissimilar in character, for the Bulgarians are of Finnish origin ; and, though they have been commingled with the Slavs among whom they settled in the seventh century A.D., and have learnt from them their Slavonic speech, they remain different in mind and temper. The Greeks—that is to say a population speaking Greek (whatever its racial source)—dwell in the south-west corner, around and west of Salonika, and along the coasts of the Aegean. They keep themselves quite apart from the Bulgarians of the interior, to whom they are generally superior in education. There are no data for estimating their number (for statistics do not exist in Turkey, unless when invented to throw dust in Western eyes) ; but they are more numerous than the Servians of the North-West, though fewer than the Bulgarians.

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Scattered here and there through the country, especially in the South and South-West, there are villages of a people called Vlachs, speaking the same tongue as the Roumans of Roumania, and apparently of the same race. Some are pastoral in their habits, and mingle but little with the other populations. Some speak Greek as well as Vlach, and may practically be reckoned as part of the Greek element. Finally, on the West side of the peninsula, between the Adriatic and the great valley which runs North-West from Salonika to Pristina, one finds the Albanians, fierce mountaineers, mostly Musulmans, but pretty much the same in habits whether they are Musulmans or Christians, finding their chief pleasure in fighting, and diverted from their battles of clan against clan, only by the prospect of raiding the Christian peasantry of the lower country. Between them and districts chiefly peopled by their Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian neighbours, there is no boundary, either natural or legal; so that practically Albania must be considered as a part of Macedonia, just as the Scottish Highlands, though peopled by a different race and little controlled by the Stuart kings, were a part of Scotland and a potent factor of disorder in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. So the conditions of the Macedonian problem cannot be understood without realising the restless activity and ferocious rapacity of these wild hillmen, a race of fine natural gifts and some primitive virtues, but at present a scourge to the country.

Each of these elements, to which one might add the Turkish, that is, the Mohammedan part of the population (small in the rural districts) is hostile to each of the others. The Vlachs are indeed too few and too backward to be of much account. But the Bulgarian is hated by the Servian, and still more bitterly hated by the Greek. The Servian and the Greek are less in contact, but love each other no better. The Albanian is impartial in his desire to rob and murder all three sets of Christians. Between the three Christian races there is no difference of creed, and practically none of ritual; for, though they belong to different ecclesiastical organisations, they are all members of the Orthodox Church of the East. Their antagonism is due to political rivalry.

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Each looks back to an Empire of the Middle Ages, the Bulgarians to the Tsar Simeon and the two Asêns, the Servians to the great days of Stephen Dushan, the Greeks to the East Roman Empire, which had its seat at Constantinople. Each aspires to make itself the ruling race, and renew the long-faded glories of its remote past. The Greeks are less sanguine than they were thirty years ago of creating an Empire, which shall rule Thrace as well as Greece from the Bosphorus. But they still dread the rise of a Slav power, which would take from them lands they deem debateable, and in which they form the most cultivated element.

Each of these nationalities uses its churches and its schools as means of a racial and political propaganda. Each finds in an existing State that nucleus for an extended kingdom which Italy found in Piedmont, and Germany found in Prussia. The Servians in Macedonia have the sympathy, and may have the armed help, of their brethren in Servia, in seeking to expand the Servian kingdom. The Bulgarians of Macedonia have a similar and more energetic support from the Bulgarians of the Principality; and the Greeks of the Greek kingdom would, it is to be feared, rather see Macedonia Turkish, than see it either Servian or Bulgarian, because in the latter case the chances of the northward extension of Greece would be greatly reduced. It might seem natural to reconcile these conflicting claims by a partition of Macedonian territory between the three Christian elements. But, unluckily, none of these three elements is in the occupation of a well-defined or defineable region. Over considerable districts Servians are mixed with Bulgarians, over other districts Bulgarians are mixed with Greeks, nor is any race disposed to make a friendly compromise with any of the others.

These ethnological data need to be stated, in order that the conditions of the problem to be ultimately solved may be understood. But they do not constitute the immediate problem. They are not the cause of the present miseries and the present dangers. It suits the cynical politicians who would leave the Turks to carry out their programme of massacre and rapine, to put the discords of the Christian races in the foreground of the picture. But the real evil, the horrible

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reality which overshadows everything else, is the incurable misgovernment of the country, a misgovernment which is the result, not of stupidity or carelessness, but of a deliberate purpose to plunder the tillers of the soil for the benefit of a handful of landlords, tax-gatherers, and officials, coupled with the contempt of the armed Musulman for the defenceless Christian. There is no need to describe the forms which this misrule takes. They have been described over and over again during the last thirty years. They are substantially the same wherever in the Turkish empire there is a Christian population. They have been well sketched, as respects Macedonia, by Dr. Dillon in the *Contemporary Review*, and by Mr. H. N. Brailsford in the *Fortnightly Review* for September. From the latter writer I take a sentence or two, which supplement the accounts that may be found in the British Consular Reports, not but what those Reports (which hardly any one reads) contain more than enough to show how shocking the situation is.

“The Consuls hear nothing of these little village tragedies,—the stolen sheepskin coat, the hamstrung ox, the shady tree cut down, the watercourse diverted, the wife insulted and, it may be, violated, while the husband is in the field. They go on unmarked from day to day, and it is only when one sits down at leisure in a peasant hut, and overcomes the shyness and suspicions of the owner, that one hears of them at all. They are neither interesting nor sensational, but it is this daily domestic oppression, much more than the startling and wholesale outrages, that has ground down the peasantry of Macedonia, crushed its spirit, its intelligence, its humanity, and made it what it is to-day—a maddened race of slaves, which is ready at length to commit any crime, to suffer any torture, if only it may be rid of the little tyrants of its fields, who eat its bread, consume its labour, and destroy its soul. No one of the Christian races which threw off the Turkish yoke in the course of the nineteenth century, has had quite so ample a justification for revolt as this Macedonian peasantry.”

Justification, indeed! All the subject populations of Turkey have, for centuries past, had ample justification for revolt. Half of what is contained in the narratives of travellers, and in the Consular Reports, is enough to prove that; and the races which have suffered most are those which have remained longest under the yoke, because the completeness of their misery has left them least able to free themselves by arms. Yet the Prime Minister of England was ignorant enough, or thoughtless enough, to go out of his way, a few weeks ago, to declare in Parliament that, in the rebellion that has broken out, “the balance of

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criminality was on the side of the insurgents.”¹ True it is that some of the insurgent bands have done shocking things. But the cruelties perpetrated by the Turkish troops and officials, and that not only now, but during the many years of oppression that have provoked rebellion, have been far vaster in scale, as well as more wanton and atrocious, than can be laid at the doors of the insurrectionary bands. Difficult as it has been to obtain trustworthy information of what has been passing since June last, there can be little doubt that, under Turkish orders, many thousands of innocent peasants, women and children as well as men, Greeks and Vlachs as well as Bulgarians, have, within the last few weeks, been slaughtered, hundreds of villages inhabited by non-combatants wilfully burned. The evidence given by the correspondents of the English papers, and particularly by the very capable correspondents of the *Times*, is conclusive. Should things go on during the next few months as they have during the last three, large part of Macedonia will be turned into a desert.

To all present appearances, things will go on as they have been going on. The revolutionaries are numerous and desperate, and the Bulgarian Principality will probably be drawn into the conflict by the feelings of a people who see their kinsfolk perishing. But the Turks have an enormous preponderance of force, and, being entirely reckless of consequences, may succeed in stamping out the insurrection, and with it great part of the population.

Can nothing then be done? Is the civilised West to look on as an indifferent spectator from week to week, and month to month, while atrocities continue, not less hideous than those the mere recital of which, long after they had happened, roused England to indignation in 1876?

Let us distinguish two questions, the second of which, though far more difficult than the first, is far less urgent.

¹ This unhappy phrase soon found its punishment, for the British Ambassador at Constantinople was presently directed to explain that it had not been intended to exonerate the Turks, but had been used solely for the purposes of “esoteric parliamentary debate.” In point of fact, it was needless for the purposes of debate, since no speaker had either attacked the Ministry, or attempted to adjust the balance of criminality.

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The first is, How can the slaughter be stopped, and a scheme devised which may secure the country some respite from its miseries? The second is, What shall be the ultimate political settlement of the conflicting claims of the several races that occupy Macedonia, and of the two Great Powers that stand behind?

I. The one thing which is perfectly clear is, that the direct rule of the Turk must cease. The "bag and baggage" policy which Mr. Gladstone urged (and which he was attacked for urging) in 1876, the policy of getting the Turks out of the country altogether, was adopted for Bulgaria in 1878. It saved Bulgaria, whose peasantry have since then lived in peace and order. It was adopted for Eastern Rumelia, and it saved Eastern Rumelia. It has been adopted for Crete, and under it Crete is quiet. Nothing less will serve now. No paper reforms, no scheme, like that which the Turks, with suspicious readiness, accepted last Spring,—for the appointment of an Ottoman official, taking his orders from Constantinople, to improve the local administration with the aid of a few European officers,—will be of the slightest use. All Turkish intervention, whether military or civil, must be ended, and control be placed in the hands of an European Governor, neither appointed by nor responsible to the Turks, who shall have command of an efficient gendarmerie, and of revenue sufficient to maintain it. The nominal suzerainty of the Sultan may remain. Any balance of revenue, over and above that which the needs of Macedonia require, may be remitted to him as tribute. If these concessions facilitate a settlement, let them be made. But the vital thing is to secure a complete deliverance from the *zaptieh*, from the tithe-farmer, from the rapacious official, from the troops who will not or cannot be restrained from outrage and murder. It is not a question of Christian *versus* Musulman, for the Musulman will benefit, scarcely less than the Christian, from the substitution of some civilised government for organised robbery.

If the Powers who signed the Treaty of Berlin, or the two Powers in particular which, being nearest, are deemed to be chiefly concerned, desire to preserve the territorial *status quo* so far as titular sovereignty is concerned, and to reserve

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for the future the ultimate disposition of these regions, this is the quickest and simplest course to adopt. The Turk could not dream of resisting what the Powers, or even any two of the Powers, agreed in demanding; and no one will allege at this time of day that he has any rights that deserve to be regarded. He always has submitted when two or three Powers have conveyed their decision to him. He submitted in the Lebanon, in Eastern Rumelia, in Crete, and more than once where Greece was concerned.

Such an emancipation of Macedonia from the government to which her wretchedness is due, is all that need be pressed for at the present. It would stop murder and pillage. It would enable the villagers to return to their desolated homes, and resume the cultivation of their fields. It would, if the ruling hand were firm, impose a restraint on the rival racial propagandas, and it would remove, or at least postpone, the danger of a collision between the Great Powers who think their own interests involved.

Every one knows—none better than the Turks themselves—that Turkish rule in these provinces must before long come to its end. Why protract their agony now, when the cup of their misery has been filled to overflowing?

II. As for the more distant future of the country, that depends in the first instance upon the policies of Russia and of Austria. Assuming that those Powers would refrain from partitioning Macedonia between them—and neither seems at present to contemplate such a step—there are two obvious courses open. One is, to allot to Bulgaria those districts which have a preponderatingly Bulgarian population; to Servia, those parts which are practically Servian by race; to Greece, a part of the south-west where the Greek element is influential, either entrusting Italy with a protectorate over Albania, or leaving it to itself, while establishing a strong line of frontier posts along its border to protect the villagers of the plains. The difficulties of delimitation (as has been indicated a few pages back) would be great, yet not insuperable; and although a Musulman minority would remain, especially in the towns, it must be remembered that Musulmans do not suffer under Christian rule, as the experience of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, and Crete, not to speak of Bosnia, has sufficiently proved.

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The other course is, to turn Macedonia into an autonomous Principality, under a ruler approved by the Powers, who may, if so desired, own the Sultan as suzerain (as Bulgaria does now), establishing, when the fitting moment arrives, a constitution, similar to those which Roumania and Bulgaria have found it possible to work with a fair measure of success. Something may be said for each of these plans, but it is not necessary at present to decide between them, for the urgent and the indispensable task of the moment is to arrest the strife that is now proceeding, not, as some foreign cynics have suggested, by letting the Turk complete the work of extermination—for this is what “the suppression of rebellion” means—but by removing the causes which have made rebellion the only remedy for intolerable sufferings.

What is the duty of England? What help can she render? Her duty is undeniable, for it is chiefly through her action in 1878 that these horrors exist in 1903. Painful as this fact is, it must be dwelt upon again and again; for it is the fact which makes the call of duty peremptory. But for the demand made by Lord Beaconsfield’s Government, and conceded at the Congress of Berlin, nearly all Macedonia would for the last quarter of a century have been a part of the Bulgarian Principality. Her people would have dwelt in peace; and the many thousands of innocent peasants, men, women and children, who have perished during the last six months, would now be living. Was there ever a blunder that had more dismal consequences, or that more clearly imposed on the nation answerable for it the duty of trying, so far as is still possible, to retrieve it?

Unhappily, it is harder to do good in 1903 than it was to do evil in 1878. The influence of England in the Near East has waned; and the predominant voice in the determination of the course of events in European Turkey now belongs to the two great military Powers whose dominions lie near that region. Whether isolated naval action by England would avail to save the Macedonians, is a question which need not at this moment be discussed. Such forcible action can hardly be expected from a Ministry which lacked the nerve to employ it in the autumn of 1895, when (as

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those who have the best right to know have stated) it would have succeeded in stopping the Armenian massacres. But the path of diplomatic action at least is open. What part the British Ministry have taken up to now in the dealings of the Powers with this matter, remains dark ; for they have refused to tell Parliament anything.¹ It may be feared—it is indeed commonly believed—that they have merely declared their acquiescence in whatever Russia and Austria have proposed, or have failed to propose. The time has surely come for taking a bolder line ; and, believing that English opinion will support the Ministry that takes it, one may venture to hope that it will speedily be taken. There is reason to think that both France (however closely connected with Russia she feels herself to be) and Italy, in both of which countries public sentiment has been deeply stirred, would join England in urging the other Powers that signed the Treaty of Berlin to require the Turks at once to withdraw from Macedonia, and leave it to be administered under a scheme such as has been already sketched out. The peril is imminent, for Bulgaria may be at any moment drawn into the conflict ; and every day sees hundreds of non-combatants slaughtered, women violated, villages destroyed, and the area of ruin extended. No one is entitled to suppose that Austria and Russia, callous as their policy has seemed to be during the last few months, will refuse to accede to such a proposal, coming from a Power which has the fullest right to make it, and has no selfish interest to serve. If they do refuse, on them let the guilt rest.

Be the result of her efforts what it may, England at least is bound to do her best to serve the interests of humanity—interests which seem to be so much less regarded in our days than they were forty years ago. Let England at least clear herself from the disgrace of having stood coldly or timorously by, while horrors, unexampled even in the East, are being perpetrated, a country devastated, a people blotted out.

JAMES BRYCE

¹ When I thrice interrogated them on the subject, no information was given in reply.

EIN DEUTSCHER AN DIE ENGLÄNDER

N'OUBLIONS pas," sagte vor Jahren ein französischer Staatsmann, "que la paix serait impossible entre les deux nations, si on les excitait sans cesse l'une contre l'autre." Er sprach von Frankreich und England; das Wort passt heute leider auf England und Deutschland. Wir stehen vor einer ernststen Gefahr, wenn es so weiter geht mit dem gegenseitigen Misstrauen, dem Aufbauschen geringfügiger Meinungsverschiedenheiten und Collisionen zu Staatshändeln, den unverantwortlichen Verhetzungen der englischen wie der deutschen Presse. Falls es nicht den besonnenen und ernststen Männern beider Nationen gelingt hierin Wandel zu schaffen, so gleiten wir hinein in einen Krieg zwischen denselben, wenn auch nur in einen derjenigen, in denen die Kanonen nicht mitreden.

Was ist der Grund, weshalb die nothwendige und heilsame kritische Controle, in der alle Nationen einander gegenüber stehen, und auf die nicht zum letzten Theil die heutige Civilisation beruht, zum Völkerhass auszuarten, die wohlthätige Flamme zur verzehrenden Feuersbrunst zu werden droht? Auf die Gefahr hin, alte im Heilen begriffene Wunden wieder aufzureissen, scheue ich mich nicht es auszusprechen, das der nun beendigte Burenkrieg diese Wendung herbei geführt hat. Die Aufnahme, welche dieser Krieg in Wort und That bei der deutschen Nation gefunden hat, galt, und gilt wohl noch, bei der grossen Masse der Engländer, als Ausbruch unseres Engländer-Hasses. Vielleicht wird jetzt, wo das Geschehene der Geschichte angehört, eine ruhigere Auffassung auch jenseits des Kanals sich einstellen.

Jeder Act eines im Kulturkreis stehenden Volkes, vom Königsmord an bis herab zu den Missethaten der Unter-

A GERMAN'S APPEAL TO THE ENGLISH

“**N**EVER let us forget,” it was once said by a French statesman, “that peace would be impossible between the two nations, if men were constantly to stir up the one against the other.” He spoke of France and England ; what he said applies to-day, only too well, to England and Germany. We are in presence of a serious danger, if nothing is done to check the growth of mutual suspicion, the exaggeration of petty differences of opinion and conflicts of interests into State affairs, the irresponsible incitements on the side both of the English and of the German press. Unless the far-seeing and serious men of both nations can succeed in bringing about a change, we shall glide into a war, though the war may be one in which the cannon’s voice is not heard.

Why is it that the wholesome and necessary criticism which all nations exercise towards one another, and on which modern civilisation largely depends, seems to degenerate into race hatred, that the beneficent flame threatens to become a consuming fire ? In spite of the danger of re-opening old wounds, which are now healing, I do not hesitate to express the opinion, that this turn of affairs has been brought about by the late war in South Africa. The attitude shown towards this war by the German nation, in word and action, was regarded, and I suppose is still regarded, by the great majority of Englishmen, as an outburst of our hatred of England.

Now that what has happened belongs to history, a calmer view may perhaps find admittance, even on the other side of the Channel. Every act of a civilised State,

offiziere und der Polizisten, unterliegt, ausser der rechtlichen und politischen Controle der eignen, dem Forum der öffentlichen Meinung der sämmtlichen civilisirten Nationen. Dass in dem Burenkrieg das Verdict dieses Gerichtshofes die Schuld, oder doch die grössere Schuld, den Engländern beimass, werden diese selbst nicht leugnen; und da der Krieg gegen unsere Vettern geführt ward, so fand diese moralische Opposition ihren stärksten und nachhaltigsten Ausdruck in Holland und Deutschland. Als die beiden kleinen germanischen Republiken von der britischen Empire annectirt werden sollten, und ihre Bürger dagegen die Waffen führten, hatten wir diejenigen Empfindungen, welche jeder Engländer haben würde, wenn es dem deutschen Kaiserreich—*absit omen*—belieben sollte die Schweizer Republiken deutscher Zunge zum deutschen Reich zu schlagen. Der lebhafte Ausdruck dieser Empfindungen, vielleicht bei denen am lebhaftesten hervortretend, welche als alte England-Enthusiasten sich gern an die politische Stellung der englischen Regierung und der englischen Nation gegenüber Italien und Griechenland erinnerten, musste selbstverständlich in England verletzen; aber ist es zu viel verlangt, wenn wir heute fordern, dass man auch dort sie verstehe?

Es soll damit keineswegs behauptet werden, dass, was in Deutschland gegen England gethan und geschrieben wurde, ausschliesslich aus solchen Motiven hervorging. Wir haben unsere nationalen Narren—bei uns heissen sie “All-deutsche”—welche einen eigenen alle Herrlichkeit des Menschengesistes in sich beschliessenden germanischen Adam dem allgemeinen substituiren. Wir haben neben dem berechtigten Wunsch im Handelsverkehr, in der Meerbeherrschung, in der Besiedelung der nicht europäischen Gebiete unseren Platz an der Sonne einzunehmen und zu behaupten, auch bösen Neid und Hass gegen ältere und glücklichere Concurrenten. Aber ich weiss, dass ich nicht nur für mich, sondern für die Besten meines Volkes und für dessen grosse Mehrzahl spreche, wenn ich sage, dass wir wohl einen einzelnen Act der englischen Nation gemissbilligt haben, und missbilligen werden, ihr selbst aber uns näher verwandt, und in jeder Beziehung inniger verbunden fühlen als jeder anderen. Ist doch der

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from regicide down to the misdeeds of petty officers and policemen, is subject, not only to the judicial and political control of the nation itself, but also to the forum of the public opinion of the whole civilised world. That in the case of the South African War the verdict of this court of justice assigned the blame, or at any rate the greater part of the blame, to England, will not be denied by Englishmen themselves ; and, since the war was waged against our kinsfolk, this moral opposition naturally found its strongest and most lasting expression in Holland and Germany. When the burghers of the two little Teutonic republics were fighting to resist annexation to the British Empire, we had the same feelings as every Englishman would have, if the German Government—*absit omen*—should take the fancy to add to the German Empire the German-speaking Swiss republics. The vigorous expression of these feelings, perhaps most vigorously expressed among those who had in old days been enthusiastic admirers of England, and who recalled the political attitude of the English Government and the English nation towards Italy and Greece, could not but give offence in England ; but is it too much, if we ask to-day that Englishmen too should understand these feelings ?

I do not intend to assert, that what was done and written in Germany against England proceeded exclusively from such motives. We have our national fools—"Pan-Germans" is their name in our country—who believe in a special Teutonic Adam, concentrating in his own person all the glories of the human spirit. We have, together with the justifiable wish to take and hold our place in the sun, along with other nations, in commerce, in sea power, and in colonisation outside Europe, also envy and hatred towards older and more fortunate rivals. But I know that I speak not only for myself, but for the best, and, at the same time, for the great majority, of the German people, when I say that, though we have no doubt disapproved, and shall continue to disapprove, a single act of the English nation, we yet feel ourselves more nearly akin, and in every respect more intimately allied, to them than to any other nation. The English language is, after all, in its main elements

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Kern der englischen Sprache auch heute noch sächsisch, und ist Shakespeare, wie für England so auch für Deutschland, der geistige Befreier geworden, und geradezu der Vater unserer Poesie.

Auch dem neuen englischen Imperialismus steht Deutschland keineswegs feindlich gegenüber. Im Grossen und Ganzen ist jede Steigerung des Gewichts, das England in den Weltverhältnissen behauptet, für Deutschlands Zukunft sicher kein Nachtheil. Wenn England die inneren Schäden, welche ins besondere der letzte Krieg aufgedeckt hat, auszuheilen vermag durch Zusammenschluss seiner Reichseinheit, so thut das unseren vitalen Interessen so wenig Abbruch wie den englischen die Umwandlung des deutschen Zollvereins in den deutschen Kaiserstaat. Man darf wohl an der Hoffnung festhalten, dass in den schweren Krisen, welchen vermutlich unsere Civilisation entgegengeht, England und Deutschland ebenso zusammenstehen werden, wie sie einstmals bei der "schönen Vereinigung" die französische Übermacht verbündet in ihre Schranken zurückgedrängt haben.

Ich blicke zurück auf ein langes Leben ; von dem, was ich für meine Nation und über ihre Grenzen hinaus hoffte, hat sich nur wenig erfüllt. Aber die heilige Allianz der Völker ist das Ziel meiner Jugend gewesen, und ist noch der Stern des alten Mannes ; und auch dabei bleibt es, dass den Deutschen und den Engländern bestimmt ist, ihre Wege zu gehen Hand in Hand.

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Saxon ; and Shakespeare has been the spiritual deliverer of our country, and in fact the father of its poetry.

Nor is the attitude of Germany to the new English Imperialism in any way a hostile one. From a large point of view, every increase of the weight which England asserts in the politics of the world is certainly no disadvantage for the future of Germany. If England, by drawing closer the unity of her Empire, succeeds in warding off the dangers which the last war in particular has disclosed, that will no more injure our vital interests, than English interests were injured by the conversion of the German Zollverein into the German Empire. We may hold fast to the hope that, in the fearful crises which our civilisation will probably have to meet, England and Germany will stand together as they did once, when, at La Belle Alliance, they united to put a term to the preponderance of France.

I look back over a long life : of what I hoped for my own nation and for the world at large, only a small part has been fulfilled. But the holy alliance of the nations has been the aim of my young days, and is still the leading star of my old age. And still I hold the creed, that German and Englishman are destined to go forward hand in hand.

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CHAPTER I

IT is remarkable, and a little saddening, to find how few people have heard of Mr. Burden, who recently died at his residence, 37 Alexandrovna Road, Upper Norwood, S.E. He was, all his life, a man whose influence, though indirect, was considerable ; a man certainly not without weight in the foreign policy of this country, and one who affected still more profoundly its social structure. The assiduity and the regularity of his demeanour forbade him, perhaps, the notoriety that is so prized by many lesser men. His ambitions, where they were not domestic, regarded his business, and the preservation of the fortune he had honestly acquired. His judgment, which was excellent, he exercised upon problems connected with the commercial interests into which he had been born, and from which he had never, during a useful life of sixty-seven years, desired to dissociate himself. To the administration of the suburb in which his villa was situated, he was far from indifferent ; but he had never attempted to enter the House of Commons, though his station, means, and connections, would have afforded him ample opportunities in middle age for a career which Englishmen justly regard as among the most honourable, lucrative, and eminent.

Such characters, happily, exercise, under the orderly conditions of modern England, a far deeper influence upon the fortunes of our great Empire than their lack of public fame might argue in less favoured communities. It would be an impertinence to insist upon the many friendships which bound Mr. Burden, by the closest ties, to men who direct no small part of our national fortunes. My book has been called forth under the strong and painful impression of his recent death, and it is my only object (after a rapid sketch of his family and social position) to leave some record of the last few days of his life ; perhaps at the same time I may hope to leave a record of his sterling virtues, lest the memory of a character so

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excellent, so firm, and withal of such benefit to our country, should perish.

The family of Burden is first heard of in the beginning of the 17th century, when a John Burden appears in the court rolls of Beccles in Suffolk, in connection with sundry sales of wool to "Mauvain Geuest," of Ghent. It is not certain whether this John Burden were an ancestor or no; but within ten years the name twice reoccurs; once in the form of Burdyn, and once with its more usual spelling. The first is signatory to a receipt dated in the year 1611, when our Shakespeare died, and acknowledges payment for wood used in burning Mary Colville, a witch. The second signature is appended as witness to a deed conveying the freehold of the "Three Nuns Tavern" in West Street to Peter Holcraft, priest, whom we know, by a letter of Laud's, to have been rector of Beccles in 1614. It is interesting to note that a "James Barreden" sailed for Holland from Yarmouth, in company with some fifteen or twenty of "*God's Servants*," shortly afterwards, with a mixed cargo of sulphur, felt, and Spanish leather. He was presumably a nephew of the foregoing. There is a family of Bourdons in Bradford, Mass., who, though claiming a French-Canadian origin, are very possibly descended from this early champion of religious liberty.

No mention of the Burdens during the Civil wars has come down to us. We may imagine them, if we will, following the Parliamentary cause; whether passively—as did so many of the sturdy East-Anglian stock—or actively: accepting the wage, and loyally fighting the battles, of the great Protector. However that may be, the name reappears in 1672 with another John Burden, a religious enthusiast who preached the Word to the people of Saxmundham during that year. He seems to have been an honest God-fearing man, devoted to the cause of true religion in the first period of his ministry. A Government which could frame the Clarendon Code, permit the entry of the Dutch into the Medway, and produce the infamous short-hand notes of a Pepys, did not tolerate the mystical zeal of Bunyan's contemporary. He was thrown into Ipswich gaol—on his release from which edifice he proceeded to Aldeburgh, and declared himself the Messiah—at some time between April and June 1684. After this event, he suffered nothing further from the authorities, but on the contrary died peacefully in the occupation of cobbling at Oxford, on the 5th or 6th of January, 1701 or 1702, as the parish registers show.

The race of Burden is then lost sight of for nearly a century. There is almost certainly some connection between Mr. Burden's ancestry and that of Sir Algernon Burden, of Pelham Thorpe near Norwich; for Mr. Cosmo Burden (Mr. Burden's only surviving

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son) bears the same crest as the Baronet—a broken spear and the motto "*rien ne vault*." Beyond this vague indication, we have nothing to guide us, till we find the true founder of the present family in the person of yet a third John Burden, who established himself as a corn-chandler at Colchester in the year 1785. There is a tradition that his father was a farmer; but the detail is at once too unimportant and too uncertain to concern us. John Burden, confining himself strictly to the wheat market, drove a prosperous business in Colchester during the Napoleonic wars. His subscriptions to the charities which were so necessary in those times of high prices and public famine, appear no less than six times between 1801 and 1815. He was an Alderman of his town, and died in 1833, leaving a son, George Burden, whom he had established as a large ironmonger at 106, Thames Street, in the City of London, and who was the father of the remarkable Englishman this memoir commemorates.

Mr. George Burden, of Thames Street, married, on March 8th, 1835, at his parish church of St. Catherine's, Jane Elizabeth, the daughter of Ezechiel Cranby, a ship-master of Greenwich. The union was blessed with two still-born and eleven living children, of whom my own friend, the Mr. Burden with whom these pages deal, was the fourth. He was born on January 19th, 1841, and baptised the next day under the names of William Emmanuel. As is so often mysteriously the case with even numerous families, the name of the Burdens survived in but a single member. Of the three other sons, James, Thomas, and Cranby, the first died while yet a child; the second was drowned at sea as first mate of one of his grandfather's vessels; and the third, whose intellect had always been deficient, did not long survive his thirtieth year, but passed away, unmarried, in Dr. Milford's private home at Reading. Two of the sisters also perished in tender years. Of the five that survived, Charlotte and Victoria remained unmarried, Patience was early left a childless widow and retired to Bournemouth, while Esther, who wedded a wealthy Australian in June, 1865, sailed with him to Melbourne some months later, and has never since been heard of by her family.

The youngest, however, who was christened Maria, but was known in the family as "Baby," made, when barely twenty-six, an alliance with the younger son of Mr. Arthur Worthing, of Worthing Court, Bucks. This marriage, whatever social attractions it may have offered to the younger members of the household, proved unfortunate. Her husband was dissipated and improvident. Though sincerely fond of his young wife, he yet encountered repeated difficulties in the society of Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, where his father-in-law supported him on a small pension for some years.

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After the premature death of his wife in 1873, he returned to England, led a random and useless life among his old associates, and had upon his death bed (some twenty years ago) the satisfaction of knowing that his brother-in-law, my friend, had paid the greater part of his debts, and had renovated his wife's grave in the Protestant cemetery of the French sea-port town where she lies at rest in God's acre. The only fruit of this marriage, a son, was received by Mr. Burden—for he was ever solicitous of the honour of his blood—and is now a banker's clerk in Ichique.

Just after the Franco-German war, at the age of thirty-one, Mr. Burden, who was thus destined to centre in himself the greater part of his father's fortune, and who could alone perpetuate his father's name, married a lady for whom he had long felt an unvarying attachment, and to whom he had indeed been engaged for some eight years. She was a person of modest but engaging demeanour, the fourth daughter of the Rev. Harward Sefton, of Burton Courtney, in the county of Huntingdon; and Mr. Burden's father, while fully accepting his son's choice of Eliza (for such was her name), deemed it prudent to make the young people wait until his son had thoroughly learnt and taken on the business he was to inherit in Thames Street.

Their courtship, if protracted, was peaceable and happy. They learnt to know each other fully in the long walks which they would take together over Hampstead or Putney Heaths. Their families even permitted sometimes a more intimate intercourse. Young Mr. Burden (as he then was) would receive his affianced wife in the social evenings of his father's house (he then resided above the shop in Thames Street), or, in turn, would arrive as an honoured guest at the Rev. Mr. Sefton's vicarage from Saturday to Monday, taking the train from Liverpool Street at 1.15 on the former, and returning to town by the 9.20 from Burton Courtney upon the latter day.

They were married, as his father had been, at St. Catherine's, Miss Sefton having accepted for the occasion the hospitality of her aunt at Highgate. Mr. Burden's father judged it well that the newly-married couple should take a house at some distance from London. His business had largely increased; the first floor had already been invaded for some years by the wares necessary to a show-room, and the whole premises should properly have long been given up to the storage of his goods and the accommodation of his offices. Mrs. Burden, senior, had died during the engagement of her son, and it was arranged that a new household should be formed on the heights to the south of London, where the fresh air and larger spaces of the country could be combined with the exigencies of a daily train

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to town. Mr. Burden's father decided therefore upon Norwood, the advantages of which parish he had always recognised, since the days when he had himself visited it as a boy to chase squirrels in the woods, or play cricket in its charming fields with his young companions. The suburb was, indeed, somewhat changed since the reign of George IV.; but nothing could obliterate the charms which still clung to it in the mind of the old merchant. In deference to the wishes of the bride, he consented to purchase a property in a somewhat new and outlying portion of the Ringwell estate. He settled upon a half acre of land, whereon a new house already stood awaiting a tenant. It was surrounded by gravel paths and newly transplanted shrubs, several of which had died; but, though it still stood isolated in the midst of bare land and fields, it bore the number 37 in Alexandrovna Road, a circumstance which lent an additional pleasure to its acquirement. Some slight debate arose between the old father-in-law and young Mrs. Burden as to what the name of the new domain should be, the former favouring the designation of "Chatsleigh," the latter that of "Avonmore," which last, in graceful deference to her wishes, was finally painted upon either gate in white letters picked out with green, upon a grey ground.

The house stood high, and commanded, upon fine days, a view of London to the north. Many familiar points in the landscape attached Mr. Burden's father to the memories of his laborious and successful life: the shot tower, St. Paul's, and the roof of Cannon Street station were clearly visible, and he had but to turn his gaze to rest it upon the Crystal Palace, to which the memories of Prince Albert and Hyde Park, his natural patriotism, and a sense of the magnificent, made him incline with pleasure.

His father, having thus installed them in a commodious and modern residence, took up his abode with Mr. Burden and his young wife. Still maintaining his full proprietorship in the business in Thames Street, he would at first visit the premises from time to time, while he insisted that his son should leave punctually for town by the first train after breakfast, and at evening discuss with him the business of the day, the Chanceries of Europe, and whatever other matters of general interest might have appeared in the morning paper.

Certain of the old man's habits would have jarred upon a man and woman of less regular habits, or possessed of less self-control, than were Mr. Burden and his wife. Thus he had taken, of a sudden, a considerable interest in gardening, a matter upon which neither of the young people felt any great concern; he became weatherwise, and he was for ever fetching in an artisan whom he

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patronised to rearrange those bells, hinges, and what not, wherewith his son and his daughter-in-law were already perfectly contented. A more serious difficulty was the attachment which Mr. Burden senior unexpectedly conceived for the policy of Mr. Disraeli ; whereas young Mr. Burden could not disguise his loyalty to Mr. Gladstone, a sentiment in which his wife supported him with a zeal only tempered by her repeated references to the Irish Church.

Indeed, when Mr. Gladstone's windows in Harley Street were broken by a mob, nothing but Mr. Burden's filial piety restrained him from rebuking the excessive glee of his now aged father ; and when Mr. Disraeli was promoted to the peerage and offered a golden wreath by a co-religionist, Mr. Burden went so far as to take Mrs. Burden to the seaside for a week, until the storm should have blown over. It would be unjust to insist upon these trivial inconveniences. The respect due to his father's years was soon enhanced by Mr. Burden's anxiety for his health. In the spring of the year 1880, Mrs. Burden having by that time given birth to three children, their grandfather's delight and pride, her husband, who had long become the sole head of the great business in Thames Street, had the pain of seeing the old man take to his bed, wherein, some ten months later, he very peacefully expired.

It needs but little space to follow the existence led by Mr. Burden after this revolution in his fortunes ; for it is the purpose of these few pages rather to record the impression of his own much more recent demise, and to leave some record of his own admirable character, than to follow at any length the history of his life.

The three children, Ermentrude, Cosmo, and Gwynnys (to name them in the order of their birth), were trained in those excellent traditions which the family had inherited for now three generations of decent affluence ; but Mr. Burden and his wife justly considered that the steady increase of their fortunes (an increase which they naturally ascribed to their private capacity, rather than to the evolution of modern industry) permitted them to entertain some legitimate ambitions for the future of their offspring. Certain developments in the structure of our English society made it increasingly difficult to continue the custom of taking high tea at half-past six ; this meal had already been supplanted by a set dinner at the more fashionable hour of seven, when Mrs. Burden introduced the change whereby her two daughters, aged respectively sixteen and twelve years, were withdrawn from Mrs. Cathcart's seminary at Dulwich and put under the care of a private governess : a Miss McKee, of whom Mrs. Burden had heard from a friend who was intimate with the niece of Lady Bagshawe.

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Thanks to the able guidance of this lady, Ermentrude and Gwynnys very rapidly acquired an acquaintance with all that best suited the part they would be called upon to play in our social life. A thorough knowledge of German, some elements of French, and a good grounding in psychology and Practical Nursing, left them at the ages of twenty-two and eighteen all that charming and simple English girls should be. They came out together (for Ermentrude looked, if anything, younger than her sister) at the Jubilee Ball given in the Town Hall of Sydenham in 1887. Mr. Burden had never disguised his intention of portioning his daughters. The elder was soon married to a young doctor of considerable ability, who emigrated with his wife to Winnipeg, in which distant capital he still pursues a prosperous career. Long Arch Moderator of the Orange Lodge in that city, he was recently returned to the Dominion Parliament on the Manitoba Catholic schools question : his name will doubtless be familiar to many who may read these lines.

Gwynnys, on the contrary, during a visit to her sister in Canada, married (somewhat abruptly) Carl Meyer, a young officer in the local army. The captain, for such was his rank, was unfortunate in his business—that of a butter merchant. He became involved, through no fault of his own, in the collapse and subsequent trial of the Milwaukee Butter-King. Driven by the mysterious instinct common to all scions of our race beyond the seas, Carl Meyer sought England in the hour of his need ; nor did England fail him. After a short period of hesitation, and it must be confessed of some spiritual anxiety, he took Holy Orders, and was soon installed, by the efforts of his father-in-law, as rector of the small living of Benthanger in Kent. He has continued, for many years, to fulfil the duties of his sacred calling in this place, and has been supported unwaveringly throughout a life of arduous and unremitting hebdomadal labour by his noble and devoted wife : a true Christian matron, to whom her father made, till his death, a small yearly allowance.

Mrs. Burden was laid to rest some five years after Gwynnys Meyer's return to England. She had the satisfaction, before dying, of hearing that Ermentrude's husband had been elected to the Parliament of his colony, while her constant visits to the vicarage of Benthanger had at once consoled her with the vision of her daughter's content, and permitted her to breathe the atmosphere of her early years : the sober comfort of a country parsonage, to which, for all her wealth, she had so long been a stranger.

This excellent woman sleeps in the cemetery at Kensal Green, in a dry, roomy, and well-built vault which, with the exception of a

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yearly rental of ten guineas, is the unencumbered property of her husband's family.

Having thus described the fortunes of the two daughters, it is my duty to sketch, however briefly, the youth of their brother, Cosmo. His participation in the last efforts of his father's life, and the fact that he became, after the mother's death, his father's sole companion, make it necessary to follow the young man's training, if we are to comprehend the noble spirit of which he was so long the unique support and comrade.

Cosmo had never enjoyed the health of his sisters. The first months of his life had been marred by the use of an artificial food improper to the sustenance of infants, but honestly recommended by the old family doctor, who had indeed so firm a faith in its virtues as to have accepted an interest in its sale. One effect of this nutriment was to make the child large and heavy beyond his years, a physical characteristic which he preserved throughout his life. It had also, however, the result of weakening his heart, and permanently impairing his digestion. From these causes he developed as a boy a nervous and irritable temper, which his parents thought it imprudent to correct. When he had passed through the excellent discipline of a public school, these faults disappeared from his general demeanour, and were observable only in the occasional friction that inevitably accompanies the incidents of home-life; abroad they were replaced by a certain indolence and indecision of manner, far preferable to the peevishness which had formerly given his family so much anxiety and pain.

As a boy of ten he was placed in the preparatory school of Dr. Stanton at Henley.

Many as are the applications for admission to this fashionable establishment, and difficult as it was to find room for the boy, Dr. Stanton had far too much sense to hesitate upon his reception, or to consider for one moment the slight difference of social position between Cosmo's family and those of the bulk of his pupils. Moreover, the name of Burden was already familiar to him, not only from the enamelled advertisements in blue and white on the Great Western Railway, but also from the part taken by Mr. Burden in the Mansion House reception of the Sadar of Nak, when that potentate was visiting England during his late embroilment with the Russian.

The schoolmaster was, therefore, delighted to receive Cosmo, and permitted the delicate boy certain extras which the parents of the more robust of his pupils saw no occasion to command. These included a plate of cold meat at breakfast, and a weekly visit from Dr. Byle, an old and valued friend of the schoolmaster, and the medical attendant of Lord Bannerling of Marlsford Park.

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Careful as was the training which the boy received at this excellent academy, his life was not happy ; nor was it till his entry into the University, towards the age of eighteen, that his life began to assume a normal aspect. The comparative wealth which he would inherit, his reserved and self-centred temperament, his readiness to meet men of all kinds, and his detestation of any kind of friction or quarrel, save with those most near to him, deservedly secured him a number of friends of that kind which is most useful in our national life. He was a member of the club, he could ride without discomfort, and, though not himself attracted to any games save golf and hockey, he was the associate of men who were most distinguished in what the University has to teach.

He possessed, to a remarkable degree, that art of compromise upon which the characters, not only of our statesmen but of our commonwealth itself, are based. He had an instinct for the feeling around him ; and, if a certain lack of energy forbade him to attempt to mould his contemporaries, he was at least able to receive the general impression of social forces with remarkable fidelity. Though not proficient in the pastime, he was yet able, upon occasion, to write verse ; and his style in prose, which, as a Freshman, had been somewhat disjointed and abrupt, very soon developed that "ease which is more dignified than facility" (I quote the Bishop of Shoreham) and that "power of translating the Undefinable into metaphor" (I quote the same authority) which distinguishes our Modern English from the less plastic manner of the earlier century.

Indeed, there is little doubt that, had he turned his attention towards politics, or (what would perhaps have suited his nature better) the Church, he would have found, after a little experience of the outer world, every opportunity, as he had every qualification, for success.

In the school of Modern Languages he carried off, after four years' study, a Second which was very near to being a First Class. His father, my friend Mr. Burden, already sufficiently gratified by his son's success, was further assured by his tutor in a private letter, that Cosmo only failed to obtain the highest distinction from a curious inaccuracy in the spelling of Latin quotations, "a subject," as this careful and popular young don very properly remarked, "alien to the general nature of the school."

At this period of life, Cosmo had grown to the manhood which his youth had promised. His frame was heavy and a trifle lumbering : accidents due to that fault in his early nutrition to which I have already alluded. He stood over six feet in height ; but it is doubtful whether this stature were of advantage to him, as it very probably developed his weakness of the heart, and a persistent

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supineness of demeanour which, with an intellect less trained, might have gravely affected his career. His face was heavy, and somewhat uncertain, the mouth especially. Indeed he found it difficult to control a looseness of lip and expression which he had presumably inherited from his dear mother, and which marred what would otherwise have been a well-set face. His nose was not accentuated ; and his eyes, which were of a dull greenish-grey, were restless, and seemed always to betray a certain anxiety. Pale hair, lank but abundant, must complete a picture the more difficult to draw from the vague contour of the original.

Those whose interest in that Englishman, whose death I shall record, has proved sufficient to carry them thus far in my relation, will excuse, I hope, the insistence I have laid upon Cosmo's character and early life. It was through his son that my friend, Mr. Burden, came into touch with those forces of the modern world, which might have been of such value to him, but which proved so fatal. It was Cosmo's facility and social character which had made him the intimate friend of Charles Benthorpe, for example, of the Master of his own college of St. Barnabas—a man open, in due measure, to social influence of every kind—and especially of Mr. Harbury, whose considerable public reputation, though not directly connected with the University, is in itself the best recommendation that can be given to his University friends. He had not only known Cosmo, he had sought to know him ; and in the multitude of Cosmo's acquaintance there was no one, except perhaps himself, who did not understand what an honour, and what a passport, such a friendship would become.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

CHARLES JAMES FOX¹

MR. HAMMOND'S book is the most complete and powerful defence yet published of Fox's character and career. That it needs a defence, even the members of the Fox Club would hardly deny. Whether it be true or false that, after his too famous coalition with North, Fox always appeared like a man who had something to explain, and never recovered the buoyant self-confidence of his youth, there are passages in his public as in his private life which require the aid of a sympathetic interpreter. Such an interpreter they have now found. Mr. Hammond writes frankly, and without disguise, as an advocate of the great Whig statesman who, much as he loved popularity, loved principles even more. Sir George Trevelyan unhappily stopped at the threshold of Fox's Parliamentary fame, and suffered himself to be diverted into other paths by the absorbing interest of the American Revolution. Mr. Hammond has not taken up the narrative where Sir George left it. His work is in no sense a biography. It is a lucid, and on the whole a convincing, explanation of Fox's policy on some of the most momentous subjects which have ever divided parties or persons in England. His successive struggles against the personal power of the King, against the coercion of the American colonies, against war with the French Republic, in favour of Irish Nationalism and religious freedom, are described with a combined knowledge and sympathy which the strongest prejudice will find it difficult to resist. The case for Fox cannot be stated without in some degree impugning the case for Pitt. Happily the case for Pitt is in no danger. Lord Rosebery, in his brilliant and fascinating style, has expressed the Tory view of Pitt's conduct in abandoning the Catholic claims, in dropping Reform, in allowing himself to be dragged into war with France, and in stifling freedom of opinion by political prosecutions. That was more than ten years ago, and it is time for the public to

¹ *Charles James Fox: A Political Study.* By J. L. LE B. HAMMOND. Methuen. 1903.

CHARLES JAMES FOX : A POLITICAL STUDY

be reminded that the picture has another side. Judgment has been allowed to go against Fox by default. Pitt's respectability has done much for him. He never gambled, though he could carry his three bottles, and he was not susceptible to the influence of the other sex. While he appointed bishops on personal and political grounds, he was supposed to be an orthodox Churchman, and, above all, he was in office more than ten times as long as his rival. He never did anything which he knew to be unpopular; and, though he left Napoleon master of Europe, he has been called the pilot that weathered the storm. He carried out the Union with Ireland, and he had the grace to stalk indignantly from the House of Commons, when Fitzgibbon revealed some of the crimes which had been committed in the process. That he was the first financier of his age, and the only Prime Minister before Peel who avowed his belief in Free Trade, are his real points of superiority to Fox, though not those most frequently mentioned by his admirers.

Fox's American policy is almost universally acknowledged to have been sound. Even Mr. Chamberlain has not yet discovered that it was true Imperialism to tax the American colonies, or to constrain their allegiance by force. Chatham, indeed, was wrong in his law. Parliament did not exceed its legal powers. But that is the beginning and the end of what can be said for George Grenville, Charles Townshend, and Lord North. Mr. Hammond has a much more difficult task when he comes to apologise, in the classical sense, for the coalition of Fox and North under the Duke of Portland in April, 1783. His argument, briefly expressed, is, that the alliance was formed for the purpose of resisting the unconstitutional power of the King, and that it was not Fox, but North, who surrendered the position he had formerly held. Whether this plea be sufficient or not, we may safely say, that if the Coalition had lasted, and had not been defeated by the intrigues of the King, a very different judgment would have been passed upon it by the majority of historians. In Fox's own deliberate judgment, written down more than twenty years afterwards, the Coalition was the best fight ever made against the Crown, "the Crown being thoroughly in earnest, and putting forth all its resources." But whatever may be thought of the Coalition, which it is perhaps too late to defend, the warmest gratitude of all Liberals, and of every man who loves freedom, is due to Fox for his gallant opposition to Pitt's gagging system. Mr. Hammond has drawn an instructive parallel between the agitation for economy during the American war in 1780, and the agitation for Reform during the French war thirteen years afterwards. They were alike in their circumstances and in their nature. The language was equally strong. The public danger was equally great. "It is now

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necessary," said Pitt's father in 1780, "to instruct the Throne in the language of truth." "The people," exclaimed Lord Carysfort the same year, "must work their own salvation. Every measure of public benefit must spring from them." Three years later, the Duke of Richmond demanded the immediate concession of universal suffrage, and that, not in the House of Lords, where his language would, of course, have been sheltered by privilege, but in a public letter to the Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence. For using expressions milder than Chatham's or Carysfort's, for merely recommending Parliamentary Reform, Hardy and Thelwall were prosecuted for high treason in 1793. An English jury acquitted them. But in 1794 a Scottish jury, instigated from the bench by that infamous scoundrel Lord Braxfield, found Thomas Muir guilty, and he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, for using precisely the same arguments in favour of Parliamentary Reform as Pitt himself had used in 1785. What made this vindictive persecution the less excusable was, that the vast majority of the people supported the Government, and that if any one wanted protection it was the opponents of the war. "The London Corresponding Society itself," says Mr. Hammond, "which no language was harsh enough to describe, was engaged at the moment of its forcible dissolution in 1801, after persecution had made it a secret organisation, in discussing the advisability of volunteering for resistance to the expected French invasion." Lord Rosebery pleads ignorance as an excuse for Pitt. But Pitt was not ignorant, nor did he share the panic which he inflamed. His spies were ubiquitous, and he knew how little treason there was in England. It was when his witnesses began to be convicted of perjury, by no means too soon, that Pitt proposed and carried the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Fox's attitude at this crisis was worthy of a true Liberal and a true patriot. As Mr. Hammond well expresses it, "he was indignant with the societies who sent messages to the French Convention disparaging the English Constitution, on the one hand, and was much more indignant with the Government for making haste to show that the Constitution was not a genuine protection for Englishmen's liberties on the other." Fox fought manfully in Parliament against all Pitt's measures for the abridgment of public freedom, and contended that not even King, Lords, and Commons had power to enslave the people. Pitt's legislation would have justified rebellion. That it did not lead to resistance is a proof that it was not required. If Fox's Libel Bill had not pared the claws of the judges in 1792, there might have been a revolution in England as well as in France. To prosecute Fox himself, though he repeated on the platform what he had said in Parliament, Pitt did not dare. But he

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struck him off the Privy Council in 1798, for proposing at the Whig Club the toast of the sovereignty of the people. If, as Fox said, the people were not sovereign, how could the House of Hanover have any title to the throne?

Except Burke, who was an Irishman, no statesman of his time had so much respect for the spirit of Irish nationality as Fox. He was in office when an independent legislature was granted to Ireland in 1782. He disliked the Union, though he did not attend Parliament to oppose it. "Pitt," writes Mr. Hammond, fairly and truly, "Pitt bore Ireland no ill will; to the bristling problems of Irish commerce he brought the most enlightened mind of his day; and, in considering his long career of resistance to reform, and his final destruction of freedom, the courage and the statesmanship of his proposals for Free Trade must never be forgotten. But the prospect of a vigorous nationalism made him tremble for the English connection, and he held that no method of averting that danger was unlawful." Fox, on the other hand, would have given Ireland a Cabinet as well as a Parliament in 1782, and he strongly condemned the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795 as a declaration of hostility to the Irish people. That the Irish people took it as such, was apparent in the great rebellion of 1798. Fox applied to Ireland one of Burke's greatest sayings: "That is a free Government which those who live under it conceive to be so," which Mr. Gladstone might well have adopted as his motto in 1886. Fox had himself no definite religious opinions, and he was therefore able to look without prejudice upon the temper, so alien to most Englishmen, of an intensely Catholic nation. When he was told that the Protestants were the English garrison, he replied that he would make the besiegers the garrison. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Disraeli was expressing Fox's principles when he said, that the aim of Parliament should be to do for Ireland whatever a revolution would accomplish by force.

Fox has been charged with want of patriotism in opposing the French war. A similar charge was made against Cobden and Bright in 1854. Nor have examples been wanting within the limits of the present century. As a rule, such imputations may be disregarded. They are the cheap resort of political incompetence and moral cowardice. Fox was never afraid of being called a traitor, and he denied that a "war against opinions" could be defensible or just. That Pitt really agreed with him is more than probable, and his conduct in making the Peace of Amiens is quite inconsistent with the doctrines of internecine warfare which he preached in 1794. But after the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon's renewal of the war in 1803, there was no difference of opinion upon the main

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question. Fox held, and held justly, that France had been made a great military nation by her enemies. He held, and held justly, that the French declaration of war in 1793 was a mere incident, and that before the end of 1792 the British Government had made war inevitable. But he had no more sympathy with Robespierre's Reign of Terror than with Pitt's. He described the state of France from 1792 to 1795 as one of unprecedented and intolerable tyranny. The charge that he was the friend of England's enemies, is shown by Mr. Hammond to be groundless and wanton. He objected to Pitt's policy because he thought that it tended to make England weak, and France strong. Neither of them lived long enough to realise the capacity of Wellington, the true pilot who weathered the storm. Pitt would, if he could, have restored the House of Bourbon. To such a design Fox would give no countenance. "My complaint against the Republic of France," he said in memorable words, "is not that she has generated new crimes, not that she has promulgated new mischief, but that she has adopted and acted upon the principles which have been so fatal to Europe under the practice of the House of Bourbon." Before Pitt and Fox had been sleeping for ten years side by side in Westminster Abbey, the House of Bourbon was restored; and sixteen years after its restoration it fell ignominiously, without a hand being raised to help it at home or abroad. Fox hated Napoleon, as he hated all tyrants, with a truly English hatred, and was willing to join in any practicable measure for resisting him. He spoke with scorn and indignation of Napoleon's demand that French Royalists should be expelled from England. Rather than give up the worst prince of the House of Bourbon, he would, he said, draw the sword. But he did not believe in the principle of subsidies to foreign Powers, holding rather that England should cultivate the good opinion of Europe by assisting the countries which Napoleon attacked. It was Fox's principle which ultimately prevailed, to the discomfiture of the usurper in Spain and in Germany. Before Fox died in office, he had broken off negotiations with France, because Napoleon insisted upon annexing Sicily. The accusation of inconsistency against the great Whig statesman for continuing the war in 1806 is wholly unjust. Since 1803 he had objected, not to the war, but to Addington's and Pitt's methods of carrying it on. When, in 1804, Pitt offered to exclude Fox and Grenville, Fitzwilliam and Grey, from the Cabinet, if the King disliked them, the King replied that he did not object to Grenville, but that nothing would induce him to accept Fox. Fox, with true patriotism and rare magnanimity, urged Grenville to take office, adding that he was too old for it himself (he was only fifty-five).

MR MURRAY'S EURIPIDES

This he did, although he and Grenville had made a mutual agreement that neither should join Pitt without the other. Fox was not always wise, but he was never cruel or resentful. A purer patriot never breathed. His crime in the eyes of Pittites is, that he did not identify the interests of Pitt with the interests of England.

Fox's advocacy of religious freedom was far in advance of his age. He took up the cause of the Unitarians, then represented by the illustrious Priestley, at a time when Burke described them, in the language of frantic rage, as "the infidels or the outlaws of the Constitution, not of this country, but of the human race." He did not stop at Jews or Mahomedans. "His sentiment was, that the State had no right to enquire into the opinions of people either political or religious." No one can read Mr. Hammond's masterly analysis of a fascinating character, without perceiving that Fox's most prominent quality was intellectual and moral courage. He never shrank from pushing his arguments to their logical conclusions. He was never afraid of expressing an opinion because it did not square with the popular sentiment or prejudice of the day. He "ascribed," says Mr. Hammond, "to the free exercise of human opinion, the sanctity with which Burke invested established belief." He was, in fact, the greatest of Liberals, as Burke was the greatest of Conservatives. His personal errors of judgment, and even of conduct, sink into insignificance when compared with the priceless services which, at the cost of an almost lifelong exclusion from power, he rendered to the cause of civil and religious freedom. His personal epitaph has been written by a political opponent, to be mentioned by whom is, as Thackeray said, like having one's name inscribed on the dome of St. Peter's for all the world to read. "Perhaps no man," said Gibbon, "was ever more entirely free from the taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood." Mr. Hammond is to be envied his task, and still more to be envied the manner in which he has discharged it.

HERBERT PAUL

MR. MURRAY'S EURIPIDES¹

THIS beautiful work will, it may be hoped, prove the signal for a return to the true method of translation. Mr. Murray is free from the deadening effort after literal accuracy that has been

¹ *Euripides*. Translated into English Rhyming Verse. By Gilbert Murray, LL.D. George Allen. 1902. 7s. 6d. net.

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the curse of modern scholarship. Like Fitzgerald, he has chosen instead to follow the living spirit ; and his success has given us the right standard once more. It is this method, and this alone, that can make the classics live for English readers.

The plan of the book is well calculated to aid in this result. Three characteristic plays are chosen for entire translation : the *Hippolytus*, with its immortal story of Phædra's love, the *Bacchanals*, which leads us into the heart of Euripides' maturest thought, and, as a kind of Satyric pendant, the brilliant reckless criticism of the poet by Aristophanes in the *Frogs*. We have further an essay, profound and vivid, on the inner significance of the works, and, in a most interesting appendix, the restored outlines of lost plays.

As the medium for Euripides, rhyming verse has been chosen ; and there is much to be said for the choice. Rhyme, used with the skill shown here, can secure, without monotony, the light sure swiftness which is the essential characteristic of the Euripidean iambic. In the lyrics, too, the gracious melody carries us forward without a jar. But the deliberate preference of a more elaborate diction cannot be so easily justified. It is true that Greek is "austere" and modern English "ornate" ; but is not this ornateness one of our snares ? It is true that a clumsy translator might produce baldness where he aimed at simplicity ; but Mr. Murray is not a clumsy translator. If he would put aside his fears, his poetry might gain more of the terseness and the delicate restraint that stamp the Greek model. For the other qualities there can be nothing but gratitude.

We may quote from the *Hippolytus* the noble close of Phædra's great speech :

“ Friends, ’tis for this I die : lest I stand there
Having shamed my husband and the babes I bare.
In ancient Athens they shall some day dwell,
My babes, free men, free-spoken, honourable,
And when one asks their mother, proud of me !

"Tis written one way is there, one, to win
This life's race, could man keep it from his birth,
A true clean spirit. And through all this earth
To every false man, that hour comes apace
When Time holds up a mirror to his face,
And girl-like, marvelling, there he stares to see
How foul his heart! Be it not so with me!"

The version of the *Frogs* is racy, sparkling, altogether delightful.

MR. MURRAY'S EURIPIDES

One laughs aloud at the reading, and with the Aristophanic fun we have the Aristophanic grace. But the interest of the book centres round the wonderful play of the *Bacchanals*. Translation and comment together go far to solve the problem it presents, one of the most absorbing and intricate in all literature. The story is an old heartless myth of the young god Dionysus. He has been received with doubt and disbelief by the Thebans, the kindred of his mother Semele. In revenge he sends his madness upon the women, has the king Pentheus torn limb from limb by his frenzied mother Agave, and drives Agave herself and Semele's own father, Cadmus, into exile and misery. Euripides, after his manner, deals with the tale so as to show its heartlessness to the full. Yet through the songs of the Bacchanal chorus there rings what seems to be "true and heartfelt glorification of Dionysus." What is the upshot? Is the play Euripides' last and bitterest impeachment of the gods whom Greek fancy had made for itself, all the more trenchant because it professes to be only an impartial presentation of the traditional myth? Or is it a philosopher's defence of the old worship, an admission that there are forces in nature and man greater than the intellect, forces that it is madness to disregard? Mr. Murray's subtle analysis makes room for both interpretations. There is no attempt, he sees, to hide the savagery of the tale; and here he sums up the poet's "objective" method with admirable insight. "If the story is true," he imagines Euripides saying, "it must have been like this."

The miserable vanity of Dionysus, the injustice of the doom in which those who have but lightly erred suffer more than the obdurate, the consternation of the Bacchanals themselves when they realise the nature of the vengeance for which they prayed—all this he feels and makes us feel.

At the same time, he holds that Euripides was sick at heart of the arid cleverness that was the curse of Athens in his day, that he realised keenly the rapture of an ecstatic "return to Nature," and the healing influence in the outbursts of mystic joy, content with old forms and unthinking faith, for which the worship of Dionysus gave scope. In this way he has laid down the lines for a satisfactory interpretation of the play. Euripides seems to have set himself, in one and the same poem, to express the cruelty of the Dionysiac myth and the value of the Dionysiac ceremonial. Thus it does come about that, in a sense, he can use the Chorus as the mouthpiece of his own feelings. But it would appear that, in more places than one, Mr. Murray idealises the sentiment of the songs in such a way as to cause needless difficulties. Euripides' attitude towards his Maenads seems much like Meredith's attitude towards the spokesman

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of the old-fashioned view in the *Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt* who is given noble and beautiful words to say :—

“ Lady, there is a truth of settled laws
That down the past burns like a great watch-fire—”

and yet it is plain that the poet's verdict is against him. So with the Bacchanals ; if they are not even less right on the whole than Pentheus, what an artistic dislocation in their silent and terrible discomfiture at the end ! If they speak as philosophers, what a sacrifice of dramatic consistency in their character ! Is there any need for this ? Are they not throughout excited enthusiasts who see something indeed that Pentheus does not see, but all in a confusion that courts disaster ?

It is noteworthy that the rendering is exceedingly doubtful in many of the very passages chosen to prove the heights reached by the Chorus. Take, for instance, these lines—beautiful in themselves :—

“ What else is Wisdom ? What of man's endeavour,
Or God's high grace so lovely and so great ?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait ;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate ;
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever ? ”

In his note Mr. Murray admits that this may be, after all, a mere cry for revenge ; and surely that is the natural meaning of the Greek. For the critical lines are, literally : “ What is a fairer gift from the gods among men than to hold a hand over the head of enemies ? ” Again,

“ Love thou the Day and the Night ;
Be glad of the Dark and the Light ;—”

so sing Mr. Murray's Bacchanals, suggesting a complete Wordsworthian religion of Nature. But Euripides' Bacchanals only say, “ Dionysus hates those who care not for this : to live in joy through the day and the dear night.” Does not the translation make the one epithet ‘ dear,’ an epithet most natural for the night in the mouth of any Greek, carry a weight that it cannot bear ?

Once more, it is hard to think that the right note has been struck in rendering “ I count him blessed who is happy for the day,” by

“ But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That To Live is happy, hath found his Heaven.”

The acceptance of the happiness that chances to come may, of course, range from the highest to the lowest, from the commonplace content of the *homme moyen sensuel* to the divine carelessness of a Shakspeare.

LA BRUYÈRE AND VAUVENARGUES

But what is there here to show that the Chorus have reached the higher?

Such criticism, however, it is hardly necessary to say, does not tell against Mr. Murray's main position. His work remains a most valuable contribution to history and to literature.

F. MELIAN STAWELL

TWO FRENCHMEN¹

THE greatest misfortune that can happen to a witty man is to be born out of France. The French tongue is the appointed vehicle of brilliant thought; an Englishman, if he would be polished, pregnant, and concise, must command, like Bacon or like Burke, not only a wit but an inspiration; and it is perhaps as difficult for him to translate a French epigram as to compose an English one. A Frenchman, however, can always sparkle easily, even if he be stupid, and, if he be profound, the aphorism is his instinctive instrument of expression. The aphorism, indeed, dominates the literature of France, as the imagination dominates the literature of England. Even French tragedies are epigrammatic, and in French prose the epigrammatic style is the link which unites minds of such diverse genius as La Rochefoucauld and Vauvenargues, La Bruyère and Saint Simon, Pascal and Voltaire. In coupling together La Bruyère and Vauvenargues for translation into English, Miss Lee has clearly been influenced by the fact that both these masters of aphorism were at the same time writers of "Characters," or short portrait sketches, a form whose genesis is Theophrastus, and best known to English readers in the *Microcosmographie* of Earle. But this seems hardly sufficient reason for a combination which is interesting by virtue neither of resemblance nor of contrast, and Miss Lee, if she could not do with less than two authors, would have made, if she had substituted La Rochefoucauld for La Bruyère, a very much better book. For between Vauvenargues and La Rochefoucauld the contrast is complete. Many of Vauvenargues' maxims were written in direct opposition to those of La Rochefoucauld; he left a detailed criticism of the great *Maximes et Réflexions* among his post-humous papers; and, indeed, the casts of mind of the two men were in every respect curiously and radically antipathetic.

La Rochefoucauld, there can be no doubt, was the cleverest duke who ever lived. His brilliant, embittered little book, is like a

¹ *La Bruyère and Vauvenargues: Selections from the Characters, Reflections, and Maxims.* Translated, with Introductory Notes and Memoirs, by Elizabeth Lee. Constable & Co. 1893. 3s. 6d. net.

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narrow strip of perfectly polished parquet whereon a bored and aristocratic dancer exquisitely moves. Too proud not to be a master of his art, too magnificent to care whether he was or no, he shows, in every line he wrote, that supreme detachment which gives him a place either above or below humanity. When he speaks of love, he is as icy as when he speaks of death ; when he speaks of death, it is as if he were already dead. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" is his perpetual text (but in a sense different from the Preacher's) ; and in the safe isolation of this *parti pris*, hedged round by his pride, nourished by his scorn, illuminated by his wit, La Rochefoucauld felt clearly enough how well he could dispense with everything besides—even, perhaps, with the truth itself.

The passionate heart of Vauvenargues revolted against a portrait of humanity restricted and distorted to the extent of being (for all the sobriety of the presentment) really nothing more than a highly ingenious caricature. His mind, so sympathetic as to be often sentimental, so averse from paradox as to be sometimes platitudinous, opposed to La Rochefoucauld's paradoxical cynicism, a profound belief in the simple goodness which resides in the emotions of men. "Le corps a ses grâces," he says, "l'esprit a ses talents ; le cœur n'aurait-il que des vices, et l'homme capable de raison serait-il incapable de vertu ?" And to La Rochefoucauld's "Nous ne ressentons nos biens et nos maux qu'à proportion de notre amour-propre," he replies with a question which cuts the ground from under the feet of his antagonist : "Est-il contre la raison ou la justice de s'aimer soi-même ? Et pourquoi voulons-nous que l'amour-propre soit toujours un vice ?"

Vauvenargues, however, needs no foil to make him worthy of study, though perhaps it is difficult to obtain a true view of him through a small selection from his writings. Nor has Miss Lee made up, in her Introduction, for what she cannot give us of Vauvenargues himself. To say that his work betrays no sign of the age in which it was written, shows an entire misconception either of the age or of his work. The truth is, that Vauvenargues was typically Eighteenth Century ; his literary treatment of philosophy, his philosophical treatment of literature, his love of emotion, his sarcasms upon the Church, are almost absurdly characteristic of the period of Voltaire. On every other page of his writings there is a reference to that "Nature" so dear to philosophers from the days of Locke to the days of Rousseau, and so hard for us children of evolution to understand. There is the constant implication that "natural" sentiments must be good ; there are the usual contradictory assertions that Racine is too "natural" to write badly, and Shakespeare too "natural" to write well ; there is even the conven-

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tional "American" who converses philosophically with a Portuguese traveller upon the respective merits of civilisation and the "state of Nature." Such was the intellectual atmosphere which Vauvenargues necessarily breathed. But it was not only in his writings that he was typical of his time; it was in his mind as well. His letters, the letters of Voltaire, and the stray notices of others who knew him, show clearly enough that he possessed that combination of passionate emotions and love of truth which characterises the great Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century. That they were sometimes sentimental, these great Frenchmen, and sometimes doctrinaire, cannot be denied; but is this all that can be said (it is too often all that *is* said) of Diderot, of D'Alembert, of Turgot, and of Condorcet? Their defects were the defects of their qualities, and how splendid these qualities were is precisely what the study of Vauvenargues most plainly shows. It shows Voltaire, it shows the "Philosophes," in their true light. "Aimable créature, beau génie!" exclaims the former of Vauvenargues; to how many others of those true Humanists, those worthy heirs of the Renaissance, those noble and charming spirits, might the same words have been addressed!

"Vauvenargues," we find in Miss Lee's Introduction, "understood the art of writing, as an art, scarcely at all." He understood it better than Miss Lee, whose English is never good, and who writes, on p. 135, "Who would believe that others exist who pride themselves in not thinking *like* anyone else thinks?" The actual translation, too, is often unfortunately careless; several times the sense of the original has been quite mistaken; entire phrases have been sometimes omitted without apparent reason; and no effort has been made, by avoiding, for instance, the needless repetition of the same word in the same sentence, to obtain either the ease or the distinction of the original. The style of Vauvenargues is so simple, following, like all Eighteenth Century French, almost the precise run of an English sentence, that nothing more was needed than care and a small knowledge of the two languages to have produced an adequate translation. And if Miss Lee has failed with Vauvenargues it was not to be expected that she would succeed with La Bruyère. This would have required a special talent, a fine instinct, and a reverent mind; without these qualities it were better to leave untouched one of the great writers of the world, whose perfect French it is nothing less than sacrilege to translate into bad English. Why such an attempt as Miss Lee's should find publicity in print, it is difficult to understand. For those who cannot read the original it is worse than useless—it is a snare—to represent such a sentence as this—"Everything they did was suitable to their circumstances, their expenditure was proportioned to their income, their liveries,

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equipages, furniture, table, town, and country houses were all in proportion to their revenue and circumstances"—as having anything in common with La Bruyère. It is plain from her Introduction that Miss Lee has no conception of the sanctity upon which she is laying her hands; and the consequences of this ignorance are, in her translation, even plainer. From the beautiful portrait of Arténice the charming sentence—"On ne sait si on l'aime ou si on l'admire" has been wantonly omitted; and into the very midst of the exquisite crescendo of the "Fleuriste" the hideous phrase "tired with his perambulations" has been inserted, as a translation, one must suppose, of "il se lasse." It is melancholy to find this shapeless sentence—"A fool is an automaton, a machine with springs which turn him about always in one manner and preserve his equilibrium," standing for the mechanical exactitude of—"Le sot est automate, il est machine, il est ressort; le poids l'emporte, le fait mouvoir, le fait tourner, et toujours, et dans le même sens, et avec la même égalité." The truth is, that the whole supremacy of La Bruyère's art consists in that absolute precision, that complete finish, that perfect proportion, which give his Characters the quality of a De Hoogh, and his aphorisms the brilliant hardness of a Greek gem. Every detail, every rhythm, every word, is essential to the beauty of the whole; and to destroy a single one of them is to convert perfection into nothing at all. The connoisseur of fruit, in Miss Lee's translation, "with much ado gathers the exquisite plum"; in La Bruyère "il cueille artistement cette prune exquise": this is exactly how Miss Lee should have treated her exquisite original.

But La Bruyère was not only a stylist; he was a philosopher. This hardly appears in Miss Lee's selections, which are confined almost entirely to those "portraits of the more or less trifling eccentricities of men," which give no true impression of the width and profundity of La Bruyère's mind. He was, in fact, a "philosophe" out of water, a "philosophe" in the *Grand Siècle*; his attitude towards the old *régime* was almost exactly the Eighteenth Century attitude; and his elaborate picture of the Court of Versailles might have come straight out of the *Lettres Persanes*. Detached enough to recognise the absurdity of rouge and the injustice of torture, he perceived, perhaps more clearly than any other Frenchman before the Revolution, the volcano upon which society reposed. "Quand le peuple est en mouvement," he says, "on ne comprend pas par où le calme peut y rentrer; et quand il est paisible, on ne voit pas par où le calme peut en sortir." And he goes on, discussing the general theory of political change, "il y a de certains maux dans la République qui y sont soufferts parce qu'ils préviennent ou empêchent de plus grands maux"; he weighs, like

PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS MEN

Hamlet, these conflicting evils ; “les plus sages,” he concludes, “doutent quelquefois s’il est mieux de connaître ces maux que de les ignorer.”

La Bruyère, however, differed from Eighteenth Century writers in two respects—he was a Roman Catholic and a poet. His religious bias, which led him to make his one great error in political judgment—his approval of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—inspires the entire chapter “Des Esprits Forts,” where he confounds atheism, and shows how easy it is for a great man to be a small metaphysician. His poetry—that subtle and delicate employment of words, that vivid imagination, that marvellous command of atmosphere—is scattered all through his book ; but it is in the chapters which deal with the intercourse of human beings that it reaches its fullest development. “Il y a du plaisir à rencontrer les yeux de celui à qui l’on vient de donner.” Was anything ever written at once so subtle and so simple as that ? Or at once so radiant and so intimate as this : “Un beau visage est le plus beau de tous les spectacles, et la plus douce harmonie est le son de voix de celle que l’on aime” ? Such sentences are nothing less than prose lyrics, as impossible to translate as the rhymed ones of Heine, and upon these heights it is only natural that Miss Lee should fall behind. “The things we most desire never happen, or if they happen it is neither at the time nor under (*sic*) the circumstances when they would have given most pleasure.” This seems to be nothing more than a platitudinous way of saying something that is hardly true. But La Bruyère has in reality expressed in one sentence the whole dismal fatality of things : “Les choses les plus souhaitées n’arrivent point : ou si elles arrivent ce n’est ni dans le temps ni dans les circonstances où elles auraient fait un extrême plaisir.” By what magic has he conveyed into these few words the suggestion of his surrender, of his disgust, of his infinite regret ?

G. L. STRACHEY

PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS MEN¹

IN this volume Mr. Bryce has collected a number of character sketches, all written, I think, during the last thirty years, and all dealing with men who flourished in the last half of the nineteenth century. The studies are of unequal importance, and of unequal

¹ *Studies in Contemporary Biography.* By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce. Macmillan and Co. 1903. Price 10s. 6d.

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length, like the lives and characters which they commemorate. Nearly all the names are familiar. But at least half the book is concerned with "persons who came less before the public," though their "brilliant gifts and solid services to the world make them equally deserve to be remembered with honour." Accordingly the biographer, "having been privileged to enjoy their friendship," has "felt it a duty to do what a friend can to present a faithful record of their excellence, which may help to keep their memory fresh and green." It is curious that in only one instance, that of Lord Beaconsfield, perhaps the most skilful and perfect sketch in the whole volume, should Mr. Bryce have attempted to delineate one who was not personally known to him.

The sketches fall naturally into four or five groups, as they deal with statesmen, churchmen, lawyers, historians, and philosophers. There is only one journalist, Godkin; and he was of the reflective and philosophic type. Trollope—unless we choose to count Disraeli as a novelist—is the sole representative of fiction; and his portrait is so well drawn that we regret its isolation. In Mr. Bryce's own marvellously discursive, varied, and energetic mind, politics, especially since the Bulgarian atrocities brought him on to the platform in the late 'seventies, has undoubtedly been the first and favourite object, while history, literature, mountaineering, travelling, and a dozen sciences, have been secondary pursuits or diversions. In this book there are only five men whose lives were dedicated to the supreme and architectonic art—Northcote, Parnell, Robert Lowe, Disraeli, and Gladstone. But of its four hundred and eighty pages the account of Disraeli covers the first sixty-eight; and the last eighty are given to an appreciation of Gladstone, with whose setting, as Mr. Bryce concludes in a fine peroration, "the light seems to have died out of the sky."

Mr. Bryce's writing has many great qualities. He has a talent for lucid exposition, unsurpassed by any man of our time. It must be a sheer pleasure to him to explain to churchmen upon what grounds bishops have been created during the last two centuries (see the study of Bishop Fraser), or to contrast their power in England, Hungary, and Roman Catholic countries, or to trace the historical importance of the Primate (see the study of Archbishop Tait); to tell a lawyer the characteristic excellences of Cairns, Palmer, Jessel, and Mellish; to distinguish the various types of editor; to show how modern historians, such as Green and Freeman, have chosen and worked at their subjects; to indicate, as a background to Trollope, how different species of novels have grown up in England and at different times have fascinated the public mind; to analyse the tendencies of representative democracy in and out of

PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS MEN

Parliament ; to exhibit the effect of the scientific study of the Bible upon the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland ; to illustrate the "reasonableness" of the philosophic and economic criticism which, in modern Cambridge, knows so well how to balance opinions, and tries so hard to see good in everything and everybody. Perhaps Mr. Bryce is less inclined to philosophy than to history ; but if his implied contrast between the Oxford historians and Lord Acton is superlatively brilliant, the companion pictures of T. H. Green and Henry Sidgwick are also thoroughly good and sound.

It is natural for the reader of these studies to compare them with the similar work of men like Hazlitt and Bagehot ; and the mere fact that such a comparison should rise up in the mind, shows to what a high level of literary art Mr. Bryce has found his way. Mr. Bryce has not the rapidity and energy, the marvellous fertility, the metaphorical wealth of Hazlitt. His pages do not flash with such a profusion of gems, and the handle of Hazlitt's sword is richer, its blade is keener and more constantly in use. But Mr. Bryce owns qualities which Hazlitt lacks—philosophic breadth, historical erudition, tolerance. Like Bagehot, he has an agreeable sense of humour, which appears for the most part in anecdotes such as that which is told to illustrate Parnell's supposed lack of physical courage :—

"He has been accused of a want of physical courage. He did, no doubt, after the Phoenix Park murders, ask the authorities in England for police protection, being, not unnaturally, in fear for his life ; and he habitually carried firearms. He was at times in danger, and there was every reason why he should be prepared to defend himself. An anecdote was told of another member of the House of Commons, whose initials were the same as his own, and who, taking what he supposed to be his own overcoat from the peg on which it hung in the cloak room of the House, was startled when he put his hand into the pocket to feel in it the cold iron of a pistol."

Here are two about Freeman :—

"Freeman said that his revulsion against Tractarianism began from a conversation with one of his fellow-scholars, who had remarked that it was a pity there had been a flaw in the consecration of some Swedish bishops in the sixteenth century, for this had imperilled the salvation of all Swedes since that time."

This reminds me by contrast of an Anglo Catholic saying of Hurrell Froude, which was once quoted to startle and infuriate a Protestant House of Commons : "The only good thing I know about Cranmer is that he burnt well." Freeman hated Froude, partly because Froude defended the crimes of Henry VIII. Upon this Mr. Bryce remarks :—

"It may be added that Freeman, much as he detested Henry VIII., used

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to observe that Henry had a sort of legal conscience, because he always wished his murders to be done by Act of Parliament, and that the earlier and better part of Henry's reign ought not to be forgotten. He was fond of quoting the euphemism with which an old Oxford Professor of Ecclesiastical History concluded his account of the sovereign, whom, in respect of his relations to the Church of England, it seemed proper to handle gently: 'the later years of this great monarch were clouded by domestic troubles.'

A love of justice and toleration shines through these pages. What they lack is the just indignation which should flash out against the unjust man, the oppressor, the crafty impostor. Carefully as Mr. Bryce has selected characters into whose careers and aims he can enter, generally with moral, always with intellectual sympathy, we often meet in his pages with persons and occasions which call aloud for Juvenalian treatment. There is plenty of Attic salt, but there is hardly any of that Roman spice in which so many of our own greatest writers have abounded. Even the urbane Bagehot was far more outspoken in his criticism of the living Gladstone, than is Mr. Bryce in his study of the same hero dead. Mr. Bryce's method is to praise where he can, and, where he could only have censured, to leave the facts to speak for themselves. In some cases, indeed, even the facts are hardly stated, where they might bring us into uncomfortable proximity to raging controversies of to-day. Thus, the great struggle between the Oriental imperialism of Disraeli and the universal nationalism of Gladstone is barely hinted. Yet these were the doctrines which these two mighty statesmen impersonated; for which they organised their forces; through which they exalted themselves in England and Europe, won their most resounding triumphs, and encountered their last and most overwhelming defeats.

FRANCIS W. HIRST

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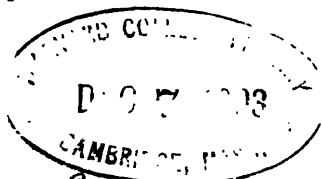
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# THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

## THE MORAL ISSUE

EVERY patriot, whose love of his country is more than a prejudice and a blind hatred of foreigners, must have asked himself the fundamental question of his political philosophy : " Why do I desire the increase of national power for Great Britain and for the Empire ? " To men of all parties alike there has been an answer to this question, straight, clear, and true : the existence and power of the British Empire make, on the whole, for freedom, justice, and honesty. Any man, whatever his political allegiance, might reply to the enquiry into the grounds of his patriotism in language such as this : " I am proud of my country, because her public and her commercial life, being less closely interwoven with each other, are each less corrupt than they are in other lands ; because her Press, though often degraded by party passion, is not on the whole the tool of moneyed interests ; because her Budgets are drawn up, not as a means of putting fortunes into the pockets of particular classes of investors, but solely with the object, however imperfectly attained, of a just distribution of burdens throughout the community ; because her politicians are sent to Parliament to further only one recognisable object, the public weal ; because her Courts of Law, her Universities, and her Civil Service, are remarkably free both from political and from commercial influences, which in most civilisations are destructive to purity of

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justice, freedom of enquiry, and unfettered competition in public service ; because under these conditions the atmosphere even of private life is more wholesome, the characters of men are more disinterested and noble, their thought more honest, their expression of it more spontaneous, than is the case in great parts of society in other lands. I am proud to be a citizen of our islands, and therefore I desire the national strength of Britain to be maintained at a height where these ideals of liberty and honesty may be safe from external military attack, and whence they may shine as a light to the world.

“I desire the union and greatness of the Empire, partly to gain additional strength for an island where these ideals are realised, but partly also because of the nature of our dominions beyond the seas. In the colonies inhabited by white men, the absence of all feudal traditions in the soil, the strong position of the wage-earner in society, have spread a fine independence of character throughout the mass of the population, more widely than in the mother-country, which otherwise still maintains her historic priority in civilisation. In the other parts of our Empire, wherever the direct control of Imperial officials is set up, the native races are governed for their own good, and not merely exploited for the benefit of our commerce. In India, and in many parts of Africa, our officials have set the example to the world of the proper treatment of native races by their rulers. The thought and care of the governors is directed whole-heartedly, if not always successfully, to provide for the best interests of the governed. For the sake of these subject populations, and for the sake of the peace and friendship of European countries, we keep the door of England, India, and the Crown colonies open to foreign trade ; and in other parts of our policy we enjoy the moral superiority of the most disinterested and just of the great Powers.

“For these reasons, domestic and imperial, I desire that the naval and military strength of Britain and of her Empire should be maintained, and that her political weight in the world should not diminish. For she is the strong,

## THE MORAL ISSUE

last hope of a great principle, forgotten in the current political philosophy of the age, that national life is not an end in itself, but a means to the realisation of good."

If a man were to speak in this fashion, though he might be flattering England too much, he would not be very far wrong. But it is most necessary carefully to enquire how these characteristics of the British polity would be affected by the adoption of a Protectionist System, and the corrupt influences which grow up with it in the industrial conditions of the present day. Those who judge the reality of patriotism never by its quality but always by its apparent quantity, might not notice or regret the gradual disappearance of the nobler and more rational grounds for love of our country. Yet the loss to the Empire in moral value, and ultimately in energy and strength, would be great beyond all calculation.

Let us first consider the moral effect of Protection upon the Empire. One school of Protectionists asks us to convert our possessions into a preserve for exploitation by one half of the Anglo-Saxon race. That half of the race would be richer, stronger, and safer, if England and her Crown colonies continued to trade freely and peacefully with other nations. But a new ideal is now pointed out as to the goal of our statecraft. We are to become a "self-supporting Empire." Now as a "self-supporting" Empire, whose granaries and markets are divided by thousands of miles of sea, would be in much greater danger in time of war than an Empire partially dependent on neutrals for its food supply, the proposal that we should depend on our own food and raw materials cannot be urged as a means to success in time of war.<sup>1</sup> It must therefore, we suppose, be

<sup>1</sup> This has been shown again and again in the present controversy, and has not been answered by the "self supporters." In case of war with the United States (an unthinkable disaster) Canada would at once become the scene of war, and we should have to depend on Argentina, Russia, etc., for food, as long as the struggle lasted. In case of war with a European Power, if the United States supplied us with food, they would insist on the rights of neutrals being observed, and would tend to be friendly to our cause. In short, the first effect of a war, whether with America or with a European Power, would be the removal of any corn duties we had been foolish enough to put on in time of peace.



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regarded as an ideal good in itself. The realised ideal of a protectionist world, will be a globe parcelled out into a number of Empires, mutually hating and hated, armed to the teeth, crushed under ever-increasing military burdens, governed internally either by the soldier or by the commercial monopolist, suspicious of foreign trade, and preferring to be poor on the products of their own lands, rather than rich by exchange with others.

This ideal state of world-politics which, if we consent to participate, will be a reality for many dreary centuries to come, not only injures the material condition of the inhabitants of these Empires, but artificially preserves a low standard of morality in national and international affairs. The opposing ideal, the free exchange of goods all over the globe for the common benefit of humanity, is one at which the world must arrive some day, if civilisation continues to advance. It will perhaps reach that goal many centuries sooner, if we English do not now desert the lead.

Retaliation by one country has not hastened the progress of others towards Free Trade. The experience of other States has shown that. Why England's experience should be different when she begins to retaliate, Mr. Balfour has not shown. Retaliatory tariffs must settle down into protective tariffs for the industries of this country, and so indefinitely postpone the coming of that universal Free Trade which Mr. Balfour affects to have in view. Any success which Retaliation might have in lowering tariffs, by means of intimidation or coercion, would be much smaller than its effect in raising tariffs, owing to the moral effect of England's example in going over to Protection.

But even if other countries are unable to throw off Protection, we shall continue, so long as we are a Free Trade country, to enjoy great material and moral advantages. Why have other nations, watching the rapid growth of our Empire in the last sixty years, never once stepped in to resist that process by force of arms? Partly because we have a strong fleet, but partly also because we admit others to trade freely with our newly acquired territories; and therefore every nation has preferred that we

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should have an Empire, rather than its other rivals. Why is it that we can claim the "open door" in the Far East? Because we keep the door open in the dominions under our own control. If we close it now, the last hope for the peace and goodwill of nations, in this age of commercial militarism, will have disappeared. Already the struggle against the monopolist associations which thrive on Protection, has begun inside Germany and in America. The odds in favour of these powerful and corrupt vested interests are terribly strong; but there is hope for the future, if England does not desert the cause of Free Trade in its hour of need.

But perhaps our greatest contribution to the progress of mankind in the last century, was our treatment of subject races by our officials. The effect of India upon the rest of the Empire, and upon other Empires, has been great and beneficent. We introduced scientific good government on behalf of native populations. But if our Empire became thoroughly imbued with the corrupting spirit of Protection, the theory and practice even of our government of natives would in time degenerate. When the monopolists had got hold of the strings of government at home, as they certainly would under a protective system, our native dependencies would sooner or later be exploited for the benefit of English manufacturers. Hitherto we have been guided by expert opinion as to the best interests of the great mass of natives committed to our charge, and that opinion has pronounced for Free Trade with no uncertain voice.<sup>1</sup> But if once we regard our native dependencies, not as children in our keeping, but as economic units with whom we are going to

<sup>1</sup> In India, as in England, some manufacturers clamour for Protection, to put money into their own pockets. But that is not the policy that would materially benefit the dumb millions who are in our charge. "It has for a long series of years been held by Indian financiers, and notably by Sir John Strachey and Lord Cromer, that the condition of the people of India and her financial interests call for the freest practicable exchange of her products with the rest of the world." (The Earl of Northbrook, in the House of Lords, July 10, 1903). The utterances of the three ex-Viceroyes in that debate should be carefully studied, and the resignation of the Secretary of State for India is certainly not a surprise.

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drive bargains, we shall soon do them grave injury. In any bargains between Great Britain and her self-governing colonies, the two parties would meet on equal terms; but in a bargain with India or a Crown colony, we ourselves should represent both parties. The native population can neither think for itself, nor make itself heard. And if once the Government had, in its fiscal arrangements, recognised the principle of commercial exploitation of the native races, it would only be a matter of time before the same temper affected its administrative policy also. It is not impossible, under certain economic and political conditions, for English administrators to govern by the advice of capitalists.

The maintenance, welfare, and unity of the Empire constitute our first interest. At the time of the Coronation these objects had already been attained, as we were told by the very people who now proclaim that they can only be reached by preferential tariffs. Those who argue after this new fashion have not rightly analysed the nature of our Empire. They have been misled, sometimes by the false analogy of large States built upon force, like old Rome or modern Russia; sometimes by the equally false analogy of geographically compact and economically homogeneous units, such as Germany or the United States. But the free and widely-scattered communities obeying Edward VII. can at present only be held together on condition of self-government of the parts. England is a country with a semi-feudal society and old-established industries; her colonies are lands of social equality and of nascent industries. Therefore, for better and for worse, the colonies cannot assimilate their political, social, and fiscal systems to ours, at any rate in the present generation. They have in the last few months refused, on any conditions whatsoever, to lay their industries open to our competition. If we try to bribe them into the partial adoption of a system in which they do not yet believe, we shall only create jealousies as to the quantity and value of the doles which we offer, and the sacrifices which they conceive they make. Self-government of the parts is the condition of our imperial unity. Any one who, fiscally or otherwise, interferes with the free working of

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this principle, is sowing discord and disruption for the whole.

The Imperial unity, which men weaken in attempting to strengthen by artificial means, is based on sentiment. The colonies came to our rescue in the late war, but not because they hoped to get preferential duties out of us when it was over. They had no more sordid thought in their hearts than their brave English companions and their brave Boer foes. But already, it is to be feared, they love us a little less well than they did a year ago. For we have since then raised expectations of a large corn tax which we cannot fulfil, and have demanded the open door for our manufactures, which they will not grant.

Thus the political unity and the moral value of our Empire both depend on the continuance of our old policy : Free Trade for Britain and her Crown colonies, and free leave for Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa to do as seems good to them, without interference and without bribes.

The whole Empire is concerned in Mr. Chamberlain's proposals ; but Great Britain is the part most closely affected by Mr. Balfour's present programme. Retaliatory tariffs would profoundly modify our parliamentary system within the British islands, and would, in one or two generations, completely alter the tone of our public life in all its branches. Public life is more pure here than in other lands, and more pure now than it was among our own ancestors one and two centuries ago, mainly because political power in Great Britain is at present of comparatively low money value. Influence over statesmen was worth more in cash in the days of Walpole and of Castlereagh ; to-day it is worth more in cash in America, South Africa, and France, than it is in Great Britain. Everywhere, and in every age, the small money value of political power is a condition necessary to pure public life. Where there is much private gain to be made by influencing politics, the public interest will be less considered. In each successive era, the old danger takes a new form. We have done well to abolish sinecures, pensions, and the corrupting State machinery of the old

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Whig and Tory aristocracies ; but in the era of plutocracy, the danger is lest we make it financially worth the while of great moneyed interests to capture Parties and Cabinets. Under our Free Trade system there is only one great industry, for which it is worth while to invest money in winning control over statesmen. The brewers find it greatly to their commercial advantage to lay out large sums of money and energy in capturing a Party and keeping it in office. They admit this themselves ; “their trade is their politics.” No one can say that the brewers are exceptionally low-minded men ; but they are exposed politically to exceptional temptations. Many Conservatives honourably regret the dependence of their party on the liquor interest, but are unable to free themselves from so powerful a force. But how utterly helpless will conscientious men be to avert this kind of influence, when it has been made worth the while of many other manufacturers, whose prices are now kept down by foreign competition, to invest large sums in electioneering, and to bargain with candidates and Cabinet Ministers that their trade shall be protected “for retaliatory purposes.” Under Free Trade, manufacturers can derive no great source of gain from interference in politics ; under Protection they can win a place on the tariff, which will enable them to form cartels and to raise prices at the expense of the community. There would be an end of the old honest war of principles between Liberal and Conservative ; our Press, our elections, our Parliament, our public offices would become the arena of a sordid scramble of trusts and companies and their shareholders, seeking to have their incomes doubled by a scratch of the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s pen.

Under our present fiscal system no such temptations are offered, for ours is a “fiscal” system in the right sense of the word : a system, that is, of raising money for the national purse. Nothing is considered save the just distribution of the burdens among the various classes of taxpayers, and the least possible interference with business. In such a system therefore, science can hold a real place. Starting from the scientific school of finance founded by Peel and Gladstone, successive Chancellors of the Ex-

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chequer, Liberal and Conservative alike, have hitherto kept our national finance with its head above the game of Parties and of interests. For under a "fiscal" system proper, it is not worth the while of any great interest to bring pressure to bear on the specialists.

A scientific fiscal system is possible. But a scientific protective system is not possible.

"Scientific Protectionists," who believe that tariffs might advantageously be placed on certain articles carefully selected by themselves, in their academic eagerness fail to perceive that, in a self-governing community, tariffs will not be placed as an economic theorist might consider proper, but by the direction of interests politically formidable. They postulate an enlightened despotism. But it is political power that directs political action, and political power resides with great classes and with great interests. The economic historians, who have spoken for Protection against the sense of nearly all the political economists, do not seem to understand the irresistible weight of political pressure brought to bear in these times of cartels and trade combinations, when once the greed of highly organised moneyed interests has been excited. But in the case of the "Scientific Retaliator," Mr. Balfour, his own recent experience with deputations of brewers and of millers should have taught him this lesson. In France, Germany, and the United States, tariffs are put on for the benefit, not of those trades which need it most, nor of trades specially chosen as the most effective means of Retaliation, but of those trades which can make themselves most formidable.

Therefore, even if a scientific system of Retaliation were possible under any conditions, it is impossible in this era. When it appears, as it soon will, that Retaliation by England has the same effect on hostile tariffs as Retaliation by other countries has had ; when the protective barriers of the world continue to rise higher, as they have hitherto done in the tariff wars of others, and when our own most-favoured-nation clauses are lost to us ; then our retaliatory tariffs will remain, as has already been avowed by Mr.

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Chamberlain, simply as protective tariffs. Year by year their number will increase, as fresh interests insist on the fulfilment of the conditions of their adherence to the protectionist party. After a decade of regular Protection, vested interests will have been formed, harder to attack than the brewers. For capital and labour will have been artificially directed into new channels at the invitation of the State ; the monopolists, the shareholders, and perhaps their employees will then be able to appeal to the sense of justice against a reversion to the old Free Trade system, under which they themselves would suffer and only the community gain. It is so easy to arouse a hundred thousand men to a sense of the economic wrong done them by a disturbance of their industry, so hard to arouse forty millions to a sense of the wrong done them by higher prices and less employment all round. The injury done by Free Trade to the few is concentrated and visible ; the injury done by Protection to the many is widely spread. It is one of the discoveries of modern democracy, that it is hard to rouse the unleisured masses from ignorance and apathy in respect of a public interest, and that they readily fall victims to the zeal aroused in narrower sections by the prospect of immediate gain.

If once Protection gets root in this country, even the Trade Unions, now the soundest part of the community on this question, may be divided. Representatives of some of the protected trades may here, as in other lands, come to prefer the interest of their trade to the interest of their class and of their country. Some of the working-men may prefer large employment for themselves to cheap commodities and wide employment for all. Still less can it be doubted, that the manufacturers, turned by the tariff into monopolists, will make their trade their politics ; for they will have the first handling of the whole spoil, and will only allow their workmen such part of it as they think fit.

Protection, therefore, is easy to introduce, impossible to guide or to limit, and difficult to eradicate. The United States and Germany have outgrown the alleged use of Protection, for their once nascent industries are full-grown.

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But they cannot get rid of it, because the vested interests which it has created are now in the saddle, and ride. In an old manufacturing country like ours, we have none of the reasons for adopting Protection that they once had ; but we shall have all the same difficulties in limiting it, guiding it, and getting rid of it. Mr. Balfour recommends us to try a little Protection ; a doctor might as well recommend a healthy patient, suffering from sluggish habits, to cure himself by inoculation with a little cancer.

What is true of Protection is true of Retaliation. Mr. Balfour's scheme, if it ever emerges from the limbo of academic theory, will have an effect every bit as corrupting as Protection when called by its proper name. For there is no principle on which statesmen will be bound to choose the special articles to be taxed by way of Retaliation ; and, where there is no binding principle of selection, the choice will be determined under the influence of the most formidable supporters and the most astute agents of the Party in office. All the corrupting influence brought to bear on protectionist Governments will be brought to bear on a retaliating Government. The first tariffs which we impose, when other nations refuse to lower their barriers at our command, cannot long stand by themselves. For these tariffs will be putting large sums of money into the pockets of particular capitalists, and the clamour which other manufacturers will at once raise for corresponding advantages, could only be resisted by a Free Trade Government that was ready to re-establish the old state of things before it was too late, before the vested interests of Protection had become too strong for the politicians.

The log-rolling that grows up under a protective or retaliatory system spreads into many departments of life. The capture of the Cabinet under modern conditions involves the capture of Society, the Press, the electorate, the House of Commons ; perhaps in the long run attempts might be made, as in America, to influence the selection of the civil servants and the economic professors of the Universities. The type of commercial man who would make most money in that new England would no longer be the man



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who gave the best energies and the best brains to his business ; but the best wire-puller, the most astute manipulator of the Press, of politicians, and of public opinion.

Mr. Balfour and his colleagues are personally incorruptible. But they are visibly ready to yield, on behalf of their party, before pressure of vested interests. And even the personal incorruptibility of our politicians is a thing of recent growth, that may disappear again as fast as this generation dies off. It is due mainly to the absence of great money prizes in politics, and to the resulting growth of a healthy tradition, which has attracted men of high financial probity into the political arena. But Retaliation would gradually introduce another set of politicians, only too well known in America, —the nominees of great interests. The standard of morality will decline step by step. Here, as elsewhere, men with a nice sense of honour will too often shun politics.

The danger of the world to-day is not monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, but plutocracy veiled under one or other of these forms. Already in England we suffer from this evil, but less than other lands, because we have not yet created industrial monopolies. Under our Free Trade system, a monopoly cannot become formidable until it controls production over the whole world, a task which has not been accomplished in any important industry. The possibility of competition from abroad pares the claws of combinations which already exist in this country. The imposition of tariffs would at once make it possible for them to exploit consumers, and would accordingly increase their number and stimulate their vitality. If, by a protective system, we deliberately turn certain classes of manufacturers into monopolists, they will unite in trusts and cartels, and do as trusts and cartels do elsewhere under cover of tariffs. Prices will rise and consumers will suffer. Employment in other trades will fall off, and Labour will starve.

It is difficult under any circumstances to avoid the creation of monopolies. Already we have a drink monopoly and a land monopoly. But we have so far, by Free Trade, prevented the creation of industrial monopolies.

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We can, by the rating of land values, tax the land monopolists, and relieve building and industry. Instead of this, it is now proposed to tax the workman and the consumer for the benefit of the capitalist, to tax the poor for the benefit of the very rich. Instead of taxing the existing monopolies, we are to create new ones.

Under Protection, when it has developed far enough (and it is not in its nature to stop growing), we shall be the servants of the great Trusts. Their influence will be everywhere and in everything. Protection is plutocracy throned and crowned.

The attempt of the Protectionist, Retaliator, and Preferentialist to steal the title deeds of true Imperialism, has already failed. The ruin and disunion which their schemes would bring upon the Empire have been exposed, over and over again, by statesmen of practical experience. The true friends of the Empire are those who will continue the present system, under which Great Britain and her colonies live side by side without bickerings, jealousies, or bribes. If we attempt to buy the affection of Canada (which we already possess) we thereby challenge the United States to an auction of our own goods, at which they can soon outbid us. The true friends of the Empire are those who have studied, not only the means by which the unity of the Empire is in fact maintained, but also the ends which the Empire serves, and the ideals which it is seen to realise.

No less futile, so far as the British islands are concerned, is the attempt of the new party of private interests, to "usurp a patriot's all-atoning name." The name of patriot belongs to those who know how to maintain the wealth and strength of their country, and who cherish the good qualities characteristic of their countrymen.

The most characteristic quality of the Briton is self-reliance. But when our business men no longer meet competition or bad times with the industrious vigour of their grandfathers, and the latest methods of our own day, but come whining and bullying to Government to have their

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losses made good by bounties and tariffs, the quality of self-reliance will be sapped.

Other qualities of the Briton are honesty and public spirit in politics. We have argued above that these characteristics of our public life must be greatly impaired under a protectionist system. Indeed, this will ultimately be the most important result of Protection.

Lastly, one of the finest of English qualities is readiness to share mutual benefits with other nations, to see ourselves and our neighbours friends and rich, rather than enemies and poor. But the policy of Protection is to cut down imports and thereby to cut down exports ; to create a "self-supporting" community ; to reduce the volume of commerce which keeps the peace between armed nations when they quarrel, and paves the way in the distant future for an informal "federation of the world." Britain, the greatest sea-power on the globe, is the carrier for mankind ; it is therefore at once her interest and her secular mission, to enlarge to the utmost the commerce between nations that makes peace and gives wealth. The ideal of a "self-supporting" community is utterly un-English.

The true patriotism would keep us friendly with other races, but different from them ; the false patriotism makes us hostile, but like to them. The Protectionists are trying to do away with our national characteristics, and to force on us the un-English ideals of greed, selfishness, and hatred. We are told that we must give up our system in order to follow the example of others. In the days of the Stuart Kings, the same sort of patriots used to argue thus : "All other great nations have absolute monarchies ; if we would be on equal terms with the Monarchy of France, we must, like every one else, imitate their form of government. Do you suppose that with our insular and old-fashioned ideas of personal liberty, we are wiser than the rest of the world ?" But Whigs and Tories agreed that we were wiser than the world, and, after many generations, the world came round to our view. And so to-day we have no more reason to give up our Free Trade system, by which we thrive both materially and morally,

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than we have to turn Republican in order to compete with America, Militarist in order to compete with Germany, or Absolutist in order to compete with Russia.

The cause of Free Trade is the cause of purity in public life; it is also the interest of the poor and of the working-man. On this point the leaders of Labour in the two greatest manufacturing countries of Europe have spoken with no doubtful sound. But, besides the Labour men, persons of every class and rank who sincerely desire the increase and better distribution of wealth, and of the opportunities of life; who would see the workmen prosperous, the middle and upper classes wealthy, the whole community self-governing, and all its members independent, must watch, as they would watch against a foreign foe, to prevent the entry of that pestilent economic system which creates and renders supreme in society that curse of the modern world, the industrial monopolist.

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**T**HIS is a workman's question, and it is to be hoped that as soon as the clamour about the dear loaf has subsided it will receive some attention from those leaders of opinion who enjoy the confidence of the working classes." The above is the last sentence in the pamphlet issued by Mr. Chamberlain as a statement of his views. That this should have been written after every representative of Labour had either spoken, voted, or written against his somersault in fiscal acrobatics, is typical of the manner in which he either evades, ignores, or distorts the views of those who, like myself, specially claim to represent the views of the working classes. He ought to have known, and did know, that on September 4th the Trade Union Congress, representing the best elements of the workers of this country, unanimously repudiated his fiscal nostrums, his economic vagaries, his political blandishments, and his electoral bribes. He also knew that all the Labour Members in Parliament had similarly expressed themselves by vote or speech since then, and before large and representative gatherings. Cooperatives and Trade Unionists, who are also members of Friendly Societies, have in Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, Bristol, Cardiff, and Birmingham, by 3,215 delegates, representing a membership of 1,622,666, with not more than a dozen dissentients, condemned his views, and denounced the means by which he vainly hopes to secure them. The Railway Men and the Miners' Trade Unions have in the past few days similarly voiced the views of at least 1,000,000 workmen against his Protectionist fallacies.

Beyond these expressions from workmen engaged in

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productive and competitive industries, there is equal condemnation from those who in State, municipal, or distributive employments, are on fixed wages, and, being so, would seriously feel any burden which the new policy would impose. Outside the organised workmen, the general view of those who come in contact with the people is, that a tax on corn or food or raw material of any description, for any specious reason, will be strongly resisted. It is only a minority of the uninstructed amongst the workmen, and the obsolete or reactionary amongst the employers, who even favour a tariff against imported manufactured articles ; for the others see that this tax is paid for somehow, somewhere, at some time, by the consumer, when it does not handicap their trade in the foreign market.

So much for the general view of the common people.

Situated as I am, a workman, elected by workmen, keenly alive to their special interests, sharing their hopes, conscious of their thoughts, I am entitled to take my part in a controversy the alleged object of which is for their immediate gain and permanent benefit. As such, I have traversed the arguments, reviewed the schemes, analysed the remedies, dissected the misleading statistics advanced by the Protectionists, Fair Traders, and Retaliators, for the cure of all the ills that industrial flesh is heir to. As a Labour Member, I unhesitatingly say, that the suggested remedies are worse than the imaginary disease, even where this is not exaggerated. What is more, I believe that view will be the electoral judgment of the masses when, shorn of all subterfuge, the reversion to Protection is submitted to them as an alternative to our present policy of Free Trade.

This cannot be otherwise when we see that, beyond the workpeople and all their accredited leaders, the Political Economists, the best thinkers, the wisest heads, the superb guides in the Tory, Liberal, Labour, and Socialist ranks, have expressed no sympathy for Mr. Chamberlain's views. So far, no one of competent authority in economic thought has approved in their entirety, or to any considerable extent, the variegated schemes broached by the Prime Minister and the former Colonial Secretary.

Have these two never realised that "the riches of men

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is the abundance of things" ? It is because Free Trade has brought riches to this country by the abundance of things it imports from abroad, in profitable exchange for its exports sent out, that Labour generally adheres to and profits by Free Trade.

Historically, traditionally, and in solid fact, the sober, serious, thoughtful, and industrious of the working people are more against Protection than other classes. They have come out of Protectionist Egypt.

Ideally, Free Trade is the most human, natural, and convenient method of trade that the mind of man has conceived and the international necessity warranted. It has been more than justified by the experience of the past sixty years. It is peculiarly adapted to the exigencies of an island nation like Britain. It is best for Britain, easiest for the Colonies, and better suited for their foreign trade, in its international and intercolonial aspects ; the least difficult and costly to maintain. It enables the mother-country to be politically as well as commercially independent of her Colonies ; and is the only trading system by means of which the Colonies can retain that autonomous control, and working out of their own destiny, so necessary for new, experimental, and ever-changing colonial conditions.

Put a tax on food to help the Colonies, and you inaugurate a scheme of bargaining which, under the specious description of Ties of Interest, may, and I believe will, become Bonds of Burden for the mother-country and for the Colonies. Certainly it will lead to political friction, intercolonial jealousy, and Imperial embarrassment, so costly and dangerous in its governmental aspects as to outweigh the paltry commercial advantages it hopes to secure but will not secure. What is worse, it will create a world-wide antagonism on commercial grounds to the Colonies, which they now do not evoke.

This will be particularly harmful to the Colonies, as, speaking broadly, they now import from, or export to, foreign countries great quantities of goods which the mother-country cannot grow, manufacture, or sell, as well and as cheaply as their present foreign customers. And the effect of asking the Colonies to decide against the foreigner

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is to compel them to sacrifice, out of sentiment for the old country, the material benefits that now accrue to them for their unfettered international trade. Before they are tempted to walk the plank of Preference to their undoing, the Colonies may think of the dog and the shadow. Warned by that example, they will prefer to retain the meat of present international trade rather than grasp at the shadow of a purely British Zollverein.

If this decision is made (and I see no signs of it yet) instead of present sympathy and trade neutrality, we may stimulate discontent that may lead to actual as well as nominal separation. The pushful Imperialist may then become the great disruptor, and finally the destroyer, of our colonial edifice. Surely the recent lesson of Germany and Canada is only the beginning of an endless vista of trouble and difficulty which Free Trade avoids.

Besides, if certain Colonies are to be helped by taxing, not their food but ours, to benefit them, you cannot stop there. Some great Colonies do not export food, but raw material. Are we to help a Colony of that sort by putting a tax on the competing raw material from a nearer, better, and cheaper foreign country? If it is so helped by a tax on raw material, to that extent the British foreign trade is affected. If it is not so helped, it will resent such omission, and will urge that we are showing favouritism to the food-producing Colonies. Free Trade, at least, saves us and them from that difficulty.

Into the arena of faction, discord, and selfish trade interests, the delicate relationship of Colonial association and unity with the mother-country will be drawn. Already the "pushing of pikes" has begun, as many colonists, sinking their patriotic sentiment in their trade interest, have expressed themselves as strongly opposed to giving Britain Preference over other countries. This will lead to bad feeling and recrimination, and thus the well-springs of real Imperial sentiment will be clouded, tainted, and probably closed.

A great Colonial Secretary would have taken the higher, bolder, broader, the really Imperial view, if he wished to help the Colonies, instead of the sordid yet petty bribe and



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insult to the patriotic pride of the Colonies, which the words in Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow speech mean, when he said: "*If you wish to prevent separation you must put a tax on (British) food.*"

He would have fired himself, and inspired them, if he had risen to Burke's standard of helping the Colonies, when he said to the tariff Jingoës of his day, ere they lost us America:—

"My hold of the Colonies is in the closer affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges and equal protection. Those are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. . . . Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. . . . All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane band of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine."

That spirit, that principle, that liberty to each and independence for all the component parts, is the only way of keeping the British Empire together.

A tax on tea cost us the richest portion of the world's surface. A tax on British food for colonial people will make for Imperial discontent and dissolution. The day on which Empire means a thing of tariffs, a trafficking in bribes, subsidies, and doles, a mutually destructive arrangement then begins, a bad time for our colonial system it will be, and the beginning of the end of colonial attachment will be in sight.

Freedom of trade, liberty in politics, autonomy of government, a separate treasury, and a common sentiment only, is the sure and simple way of securing—

"A nation  
Made free by love, a mighty brotherhood,  
Linked by a jealous interchange of good."

And it is as the true Imperialist that I am opposed to this latest manifestation of Byzantine statemanship, which construes government as bribing the most at home with the least for the benefit of the few, and the ultimate betrayal and delusion of all.

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So much for the Colonial and Imperial aspects of the new Protection which Mr. Chamberlain's proposals complicate, embitter, and confuse. The other objectionable part of this irresponsible campaign, apart from the depreciation of our commercial status and industrial prestige, consists in the arbitrary selection of years, dates, figures, and prices, and the exclusion of volume of output and diminished cost of production.

1872 is the jumping off place for this last dervishes' raid into the peaceful domain of trade statistics and industrial expansion. These matters ought to be taken in quinquennial periods; or, better still, decennial. Some regard should be paid to such details as the Franco-German war, whose result was in 1872 to cut out of trade rivalry with Britain our two most formidable competitors. Conversely, the effect of such a trifle as the South African war should be recognised as a crippling condition for our trade, industry, and resources to-day. Volume ought to be tempered by prices, and both by a change in the methods, quickness, care, and cost of production. Equal data ought to be made comparable, and the truth made fair and clear to the people, whose want of opportunity denies them access to the unimpeachable figures of the Board of Trade.

If the Prime Minister is guilty of omissions, worse must be expected and will be displayed by the excitable votaries of the new craze. A specimen of misleading argument and statistics is furnished by Mr. Balfour in his pamphlet, when, in giving the export of British produce, he excludes coal, machinery, and ships.

In the matter of coal (bunker and other sorts), this is one-fourth of our total output, viz., 58 millions, and gives employment to 200,000 men directly, and a larger number otherwise. Why machinery was excluded I do not know, except that it has risen from £8,000,000 in the blessed year 1872 to £19,619,000 in 1900.

And what has shipping done that it should be excluded from our export trade? Mr. Balfour ought to know that we have sold in the past twenty-eight years no less than 7,643 second-hand steamers and sailing vessels to foreigners. He should not have conveniently forgotten that, since 1870,

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we have made 21,000,000 tons of new shipping, and, during its construction, not a single vessel has been built by the foreigner direct for this country. He also might have remembered, that it is not at all infrequent for any one of our northern rivers to turn out more shipping than the total European output, and for two yards at Belfast to equal in one year the commercial tonnage made by all Germany, and that cheaper, better, and quicker, by its highly-organised Trade Union labour, on higher wages and shorter hours than that country enjoys. Yet here are three industries, employing on their export branch of foreign trade alone probably 400,000 work people, with at least a million people dependent on them, and a total trade of 60 to 70 millions.

This mighty industry is ignored in a calculation on behalf of a scheme which, in its wildest expectations, can only yield £10,000,000 to the Colonies, by taxing the food of the workmen so energetically employed upon an industry of which the Colonies take so small a proportion. Surely suppression, misrepresentation, or ignorance, could no further go.

The official reports prove that, under Free Trade, though population has greatly increased, wages have risen, purchasing power has been raised, hours have been reduced, housing has been improved, incomes have grown, pauperism diminished (and in that process been humanised) from 48 per 1,000, largely able-bodied, to 24 per 1,000, almost wholly aged, sick, and the non-combatants of industry. Life has lengthened, death rates have been lowered, all necessities, except rent, have been cheapened, and the comforts, luxuries, and amenities of life have for the industrial classes grown beyond the expectation of all the mid-century reformers. Better than all, work has become steadier, there is less unemployment than there was. Social amelioration has extended its influence and aim in every direction. Measured by all the social, commercial, industrial, and sanitary tests, no other country, certainly no Protectionist country, has made in the same period the same solid progress that Britain has since Free Trade was introduced.

And it is in the face of all the tests of larger trade, all the standards of rising comfort, all the proofs of greater

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wealth, that Mr. Chamberlain has the audacity to state the following, when advancing the most recent of his fantastic proposals at Greenock:—

“Agriculture as the greatest of all trades and industries of this country has been practically destroyed, sugar has gone, silk has gone, iron is threatened, wool is threatened, cotton will come! How long are you going to stand it? At the present moment these industries, and the working-men who depend upon them, are like sheep in a field. One by one they allow themselves to be led out to slaughter; and there is no combination, no apparent prevision of what is in store for the rest of them.”

In answer to this misleading and inaccurate description of British industry, it is necessary to take the trades mentioned. If agriculture employs fewer people, as it does, Mr. Chamberlain must know that anything short of 10s. to 15s. a quarter on corn will not revive corn growing. Below that, the tax on food would only mean higher rents and dearer feeding stuffs. It would mean dear food for all and, as in the days of Protection, it would not mean higher wages for land labour. It incidentally might mean social disturbances amongst the rural helots at home, when the limits of human endurance had been reached.

Sugar has not gone. On the contrary, sugar has changed, and in the process improved. The total number of people engaged in the sugar, jam, confectionery, and cognate trades, is larger than ever. But this trade will suffer from the recent action of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends in the Sugar Convention.

Silk has declined, but not to the extent alleged. Is this not partly due to the fact that it has drifted back to its natural seat of manufacture, facilitated by lack of knowledge, method, capital, adaptability, and other causes on our part, helped also by local changes of fashion, as pointed out by silk experts in Macclesfield in 1886 and since? “Iron is threatened.” By whom and where? In 1899 and 1900, the highest aggregate output ever recorded was reached in pig iron; but that was before Mr. Chamberlain’s war tipped the beam in the direction of temporary depression. On this trade Mr. J. S. Jeans, a greater authority than Mr. Chamberlain, says in 1903, as secretary of the

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British Iron Trade Association, in his report to the employers of that great and growing industry :—

“On the whole iron and machinery exports of the year, there was an increase of £1,568,521, compared with the exports for 1901. In iron and steel exports as such, there was an increase of £3,938,919. It may be interesting to add, that the total official value of our imports and exports in iron, steel, and engineering products, was £68,452,486 in 1901, and £72,714,798 in 1902.

*“No other country has an international iron and machinery trade, whether in imports or exports, of equal amount.”*

And, in face of this stupendous record of industrial supremacy, Mr. Chamberlain has the audacity to say : “Iron is threatened.” After this, one remarks, with Hudibras :—

“Ay me ; what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron.”

“Wool is threatened.” It is true that there has been a slight falling off in persons employed, and cheap woollen goods exported. But the output has greatly increased, especially in quality, and this, I am delighted to say, has gone on to the backs of our countrymen, instead of to the foreigner. Better a cheap suit from Bradford for a Birmingham artisan than cerements for the Chinese. It must not be forgotten that the woollen trades at the Trade Union Congress voted for Free Trade. “Cotton will come.” Cotton has arrived these two centuries, and will stay some time. On this subject I prefer the opinion of the cotton employers and the textile operatives to Mr. Chamberlain’s nightmare speculations. It may, perhaps, please Mr. Chamberlain to know that, in spite of his threats to that country some time back, Germany, in 1902, took 70 million yards of piece goods of all kinds, as against 56 million in 1900.

Why did Mr. Chamberlain not mention Engineering, Machinery, Shipbuilding, Coal, Building Trades, and other industries, all of which have had higher wages, shorter hours, better conditions, not only as a result of Free Trade, but because the free social conditions that Free Trade creates give a liberty of combination to diffuse the greater wealth which Protected countries do not enjoy ? No ! He prefers to cite special instances of depressed trades (none however

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so bad as he suggests), and give them general application. He makes our flesh creep over silk, or toys, but ignores the enormous growth in old trades revived by newer methods, and the creation of new industries, nearly all of them primarily due to the greater needs, the better appetites, the new found wants, that have inspired all classes of society since Free Trade has held the world in fee for Britain. What of our shipbuilding? We own 60 per cent. of the ocean shipping of the world, and build 70 per cent. of it quicker, cheaper, and better than "protected" countries. What about Coal, this great, profitable, progressive industry, that has dealt agriculture a heavy blow by giving greater freedom to its workers than the landlord, parson, and squire have allowed on the land, and to that extent, apart from higher wages, has diverted from above the ground to below such an army of workers? What about Building, that in thirty years has doubled the number of men employed in it, at higher wages, shorter hours, better conditions, displayed mainly in better buildings for the rich, commercial palaces for the merchant, better housing for the poor, and educational, recreative, and municipal buildings, all of which have been produced from the results of the Open Port and the system of Free Trade? No, there are not sufficient depressed industries in Britain for Mr. Chamberlain's "tearing, raging propaganda" to succeed.

A greater than Mr. Chamberlain, also an exile and an Imperialist, and therefore an enemy of industrial England, said at St. Helena eighty years ago :—

"You English now manufacture for the rest of the world. When the world manufactures for itself what will you do then?"

Since then, Britain has doubled its population. Its total trade was £290,000,000 then. It has grown to £900,000,000 for imports and exports alone in 1902. Like Mr. Balfour, Napoleon forgot ships, coal, machinery, and other things. And, while this treasure has been accumulating, an enormous number of our people have gone abroad, and, in so doing, have improved their condition and benefited those at home, by the free interchange of products for the benefit of all.

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Dismissing this economic pervert, whose fiscal fallacies have received too much attention, it is as well for us to state what Free Trade has helped to do for the workmen. During its operation, the whole range or level of industrial life has been raised. Even the agricultural labourer is from 4s. to 8s. per week better off under Free Trade than he was in the days of high Protection, low wages, dear food, and shameful house-accommodation. He has cheaper, better, more varied food, and, as a citizen and a man, he is not the bondsman he was when Protection blighted the life of the countryside, starved the people, and, out of the poverty it created, developed that torpor of rural life, that stagnation of mental and moral outlook, that degrading submission to the Protected landed class, whose opulent patronage sterilises even to this day the manly instincts of whole districts. Protection, through pocket boroughs and dear corn, gave political domination to a landlord syndicate which, to this day, through the House of Lords, thwarts the economic development of British rural life, and whose blighting shadow is thrown athwart every social, industrial, and political movement.

A tax on food is another subsidy to landlordism. Instead of getting more people back to the land, as it falsely promises it will, it fastens the privileged misusers of it more firmly, because more profitably, to the soil, which suffers, not from Free Trade in goods, but from lack of Free Trade in land. If there are homeless people in our large towns, as there are, it is because the people are landless in the country. In the solution of that problem, which is one of taxation or restitution, there is more hope for agriculture, than in all the fiscal nostrums which have exhausted their efficacy by the mere statement of them.

During the Free Trade period, hours have been reduced, purchasing power increased, greater variety given, almost to the point of luxury, in the cheaper and nutritive foods that pour into Britain from all parts of the world. In the past twenty years a sovereign has increased in food-purchasing value for twelve articles of household food, from 56 lbs. in 1882 to 84 lbs. in 1902. Clothes, boots, furniture, all the necessaries of life, except rent, have cheapened in

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Britain, from 1886 to 1902, just as much as they have risen in Protected America, Germany, or France.

The average weekly wages for all classes of workers in and about mines in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands have risen from 22*s.* to 33*s.* 3*d.* ; in Northumberland, from 21*s.* 11*d.* to 27*s.* 8*d.* ; in Durham, from 21*s.* 11*d.* to 28*s.* 3*d.* ; in Scotland, from 20*s.* 2*d.* to 30*s.* 11*d.*—or from an average of 21*s.* 1*d.* in 1886 to an average of 30*s.* 4*d.* in 1902. An average rise of 9*s.* 3*d.* per week for the United Kingdom ; and, with this, greater safety, and better living, and cheaper food. Agricultural wages have also risen from 9*s.* 5*d.* in Corn Law days to 14*s.* and to 16*s.*, 18*s.*, 20*s.*, and 22*s.* in northern districts, where the competition of higher town wages has compelled the farmer to sharpen his wits, reduce his rent, and add to the labourers' wages, and, as a result, to increase his productive power, his intelligence, and his outlook.

In the last fifty years, the food of the labourer has increased in quantity in low-wage districts, and in all districts in quantity and variety.

The rise in the wages of skilled and unskilled labour from 1886 to 1902 is pleasant to notice : Birmingham masons, 38*s.* 3*d.* to 42*s.* 6*d.* ; Liverpool carpenters, 34*s.* to 39*s.* 2*d.* ; Belfast ironfounders, 31*s.* to 39*s.* ; cotton spinners, 35*s.* to 40*s.* ; Newcastle shipwrights, 33*s.* to 40*s.* ; and, in all cases, reductions of hours, better sanitation, and healthier conditions have accompanied these changes, even if in some cases greater intensity has followed.

The case of America is brought before the unwary and unenlightened, to induce them to follow its example. I have visited that country, and know its people, and am conversant with their conditions, methods, and life ; but I am not green with envy of America—its life, conditions, or outlook. On the contrary, its future under the rule of the Trust and Capitalist is making it a despotism of monopoly, where money is king. It has, of course, in its size, its natural wealth, its climate and variable products, its enormous and rapidly increasing population, its freer atmosphere, its unconventional life, its relative immunity from militarism and other old-world impedimenta, many advantages over



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some European countries. But these are inherent in the country itself, and are in spite of Protection.

I believe that America would be richer, happier, and better, if it were to adopt Free Trade. It certainly would have better municipal government, cleaner State politics, and more character in its Federal life, if the corrupting influence of Protection were cut away from its social and commercial existence. Protection not only denies to the country foolish enough to adopt it the uninterrupted flow of other countries' wealth into its harbours ; but it stimulates the undue aggregation of wealth in few hands that, to hold it, resist Trade Unionism, municipal control, and legislative guidance. It keeps up the price to the consumer and, as inevitably happens, harnesses the Legislature to its money-making car, with the result, that Protectionist Parliaments are nearly always corrupt, and the easy instrument of the business man in politics, who becomes the medium for the business man in trade.

"Men of high character no longer seek public life. The average man is being steadily reduced to a dependant. You find no longer those unique strong characters which were everywhere seen in the early days of our government. The great combinations of wealth place only their tools in high positions in the State, and make very sure that men of personal virtue, independence, and high character, shall not occupy such places."<sup>1</sup>

This, on its moral, ethical, and political side is bad enough ; but the inflated stories of the American workman's Arcadia have also to be discounted by the solid fact, that, in the judgment of some of the best authorities, America has reached the top and passed its highest peak of money wages in certain skilled trades, whilst it is doubtful whether its real wages are superior to those of Britain. In the Diplomatic and Commerce Report for September, 1902, the British Consul says :—

"Within the last five years living expenses have increased more in the United States than in the previous twenty years. . . . It is hardly open to question, that the cost of living has advanced much more rapidly than wages in recent years."<sup>2</sup>

If this is the type of "protected" industrial elysium

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pierce in the *Times*, Aug. 28, 1903.

<sup>2</sup> *Diplomatic Report* for Sept. 1902, p. 14.

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into which the British worker is invited to enter, I would advise him, on American examples, to avoid the thorny paths of Preference, and the mazy byways of Retaliation, lest they may lead him, by the high road of Protection, to the labyrinth of Monopoly, with the Trust as warder and himself a prisoner. I rejoice to know that American Labour is successfully combating this tendency, and we in England wish it all success in its fight against the Trust, the first-born of Protection.

It will possibly be said by the impatient or irascible Socialist, that Free Trade is not the panacea for all the ills that industrial flesh is heir to, and that, concurrently with its operation, great inequalities prevail. Too true. But that is not inherent in, or the fault of, Free Trade, nor can it be properly credited with results. If we had as perfect an instrument for diffusing the wealth, as Free Trade is for bringing it to Britain, the New Jerusalem would be here. But Protection is worse than Free Trade as a diffusive and distributing medium ; Protection giveth to him that hath, and taketh away from him that hath not that which he seemeth to have. It exalts the Trust, pushes the Combine, bribes a few skilled trades at the cost of the unskilled, the unrecognised, and the voteless. It segregates industry still further into discordant and hostile camps, to the exclusion of the fraternal and neighbourly spirit, and makes each trade fight for its own hand in the distribution of tariffs, to the discredit of all. The relative freedom which the workman enjoys from commercial and capitalist dictation, will disappear under a Tariff, and his politics will be, not the amelioration of the working class as a whole, but the favoured patronage that Tariff brings to his trade and master, the charity which curses him who gives and him who takes.

The suggestion that higher wages will follow the imposition of a tax on food is as impudent as it is untrue. If it were true, the rise would be discounted by reduced purchasing power among all workers, for the transient benefit of the tariff-protected trades ; and they would lose it in the competition and haggling of the market, and the glut of labour.

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The idea that tariff raises wages is disposed of by European experience outside Britain ; and, in America, if the Tariff has raised wages, it has done so because the employers in a few trades have used the Legislature to inflate their prices, and have doled out to their privileged work-people a bribe to tax all other trades and consumers that have to pay.

A benefit derived thus corruptly for a few, at the cost of the many, is not worth having, and does not last long.

On every side of this problem, to get an extra £10,000,000 out of the British working classes for the benefit of the colonial, there is nothing that is satisfactory to the home producer or consumer. His wages will not be raised, but the price of his food will rise. His purchasing power in other directions will be lessened, if a tax is put on his food, raw material, or the manufactured articles, which he eats, needs, or re-exports.

Ignorance will be encouraged, obsolete methods will be patronised, a premium will be put upon all that should be discouraged, and the Imperial Parliament will be used as a clearing house for pushful manufacturers to put a member in the slot and get a tariff out. Any member courageous enough to resent this, will be challenged, not by his political opponents but by his commercial masters, and his industrial dependants. The result will be, that Parliament will become vulgar, corrupt, and undignified, in playing the monopoly game, whilst neglecting the nation's Imperial business, diplomacy, and administration.

To this vast and never ending scheme of trade favouritism, commercial subsidies, corrupt colonial trafficking, I refuse to subscribe. And I hope, believe, and am certain, that the workers as a class will refuse also.

JOHN BURNS

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**P**ROTECTION of home labour " ; " increased employment " : these are everywhere the cries of the Protectionist—at least in countries where he needs the support of the working man ! Nor has the cry failed of its effect. Since the days when Individualists headed the Free Trade movement in England, Free Trade has had for many Socialists a suggestion of " freedom " for Capital to exploit Labour. Protective tariffs, on the other hand, have seemed related to Protective Labour legislation. In England, the Chartists suspected the Free Trade movement, and from England this feeling spread to Germany. Hence, when, in 1879, a junction of certain powerful sections of agriculturists and manufacturers made it possible for Bismarck to reverse the liberal tariff policy of the Zollverein and the early Empire, the Socialists in the Reichstag, though they opposed duties on food-stuffs, were divided in their attitude towards duties on manufactures. The party, as a whole, was unwilling to treat the question of commercial policy as fundamental ; each particular duty, it was thought, should be judged " on its merits." International free exchange was regarded as the logical end of industrial evolution, but only as a corollary to a systematic organisation of industry. No change from this principle was involved when the Socialists voted for the Caprivi treaties in 1891 and the following years, for the chief work of these treaties was merely to reduce the exaggerated Protection hitherto accorded to agriculture.

In the twelve years from the eve of the inauguration of

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Bismarckian Protection to the close of that system, the whole increase in the foreign trade of Germany, both export and import, amounted to some 600,000,000 of marks (£30,000,000). In ten years from the beginning of the Caprivi system, the increase was 3,700,000,000 marks (£185,000,000).

The phrase "Bismarckian Protection" requires some qualification. Like many other successful politicians, Bismarck had no fixed principle of commercial policy. As Minister, he began by defending vigorously the Tariff Treaty of 1862 with France. In the mid-seventies he expressed a desire for retaliatory and compensating duties. Subsequently he developed a strong liking for Protection for its own sake. Similarly, Caprivi was influenced by no theoretical bias in abandoning the Bismarckian system and entering into closer commercial relations with neighbouring countries. He acted at the dictation of circumstances. France had denounced her treaties with foreign countries; and the low duties which Germany had enjoyed, in consequence of its position as most-favoured-nation, seemed likely to be replaced everywhere by higher duties. England excepted, all great countries appeared to be about to shut their doors to imports from Germany; and many small countries were preparing to follow this example. The problem which faced Caprivi was to secure markets for the produce of the steadily increasing artizan population of Germany—for that artizan population which, at the elections of 1890, had given over 1,400,000 votes to the Socialists. Without treaties leading to a general reduction of import duties, this problem appeared to be insoluble. "We must export commodities or men," was Caprivi's analysis of the state of the country.

Another very important consideration was the high price of bread in 1889, 1890, and 1891. Bad harvests had brought up the price of wheat in 1891 to 220 marks a ton, whilst rye cost over 200 marks (*i.e.* 49s. and 44s. per quarter respectively). In November, 1891, a ton of wheat at Berlin cost 234 marks (£11 14s.), a ton of rye 239 marks (£11 19s.). The weight of the 50 pfennig (sixpenny) loaf of rye bread fell from 2.42 kilogrammes in 1887 to 1.55

kilogrammes in 1891. The difference between wheat prices in Berlin and London exceeded considerably the 50 mark duty. Such prices had been unknown since the 'seventies, and even some of the leading agrarians admitted *at the time* that they amounted to a calamity for the great mass of the people. It was proposed by some to abolish the duty for a certain period. But, for obvious reasons, the Government was not attracted by this suggestion, and preferred a simple reduction in the amount of the tax. So strong was public feeling on the matter, that only forty-eight votes were cast in the Reichstag against the treaty with Austria. This treaty reduced the duty on Hungarian wheat to 35 marks a ton; it was the precedent for subsequent treaties with Russia and Roumania, to which countries, and also to the United States, the same concession was made. The majority in favour of the treaty with Austria included all the members of the Catholic Centre and its adherents, all the National Liberals, a large majority of the Imperialists, and great numbers of the Conservatives. It included also, of course, every Socialist in the House.

From that time on, German Socialists have consistently supported every measure which was calculated to make international trade freer. It was their aid alone which enabled the Government, in 1893, to secure a majority for the treaty with Roumania, which was vetoed by all the agrarians and their supporters. "In regard to commercial treaties," says Professor Lotz, "the reproach often made against the Social Democrats, or denying their support to important constructive measures, is not borne out by fact; on the contrary, since 1891, they have been essentially helpful to the commercial policy of the Government in the Reichstag."<sup>1</sup> In truth, theoretical discussion and practical experience alike have brought German Socialists to view commercial policy in a very different light from that of twenty years ago.

The attitude of the party to the trade relations of Germany with other countries was discussed fully at the

<sup>1</sup> *The Commercial Policy of the German Empire under Count Caprivi and Prince Hohenlohe*, p. 117.

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Congress at Mainz in September, 1900. A Resolution, couched in the following terms, was voted almost unanimously :

1. To reject all new or increased import duties, especially on food-stuffs, and to support the abolition, if possible, or the reduction at least, of the existing duties, and the revision of the Customs Tariff.
2. To support a policy of commercial treaties that aims at abolishing, step by step, the existing international restrictions of trade, and to promote universal Free Trade.
3. To reject all measures of Customs legislation, which (as *e.g.* maximum and minimum tariffs, *ad valorem* duties, etc.) put difficulties in the way of closer commercial alliance between Germany and other countries.
4. As regards China and all other extra-European territories, to support the policy of the "open door," and to reject that of "spheres of interest."

In the passage introductory to these propositions we read :

"The commercial policy (of Germany) is already damaging the people by its protective duties, and aims at a state of things which must create for Germany, in regard to the world-market, the same (injurious) consequences as has the German railway freight policy for the internal industrial life of the nation. The great landowners, and the mass of the manufacturers, the agrarians, and the industrial syndicates (*Kartelle*) agitate, and are evidently encouraged by the Government to agitate, for a protective policy that must necessarily result in shutting out Germany to a great extent from the markets of the world, whilst the home market would be given over to the mercies of interested parties, freed from any foreign competition. Under the motto 'Protection of domestic labour,' the consumers, and especially the working classes, are to be handed over, tied and bound, for exploitation by the combined *entrepreneurs* (manufacturers and landowners). Since four-fifths of the imports into Germany consist of raw materials and food-stuffs, this Protectionist policy would raise the cost of the most necessary means of production, as well as that of living. The German working-classes are already worse off than the foreigners who compete with them ; this policy would diminish in a comparatively short time their industrial efficiency, and interfere consequently, not only with the endeavours of German working-men after better conditions of life and labour, but also with the chances of German manufacture on the world's market, where Germany in the long run can hold her position only by means of cheap raw materials and a well-paid and well-conditioned working population. The adjustment of the conditions of labour and production in the several countries of the industrial world is checked, and the day is postponed when it will be recognised, that the economic interests of workers in all countries are identical."

If this Resolution is compared with the attitude of the Socialists in the 'seventies, it will be seen that the change of view is indeed great. True, it is not the pure milk of

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Cobdenism ; but, whereas in 1876 it was a common saying of Socialists that "the fight between Free Trade and Protection concerned the *bourgeois* only," we find in 1900 a declaration that the question is one of primary importance to the working-man. So strong was this feeling that, when the gifted framer of the Resolution (Herr R. Calwer) added to his motion the suggestion that, in order to secure favourable commercial treaties with other nations, the most-favoured-nation treaty of Germany with the United States ought to be denounced, most of the speakers who followed condemned this passage in the speech as an ill-considered concession to the catch-words of agrarian Protection.

The treaty by which the commercial relations between Germany and the United States are determined dates from 1828. It was concluded, in the first instance, between Prussia and the United States. All that it says is, that both countries shall admit imports from each other at no higher duties than those levied on the goods of any other nation. It is plain that this provision diminishes to a certain extent the value of a treaty with Germany, to those nations which see in the United States their keenest competitor. It is true also that, up to the present time, this most-favoured-nation clause has had a comparatively small value for Germany. For the United States make no tariff treaties, but hold firmly to a very high autonomous tariff. Nevertheless, the treaty has been a bulwark against commercial war with the United States, to promote which is the half-concealed desire of many German agrarians.

As has been said, the determined opposition of the Socialists to Protection is, to a great extent, due to the practical teaching of the last twenty years. Events have proved that no faith should be placed in the promise that the foreigner will pay the duty, or any great part of it. Especially in regard to cereals, it has become evident that the price of corn on the German market will always exceed the price of the world-market by the amount of the duty, and that consequently the consumer in Germany pays the full duty, and is so much the worse off as compared with the consumer in countries where there is no duty. Accord-



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ing to Professor Conrad, of the University of Halle, the price of wheat on the Berlin market exceeded the price on the London market :—

From 1886–1890 by 31·58 marks (£1 11 6) per ton  
 „ 1891–1895 „ 46 „ (£2 6 0) „  
 „ 1896–1899 „ 34·48 „ (£1 14 6) „

The difference between the prices increased and decreased in response to every increase and decrease of the duty. The response is not immediate, but it follows invariably, and to the exact amount of the change in the duty. The same can be shown in regard to rye, which is still the principal cereal food of the German working-man. The official statements, given by the German Government in the Tariff Bill of 1901, show that the price of rye per ton, in shillings, varied as follows :—

| Average of years. | Dantzic untaxed.<br>Shillings per ton. | German market.<br>Shillings per ton. | German price<br>higher than price of<br>untaxed rye.<br>Shillings per ton. | Amount of<br>duty.<br>Shillings<br>per ton. |
|-------------------|----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1885—1887         | 97·50                                  | 134                                  | + 36·50                                                                    | 30                                          |
| 1888—1891         | 113·90                                 | 167·30                               | + 53·40                                                                    | 50                                          |
| 1891—1895         | 102·30                                 | 138                                  | + 35·70                                                                    | 35                                          |
| 1896—1899         | 98·70                                  | 134                                  | + 35·30                                                                    | 35                                          |

The prices of other protected food-stuffs have shown similar fluctuations. Some advocates of the corn duties maintained that the price of bread would not follow the price of corn, on the ground that the margin between the two was to some extent arbitrarily fixed by the trade. Amongst others, Professor Hirschfeld has proved the fallacy of this contention. According to his investigations, which were based on official figures, the prices paid in Berlin for rye flour and rye bread, and also the weight of the 50 pfennig (sixpenny) rye loaf, varied as follows :—

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| Year. | Price of rye.<br>Shillings per 100<br>kilos. | Price of rye flour.<br>Shillings per 100<br>kilos. | Price of rye bread.<br>Shillings per 100<br>kilos. | Weight of<br>50 pfennig rye loaf.<br>Kilos. |
|-------|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1886  | 13'06                                        | 17'91                                              | 20'80                                              | 2'40                                        |
| 1887  | 12'09                                        | 17'06                                              | 20'65                                              | 2'42                                        |
| 1888  | 13'45                                        | 18'90                                              | 21'22                                              | 2'36                                        |
| 1889  | 15'55                                        | 21'77                                              | 24'69                                              | 2'02                                        |
| 1890  | 17'00                                        | 23'45                                              | 27'18                                              | 1'84                                        |
| 1891  | 21'12                                        | 29'05                                              | 31'66                                              | 1'58                                        |
| 1892  | 17'60                                        | 23'97                                              | 29'52                                              | 1'70                                        |
| 1893  | 13'37                                        | 17'69                                              | 21'89                                              | 2'28                                        |
| 1894  | 11'77                                        | 15'47                                              | 20'43                                              | 2'45                                        |
| 1895  | 11'98                                        | 16'50                                              | 20'63                                              | 2'42                                        |
| 1896  | 11'88                                        | 16'30                                              | 20'93                                              | 2'39                                        |
| 1897  | 13'01                                        | 17'44                                              | 22'30                                              | 2'24                                        |
| 1898  | 14'63                                        | 20'12                                              | 25'15                                              | 1'99                                        |

(1 kilo. = 2½ lbs.)

It will be seen that, with slight aberrations, the price of bread follows closely the price of corn. What does this mean for the working-man? Dr. Paul Mombert has answered this question in his excellent work, *The Burdening of the Workman's Income by the Corn Taxes*. He bases his

| Yearly income<br>of family. | Number<br>in family. | Yearly taxation for family. |                         |                                 |                         |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
|                             |                      | Duty of 35 marks per ton.   |                         | Every 5 marks per ton increase. |                         |
|                             |                      | In marks.                   | Per cent. of<br>income. | In marks.                       | Per cent. of<br>income. |
| 2,550 (£127) <sup>1</sup>   | 5                    | 20'58                       | 0'8                     | 2'94                            | 0'12                    |
| 1,940 (£87)                 | 5                    | 37'49                       | 1'9                     | 5'36                            | 0'28                    |
| 2,030 (£101)                | 5                    | 29'69                       | 1'5                     | 4'28                            | 0'21                    |
| 2,010 (£100)                | 5                    | 33'71                       | 1'7                     | 4'82                            | 0'24                    |
| 1,400 (£70)                 | 5                    | 27'58                       | 2'0                     | 3'96                            | 0'28                    |
| 1,650 (£82)                 | 5                    | 35'55                       | 2'2                     | 5'10                            | 0'31                    |
| 1,050 (£52)                 | 5                    | 18'17                       | 1'8                     | 2'70                            | 0'26                    |
| 925 (£46)                   | 5                    | 41'32                       | 4'5                     | 5'92                            | 0'64                    |
| 534 (£26)                   | 5                    | 37'87                       | 7'1                     | 5'43                            | 1'01                    |
| 604 (£30)                   | 5                    | 27'04                       | 4'5                     | 3'68                            | 0'64                    |
| 465 (£23)                   | 5                    | 30'87                       | 6'6                     | 4'41                            | 0'95                    |
| 414 (£20)                   | 5                    | 28'07                       | 6'8                     | 4'03                            | 0'97                    |
| 2,700 (£135)                | 6                    | 48'51                       | 1'8                     | 6'93                            | 0'26                    |
| 1,820 (£91)                 | 6                    | 35'72                       | 2'0                     | 5'12                            | 0'28                    |
| 1,056 (£52)                 | 6                    | 24'44                       | 2'4                     | 3'51                            | 0'33                    |
| 648 (£32)                   | 6                    | 41'60                       | 6'4                     | 5'96                            | 0'92                    |
| 633 (£31)                   | 6                    | 38'24                       | 6'0                     | 5'36                            | 0'85                    |
| 546 (£27)                   | 6                    | 40'20                       | 7'3                     | 5'76                            | 1'05                    |
| 470 (£23)                   | 6                    | 22'96                       | 4'9                     | 3'28                            | 0'69                    |
| 465 (£23)                   | 6                    | 26'32                       | 5'7                     | 3'76                            | 0'81                    |

<sup>1</sup> Neglecting odd shillings.

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calculations on seventy-five household budgets of German working-men, collected by factory inspectors and statisticians for quite different purposes, in former years and at several places; and he has calculated minutely the yearly consumption of bread per family, showing how heavily the duty weighs upon the working-man.

The great differences in the consumption of bread per family are explained by differences in the ages of the children. Furthermore, it is to be remarked that, in these budgets, the aristocracy of labour is represented in an unduly strong proportion.<sup>1</sup> This fact is important, since, as the Table clearly shows, the smaller the income, the greater the pressure of the bread tax. Even if we assumed that this Table was fairly representative of the working-class population, we get from it, as the average taxation per family, 4·56 per cent. of the income of a family of six, and 3·45 of the income of a family of five. All this with a duty of 35 marks only. In the new tariff, the minimum duty on rye is fixed at 50 marks; the minimum duties on wheat and spelt-wheat at 55 marks.

So much for the direct effects of high prices for food. But the matter does not end here. We must consider also their indirect results. The upward movement in German corn prices, which began in 1821, reached its climax in the early 'seventies. From 1871 to 1875 wheat averaged 235 marks (£11 15s.), and rye 179 marks (£8 19s.) a ton; these prices have never been equalled since, except in the year of dearth, 1891, by the aid of a duty of 50 marks a ton. It can be imagined how the landlords prospered from 1871 to 1875; we know only too well the severity of the commercial depression which followed. Such a depression Germany had never experienced before, and has never known again.

The causes of commercial depressions are among the pet problems of theorists, and it is not my intention to enter the lists here. But whatever other and deeper causes enquiry may bring to light, their direct connection

<sup>1</sup> Five-eighths of the German working-men, excluding agricultural labourers, have a yearly income of 800 marks (£40) and under. The income of the agricultural labourer is much lower even than this.

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with high prices of commodities can be proved to demonstration.

The German economist, R. E. May, in his work, *The Principles of Commercial Crises*, constructed a diagram of the movement of prices in England from 1818 to 1902. It is astonishing to see there the regularity with which each of the historical crises is preceded by a strong upward movement of the curve of prices. One is almost forced to the conclusion that there is some causal connection between the two phenomena ; nor is it difficult to discover in what this connection consists. The growing productivity of labour continually reduces the *social* cost price of commodities, but various influences militate, in the present state of society, against a corresponding fall in their money price, or increase in the nominal incomes of the mass of the community. One of these causes is monopoly in land, which, wherever it exists, tends inevitably to raise the price of agricultural products as population increases. This was the case in Germany up to the 'eighties of the last century. The growth of the population and the increasing productivity of industry created a growing home demand for agricultural products, whilst the English market—where the demand increased proportionally—was, so to speak, always at the door of the German farmer. But there was no corresponding increase in the geographical surface ; available land acquired more and more monopoly ; value and prices rose steadily. How far this movement would have gone had no new factors appeared on the world's market, is matter for speculation. This much may be taken for granted. With such agricultural prices as ruled in the 'seventies, even if they had gone no higher, we should have witnessed, during the last twenty years, periods of depression of trade much longer and far more serious than those which have actually visited us. We may agree, then, with Professor Lotz, in his conviction that, if the new German Tariff, with its increased corn duty, ever becomes law, it will directly occasion a radical change of policy. The Professor (who is a Liberal Imperialist) adds that the social dangers which would accompany this change cannot be regarded too seriously. The Socialist

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vote at the recent elections was hardly calculated to allay his apprehensions.

It cannot, of course, be contended that the conditions of the working-classes in Germany have deteriorated since 1879. On the contrary, it is admitted on all hands that, on the whole, they are somewhat improved. But this is not the point at issue ; for it would indeed be monstrous if, with the enormous growth of the productivity of human labour, no share at all had fallen to the labourer. So far as concerns Free Trade and Protection, the question is, whether the share of Labour is as high or higher under Protection as it would have been under Free Trade. The answer to this question must, from the nature of the case, be reached deductively.

One thing at least is certain. The "protected" German worker has to pay dearer for his bread, and for many other necessities, than the working-man in England or Holland, who has no "protection." It may be argued that Protection has increased his employment, that German industry has made wonderful strides during the past twenty years, that nominal wages have risen. Such arguments are all alike false in method : they are all *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*.

A striking example of the worthlessness of this "logical method" may be drawn from the history of the German iron industry. In the 'seventies, Germany produced about 2,000,000 tons of pig iron a year, and no great increase occurred between the years 1874 and 1879. In the latter year, a duty of 10 marks a ton was levied on pig iron, and duties proportionally higher on iron products (steel, hardware, machines, etc.). From that time onwards the production of pig iron rose to 3½ million tons in 1883, 4·3 million tons in 1886, 5 million tons in 1893, 7·3 million tons in 1898, and 9 million tons in 1902. Could any facts be more telling on the side of Protection ?

A closer study of the history of the iron industry in Germany leads to a different conclusion. In the first place, the production of pig iron was showing a slow but steady growth during the years immediately before 1879, when importations of iron were untaxed. The figures are : in 1876, 1,802,000 tons ; in 1877, 1,899,000 tons ; in 1878,

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2,119,000 tons ; and in 1879, 2,201,000 tons. Meantime, the imports of pig iron declined from 413,000 tons in 1876 to 243,000 tons in 1879. Secondly—and this is of cardinal importance—the year 1879 marks not only the return to Protection, but the patenting in Germany of the Thomas-Gilchrist process for converting highly phosphoric ores into good iron. Up to this time, the manufacture of iron in Germany had been hampered by the large element of phosphorus in many of the national ores. This difficulty was overcome by the new process. Moreover, from the slacks left in the furnace was derived a valuable by-product, the “Thomas Powder,” which has done so much for agriculture both in Germany and in England. Nearly all the iron produced in Germany to-day is “Thomas” iron ; and there can be no reasonable doubt that the production of iron would have gone ahead in much the same way, even had there been no return to Protection.

I would not deny that the duty has had some stimulative effect ; but has this stimulus really been an unmixed blessing for the nation as a whole ? Doubtless great works have been created, and much wealth accumulated. Some of the protected businesses have made huge profits. The Ilsele Furnace Company, in the Hartz Mountains, has sometimes paid as much as 100 per cent. in dividends, and seldom, if ever, less than 25 per cent. This Company perhaps produces iron at less cost than any other iron-works in the world. Its cost of production fluctuates between 23 and 29 marks per ton. This is highly satisfactory to the fortunate shareholders. The German consumer of pig iron, however, in spite of the low cost of production, has to pay the price of the world-market plus the import duty. On the next page will be found quotations of pig iron for the past eight years on the Rhenish Iron Exchange, compared with the prices of the English market.

With the exception of July, 1899, when the conditions were quite abnormal, the Rhenish price was never less than 18.50 (18s. 6d.) a ton higher than the English. German “Thomas” iron is somewhat superior in quality to Middlesbrough “pig.” The difference in quality would justify a price higher by about three shillings a ton. Taking this

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into account, the German consumer had always to pay the English price for his iron, plus the duty, plus the freight from England to Germany.

|                         | Germany,<br>No. III. Pig<br>iron ; price from<br>furnace, shillings<br>per ton. | England.<br>Middlesbrough,<br>No. III. G.M.B.,<br>shillings per ton. | German price exceeds<br>English by,<br>per ton. |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| December, 1894 .....    | 54                                                                              | 35—35'50                                                             | + 18'50—19                                      |
| June, 1895 .....        | 54                                                                              | 35—35'50                                                             | + 18'50—19                                      |
| January 7th, 1896 ..... | 56                                                                              | 36'25—36'50                                                          | + 18'50—19                                      |
| July 7th, 1896 .....    | 57                                                                              | 37'25—37'50                                                          | + 18'50—19'75                                   |
| January 8th, 1897 ..... | 60                                                                              | 41                                                                   | + 19                                            |
| July 8th, 1897 .....    | 60                                                                              | 40—41                                                                | + 19—20                                         |
| January 7th, 1898 ..... | 60                                                                              | 40'50                                                                | + 19'50                                         |
| July 7th, 1898 .....    | 60                                                                              | 40'40—40'50                                                          | + 19'50—19'60                                   |
| January 8th, 1899 ..... | 62                                                                              | 43'25                                                                | + 18'75                                         |
| July 9th, 1899 .....    | 70                                                                              | 69                                                                   | + 1                                             |
| January 9th, 1900 ..... | 92                                                                              | 67'50                                                                | + 24'50                                         |
| July 9th, 1900 .....    | 98                                                                              | 68'35                                                                | + 29'65                                         |
| January 7th, 1901 ..... | 98                                                                              | 50'50                                                                | + 47'50                                         |

We see here the reverse of the medal ; for who are “the consumers of iron” ? They in their turn are producers—the trades which use iron as their raw or auxiliary material. All suffer to a greater or less extent for the sake of the German ironmaster. Either they are unable to compete with Free Trade countries abroad, or they must throw the tax on to their workmen by paying them lower wages.

How heavily this tax weighs upon the country, may be seen from a glance at the following figures extracted from the Trade censuses of 1875 and 1895 :

| Number of individuals employed.                                 | 1875.          | 1895.            |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|------------------|
| In iron ore mines .....                                         | 25,284         | 20,670           |
| In furnaces.....                                                | 112,075        | 122,325          |
| In foundries, enamel, and sheet-iron works .....                | 36,936         | 91,438           |
| In factories and workshops for hardware, cutlery,<br>&c. ....   | 316,931        | 433,269          |
| In engineering works, manufacture of instru-<br>ments, &c. .... | 321,447        | 582,672          |
|                                                                 | <u>812,673</u> | <u>1,250,374</u> |

This Table shows two things :

1. How small was the increase of employment in the

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production of iron and steel, in spite of the enormous growth of that branch of the industry.

2. How many more people are employed in working up iron and steel, than in producing the raw material.

Even were it true that the miners benefited by dear iron, their interests ought not to weigh against those of the far greater number who would be benefited by cheap iron.

There can be little doubt that, without the protective duties, though the production of iron and steel might have progressed more slowly, this loss would have been more than made good by the greater growth of the subsidiary trades.

And if the reader is inclined to dismiss this as mere speculation, I would ask him to contrast the recent history of the engineering trade in Germany and England respectively. In the English trade, hours of work are shorter, and wages are higher, than in the German. The recent depression reached the German trade a full year before it was felt in the English; and when it came at last to England, it proved to be not one-half so severe.

Seven hundred manufacturers and merchants, engaged in the cutlery and implement industry which has its centre at Solingen, last spring petitioned the Reichstag on this matter. They were willing to forego all protection for themselves, if only they might buy their raw material at the price of the world's market. This was no isolated case. Manufacturers in others of the metallurgical trades have explained in the Reichstag the harm done them by the duties on iron and steel, but, knowing well the political power of the ironmasters, have been contented to ask higher protection for their own goods. Had the latter petitions been granted, the evil would have been increased. Another stage of manufacture would have seen its cost of production raised still further.

The duties on iron are the keystone of German Protection. In 1879, Bismarck's success was largely due to the influence of the ironmasters. Other trades, which were won over then by the grant of proportionate duties, have learnt by experience how small is the benefit which they derive from these duties.



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This account of the effects of Protection on the metallurgical industries may be regarded as typical of all the great industries in Germany. Everywhere it is the same picture : the trades which manufacture raw material or half-finished manufactures employ many less hands than the trades which produce the finished or nearly-finished article. The gain from the Tariff to the latter, however, is rarely more than a compensation for the tax on other raw materials. But this compensation is, of course, the less valuable the more the trade in question exports. A typical illustration of this opposition of interests was furnished by the Homeric battle between the spinners and the weavers in the Tariff Committee of the Reichstag. The textile industries employed, in 1895, 989,000 hands. Of these, 183,000 belonged to the spinning trade, 508,000 to the weaving trade, 80,000 to the hosiery and lace-making trades, and so on. The duties on yarns are comparatively high, and the weavers naturally wish to get them reduced. Rather to the amusement of the Socialist members of the Committee, the capitalist representatives of the weaving interest used language against the spinning masters which, under other circumstances, they would have denounced as absolutely subversive. One of them pointed to the high profits made by some spinning companies ; another cried out : "The spinners are spinning gold whilst the weavers suffer." The debate became excited. It should be remarked that the German spinning industry is, to a great extent, in the hands of powerful syndicates. They are protected against foreign competition by duties of 30 per cent. and upwards, and they pay their workers—for the most part females—very low wages. Weaving, on the other hand, is for the most part divided up by specialisation, and is to a great extent an industry for export, *i.e.*, dependent on the prices ruling in the world's market. And yet the weavers were in the end sacrificed to the wealthy and powerful spinners. The debates in the Tariff Committee of the Reichstag were particularly important as an object lesson of the conflict of interests in modern industrial life. Among their most significant features was the part played by the Social Democrats.

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Never before, in German Parliamentary history, had the wage-earners been represented in such strength on a Committee for the discussion of commercial policy. Whatever may be thought of their tactics, no one has denied them credit for having shown themselves admirably equipped for their task. For the most part born and bred in the wage-earning class, they brought to the work the practical experience of the worker, combined with the intellectual thoroughness of the trained Socialist. They could have had no better opportunity of completing their knowledge of the conditions and mutual relations of the several great industries. Again and again was it brought home, to all who were willing to see, that Protection in an advanced industrial country can only benefit the great centralised industries of capitalistic combines. Under this head fall for the most part precisely those trades which produce raw materials and quarter-manufactured goods.

Owing to the homogeneous character of the mass of their output, machinery and mechanical processes generally do the bulk of their work ; in nearly all cases those who find employment in them are few, relatively to those who work in the great branches of industry which are affiliated to them. In the face of these facts, we cannot but see that the question of commercial policy to-day is more than it has ever been before a question for the working-man. The experience of Germany at least has proved that it is the industrial wage-earners, with their strong sense of the interests of their class as a whole, who are, before all, called upon to take up the cudgels in the fight on this question. They have fought the new Tariff with unsurpassed vigour and determination. Many of the most reactionary manufacturers were forced to admit that the threatened interests of their trade had found no more vigorous defenders than the Social Democrats, and that their only hope of being saved from their own political friends lay with them.

A violation of the Rules of Procedure of the Reichstag stifled the opposition of the Social Democrats ; but the battle is not yet over. When the new commercial treaties come up for ratification, it will begin anew. Meanwhile, these treaties are in the making. It rests with the Govern-

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ment and the several Treaty States to determine whether they will signify an increase of the existing duties or some reductions. If there are reductions, it may well happen that the Government will have to turn to the Social Democrats in the Reichstag for support against the representatives of vested interests ; and that support they will most certainly receive. If, on the other hand, the increased duties, which were carried in the old Reichstag, are retained, the Social Democrats will resist them with all their power. This is in accordance with the principles laid down in the Mainz Resolution, and ratified at the recent elections by a practically unanimous vote of the industrial wage-earners of Germany.

EDOUARD BERNSTEIN

## PROTECTION AND THE COTTON INDUSTRY

**I** HAVE been asked to examine the position and prospects of the British cotton industry in the light of the apprehensions upon which the present Protectionist crusade is founded. It is very nearly, if not quite, the most important manufacturing industry in the Kingdom, and it is certainly much the most important from the present point of view, because the greater part of its productions is exported, chiefly to foreign countries. If then, as Mr. Balfour fears, the tendency, under our present fiscal system, must inevitably be toward a progressive, but sure contraction of the foreign markets for British manufactures, the cotton industry is one which must suffer pre-eminently, and perhaps disastrously. Let us see how we stand.

Last year, the total value of the cotton manufactures of every description produced in this country was about £100,000,000. Of this amount £44,000,000 represents the value of the exports to foreign countries ; £31,000,000, that of the exports to British Colonies and Dependencies, including India ; and £25,000,000, the value of the cotton manufactures consumed at home. These figures are based upon the official statistics of exports. It is assumed that one-third of the value of the ready-made clothing sent to foreign and colonial markets consists of cotton, and that one-fourth of the total production of all kinds of cotton goods is consumed in the United Kingdom.

How much of the £44,000,000 worth of our cotton manufactures exported to foreign countries last year was sent to those three countries whose adverse Customs tariff changes, actual or threatened, during the last twelve years, have given the greatest umbrage to the friends of reaction

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amongst us, viz., the United States, Germany and France ? According to the most careful compilation of figures it has been possible for me to make, the amounts are :—

### *Exports of all kinds of British cotton productions.*

|                                   |             |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
|                                   | £           |
| To the United States . . . . .    | 3,729,600   |
| To Germany . . . . .              | 5,816,038   |
| To France and French Colonies . . | 1,492,831   |
|                                   | <hr/>       |
| Total .                           | £11,038,469 |

The figures in the case of Germany are somewhat difficult to determine, because a very large proportion of our exports to that country is forwarded through Dutch or Belgian ports. Those sent directly amount to £3,912,209 ; and I have assumed that one-half of the total value entered as shipped in the first instance to Holland and Belgium is destined for Germany. If any one should think this proportion too great, he may lessen it at his pleasure ; but I do not think that merchants engaged in shipping British cotton goods and yarns to Germany will differ seriously from my estimate. Some of the exports to Germany ultimately reach other countries ; but probably they are not relatively of great amount.

It appears, then, that one-fourth of our whole exports to foreign countries of this class of manufacture was taken by the three countries which have, by their recent tariff policy, done most to provoke the Protectionist reaction. It must again be noted, however, that, although I have associated Germany with the other two countries as a source of the present alarm, it is only in France and the United States that adverse tariff changes have actually taken place since 1890. The greatly enhanced duties laid down in the new German tariff have not yet come into force ; and the probability is, that they will never be applied to British productions, so long at least as absolute Free Trade is maintained here. The new German tariff is a “fighting” tariff, intended to strengthen the backs of the German negotiators who are at this moment struggling with M. de Witte in St. Petersburg,

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and to serve its turn, later on, in the negotiations with Austria-Hungary and Switzerland.

What is the lesson which should be impressed upon our minds by the fact that one-fourth of our exports of cotton goods to foreign markets forces its way into three of the most Protectionist countries in the world, which are also our rivals in this particular industry? Remember that these countries are, next to the United Kingdom, the wealthiest and the most advanced in modern methods of production. In some respects Germany and the United States are, for the moment, ahead of us in regard of industrial efficiency.

The lesson is, that the wealthier any rival foreign nation may become, the more it is obliged to come to us for its supplies of useful and desirable commodities; but only so long as we can produce them at a less cost than it can itself produce them. It is a fair inference, therefore, that, the wealthier the Protectionist nations become, the more they will be obliged to resort to us for a portion of the manufactures which they require. To Russia, our exports of cotton goods are small, not only because the import duties are excessively high—although these, in their protective effect, must be much reduced from the present point of view in consequence of the heavy duty on raw cotton—but also, and chiefly, because the Russians are individually very poor, and they cannot afford to buy the fine and beautiful products of Lancashire.

But there is a further consideration, one of great moment, when we are trying to follow all the consequences of high tariff barriers set up by the Governments of great and economically progressive nations. They may, and undoubtedly do, lessen the amount of our manufactures sent to them directly, by the Customs restrictions which they impose. But that is not the end of the story. They forfeit by that very act, and forfeit mainly to Free Trade England, markets for their productions which they might otherwise possess, at least in part.

Take two illustrations. France imports very great quantities of raw silk and other raw products from China, Japan, India, and Turkey. Yet she exports very little of

her own productions to these countries in return. Why? France manufactures nearly all the things which they would gladly take in exchange, especially cotton goods. Her cotton industry is as old as that of Great Britain; and she has an abundance of efficient labour trained for generations in that branch of industry. Yet she is unable to pay directly for her imports from these countries, because she cannot produce the commodities which they want at sufficiently low prices. These are consequently paid for by means of British manufactures, chiefly cotton.

Another example. The United States present, perhaps, the nearest approach to a self-sufficing community in respect of material wealth, owing to the variety and abundance of their natural resources and their diversified climate. Yet their wants compel them to import immense quantities of tropical and other produce from India, China, Japan, Africa, South America, and the West Indies. But their exports to these regions fall vastly short in value of the amount of their imports thence. How is the balance of indebtedness settled? Mainly by means of British manufactures, of which cotton goods are the chief constituent. It is true that, in the case of China, American cotton manufactures, most of which are produced in the Southern States, are used as an important means of payment. This, however, is a remarkable exception to which I will presently revert. Setting it aside for the moment, the question again arises: why are the Americans unable to pay by their exports for the valuable produce which they receive from these tropical countries? The obvious answer is the same as that furnished in the French example. They cannot supply the kinds of merchandise which the inhabitants of these tropical regions most require from without, at prices as low as they can be obtained from our own country. Accordingly, a large part of American indebtedness to them is discharged through the medium of British manufactures. And, both in this case and in that of France, the adjustment with us is made by the excess of imports which we receive from these countries over our exports to them.

This roundabout method of conducting international trade is becoming better understood by careful observers of

## PROTECTION AND THE COTTON INDUSTRY

commercial phenomena than it was a few years ago. I draw attention to it now because it furnishes a weighty, and indeed a decisive answer, to those who imagine that it is possible for a country—say France for example—to prevent us from exporting our manufactures, directly or indirectly, in return for the imports we receive from her. She might put an absolute prohibition upon the importation of British productions, whilst we continued to receive her wines and silks and dairy produce as freely as we do now. Our manufactures would still go out in payment for these good things, although they would not go to France.

There are some indications in Mr. Balfour's pamphlet that he is cognisant of the indirect courses pursued by trade between nation and nation ; yet there is no evidence that he fully comprehends the great and inestimable compensations which the highly Protectionist systems of other nations thus put into our hands. The salient facts with regard to France and the United States are but illustrations of a generally pervading principle. The principle is, that the policy of free imports gives us an enormous advantage in competing with rival manufacturing and highly Protectionist nations, not indeed in their home markets, but in other markets, whence they are obliged to purchase large volumes of merchandise, for which they are able to pay only through the medium of British manufactures. This is, of course, a cumbrous and expensive mode of conducting international exchanges ; and, if Free Trade were world-wide, they, as well as we, would be the better off. But, unquestionably, the undesigned benefit it bestows upon us is a consequence of our "insular Free Trade" ; and it is a valuable asset, of which the Protectionist nations cannot deprive us, so long as we adhere to our traditional policy.

I have referred to an exceptional instance of the power of a Protectionist nation—the United States—to export cotton goods in successful competition with those of Great Britain. In the Southern States there has grown up, within the last fifteen years, a very important cotton-manufacturing industry. Its success is not due to its proximity to the source of the raw material ; for the cost of transporting raw cotton to the mills of North and South Carolina is not very much less than



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that of conveying it to New England or to Lancashire. It is due, almost entirely, to the hitherto abundant supply of insufficiently paid local white labour, supplied by the families of small and poor farmers who have settled in the South since the war, and by those of poor and older small cultivators in the mountains of Kentucky, who, even until twenty years ago, were accustomed to weave their own cotton and woollen clothing in household handlooms. These Southern mills produce large quantities of coarse, heavy cloth—drills and sheetings—which find a ready market in Northern China, not at home. The main reason for their success is the cheap native white labour to which they give employment ; but the supply of it is now very nearly exhausted, and it is conceded by all who are conversant with the subject that these exceptional conditions cannot last very long. This view is supported by the fact that these mills are obliged to employ, to a surprising extent, the labour of children of tender years, no State Factory laws being as yet in existence to prevent this deteriorating practice.

What is the secret of the unquestionable competitive superiority of the British cotton industry in all markets to which its products have access on equal terms, and its ability to penetrate, in varying measure, even the most highly protected markets ? In part, no doubt, the success is due to its excellent organisation, and to the ability and industry of all who are engaged in conducting it. Mainly, however, it is to be traced to the low cost of production. This is not due to low wages ; for the Lancashire scale of piece-work wages is practically the same as that prevailing in the New England mills. It is due, above all, to the fact, that the materials and accessories of the industry are all obtainable at lower prices than those which have to be paid by its competitors in any other country. The principal raw material—cotton—is laid down at the door of a Lancashire mill almost, if not quite, as cheaply as that consumed in a Massachusetts or a New Hampshire mill ; and yet the Lancashire product, with the single exception just referred to, can be sold in any open market in the world at a lower price than the American or any other like product. The main reason is, that the numerous materials which enter

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into the industry, apart from raw cotton, are untaxed ; and that the machinery and buildings necessary for its carrying on are not made dear by Protection.

The cotton industry of Great Britain has, however, long suffered from one grave disadvantage. For one class of its raw materials, patented colouring materials, it has been obliged to pay higher prices than any of its competitors in other countries. This is a consequence of a grave defect in our Patent Law, which has lately been partially rectified. The subject is much too complicated to be discussed in a final paragraph, and I merely mention it now, because it supplies the only exception to the rule, that the cost of production in regard of the materials of the cotton industry in this country is lower than it is in any other part of the world. This advantage it owes to the fact that, under the system of Free Trade, it is able to obtain the requisites of the industry at the lowest possible prices.

It may perhaps be urged by Mr. Balfour and his supporters, that they do not propose to establish a complete system of Protection, and that the general cost of production either in the cotton, or any other manufacturing industry, would not be sensibly increased. What they really do claim it is hard to say, seeing that the objects they aim at vary from temporary Customs tariff retaliation to full-blown Protection. It is needless, however, to discriminate between the various forms which their proposals to depart from pure Free Trade assume. Experience shows that, in the long run, all movements in this direction, however simple or comparatively harmless they may seem, lead on inevitably to systematic Protection. They must be judged, therefore, in regard of their consequences, not as experimental efforts to convert an erring Protectionist world, but as the first downward steps, which cannot be retraced, toward the permanent deterioration of British industrial efficiency.

ELIJAH HELM

## “TO FOLLOW THE FISHERMAN”: A HISTORICAL PROBLEM IN DANTE

IT was a natural, perhaps a necessary incident, in such a personal progress through Purgatory as is related by Dante in the Second Part of the *Divina Commedia*, that once at least we should witness the actual release of a soul, the discharge of one who has completed his purgation and ascends to the place of everlasting bliss. The choice of a person to be so discharged, involving as it did the exact appraisement of delinquency and equation of penalty, was delicate enough to tax the courage even of a Dante; nor is it surprising that he has made such a choice as to extend the supposed period of punishment to the possible maximum. The sinner released in the year 1300 is one who, *if he was a Christian at all*, and as such capable of purgation, belonged to the very earliest generation of the Roman Church. To prove his Christianity was an affair of evidence, as Dante, a strict historian according to his lights, well knew and admits. The manner in which the poet has treated the question vividly illuminates, not only the quality and limitations of his own passionate intelligence, but the general mind of that most remarkable age.

Statius, the most successful among the imitators of Virgil, was living at the date of the Neronian persecution and martyrdom of the Apostles, and during the alleged persecution of Domitian; in the last quarter of the first century A.D. he was the fashionable poet of Roman society. Down to a recent date, until in fact Latin ceased to be general reading, he might be called fashionable still. Though his poems, as we know, were not in stock at

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St. Ronan's Well, it could still be supposed, in the time of the Peninsular War, that a lady at a watering-place might want them. Vogue of this sort he will hardly recover; but references, allusions, and imitations in half the writers of Europe will long preserve to him a certain interest. For Dante and his contemporaries he was perhaps, after Virgil, the most interesting figure in literature. His works, as then known, consisted of two legendary narratives, the *Thebais*, complete in twelve books, upon the famous expedition of the Seven against Thebes, and the *Achilleis*, or story of Achilles, a fragment. The collection of fugitive pieces, or *Silvae*, since-discovered, was evidently and fortunately not known to the author of the *Purgatorio*; it would have embarrassed his charity not a little. Each of the two epics comprises a small portion giving personal information about Statius; the *Thebais* an introduction and an *envoi*, the *Achilleis* an introduction. To these Dante, as we shall see, refers explicitly and minutely. He also refers us indirectly to the satirist Juvenal as an authority on the subject of Statius; for he makes Virgil, the companion of his journey through Purgatory, claim to have heard of Statius from Juvenal himself, when Juvenal came after death to that Limbo of the lower region where the pagan poets habitually dwelt. What can obviously and certainly be learnt from these sources, what has been here stated, is fully and accurately stated, even to such a detail as that the *Achilleis* is unfinished, in the autobiography which Statius is made to give.<sup>1</sup> One particular is added, which we now know to be false; Statius calls himself a native of Toulouse, whereas in fact he was born near Naples. The origin of this error is not positively known, though it has been plausibly conjectured; all that need now be said of it is that Dante, who makes no use of the allegation, certainly did not invent it.

But it is otherwise with the large and surprising revelations which Statius makes about his moral character and spiritual history. He was converted, Dante informs us, to Christianity, and at some time before the completion of the

<sup>1</sup> *Purg.*, XXI. and XXII.

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*Thebais* was actually baptised, though he had not the courage to acknowledge his new faith, which remained always a secret—a circumstance which naturally whets the curiosity of the reader as to the source of the relator's information. The conversion was begun by suggestive passages in the works of Virgil himself, notably the prophecies of Christ in the Fourth Eclogue, and completed by admiration of the martyrs and confessors who suffered under Domitian. Besides the cowardice of thus concealing his opinions, Statius attributes to himself a sin so subtle that he has some trouble in defining it, a sin of which he justly says that it is apt to escape notice ; it is a kind of prodigality, yet by no means that which is ordinarily so called, but rather a sort of defect in avarice, an insufficient estimate of wealth, a want of attention (such appears to be the meaning) to proper economy as the necessary basis of independence and the upright conduct of life. Upon these allegations, for which no warrant whatever appears *prima facie* in the documents proffered by Dante, depends nevertheless the whole position of Statius in Dante's narrative ; the conversion admitted him to Purgatory, the cowardice and the neglect of economy have confined him there, and determined his place, for the greater part of the twelve centuries intervening.

What then is the base of these allegations ? Did Dante invent them, or did he draw them from some source to us unknown and other than those documents which he elaborately specifies, or thirdly, did he by some process of construction extract them from those very documents ? It is proposed to show that this third supposition is, upon Dante's own statement of the matter, alone entertainable, and further that there is no difficulty in following, up to a certain point, the process by which he was convinced. The question has an interest more than curious, for the light which it throws upon the state of literature and upon the poet's mind, a mind not less loyal to truth than fertile in legitimate imagination. He boasts of his accuracy in matters of fact, and not without reason. Passionately eager to know, he could make much, too much, of his data, but could not pretend, like a historical novelist, to have data where in fact he had

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none. What he alleges about Statius he could not have found, unless he had sought it with singular determination ; but find it he did. That Statius was a bad economist and compromised his independence, this Dante got, or perhaps pressed, out of Juvenal.<sup>1</sup> So much has been seen and proved before, and nothing will be said of it here. The fact that Statius became a Christian, and the history of his conversion, he inferred from the introduction to the *Achilleis*, to which, as his authority, he has actually directed his readers. And right it was that he should.

For the truth is, Dante in this matter has taken a position which, unless evidence, solid evidence, for the "concealed Christianity" of Statius had been in his opinion extant and ascertainable, would be absurd. The account which Statius gives of his conversion is elicited by a question, or rather a critical objection, put into the mouth of Virgil. Statius has already implied, as indeed his purgation of itself implies, that he was of the true faith. Whereupon Virgil very pertinently observes that the introduction to the *Thebais* (he marks the precise passage which he has in view) does not exhibit the writer as a Christian.<sup>2</sup> It does not ; in fact it shows, as Virgil himself, under the polite form of his negative, intimates plainly enough, that the writer was at that time not a Christian of any sort, professed or concealed. But why this distinction of the *Thebais*? Dante alleges Statius to have been a Christian. He indicates correctly what were in his time the sources of trustworthy information about Statius and his opinions. He then insists on pointing out that a part, a comparatively large part, of that evidence, so far as it goes, disallows and contradicts his allegation. Why does he do this, or rather, how dares he do it, if no evidence equally good were producible and produced in favour of his allegation? Such a proceeding would be absurd and unintelligible.

That the affirmative document is the later poem of Statius, the *Achilleis*, we must suppose ; if there were no other reason, because Dante had no other relevant docu-

<sup>1</sup> Juv. *Sat.* VII, 82—92. The facts stated really do imply what Dante asserts, though to notice it was not the purpose of the satirist.

<sup>2</sup> *Purg.* XXII., 55 ; Stat. *Theb.* I., 1—40, especially 22—31.

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ment, and shows that he had none. But this reference is actually given by the form and wording of Virgil's question: "Now when thou didst sing the bloody war of Jocasta's twofold sorrow, it appears not, by that touch of the string in which Clio there joins with thee, that thou hadst yet been made believer by that faith, without which good works are not enough. If this be so, what sun or what candles so dispelled thy darkness, that *thou didst thereafter set thy sails to follow the Fisherman?*" The "war" is that of Jocasta's sons, the theme of the *Thebais*. The invocation of the Muse "Clio" marks the conclusion of the prelude to the *Thebais* and the commencement of the narrative.<sup>1</sup> The "touch" or tuning of the lyre<sup>2</sup> is the prelude itself, and especially the latter part of it, which is, as shall presently be shown, essentially anti-Christian. "The Fisherman" is St. Peter, founder, bishop, martyr, and patron of the Church of Rome, whose ship (in a certain sense) Statius followed when he entered that Church. But why this metaphor of a voyage? Why should the converted Statius "set his sails"? Nothing prepares us for this figure, nor is it commonly appropriated to such religious experiences. But the readers of Dante were ready for the figure, and knew what it meant; for they were all readers of Statius. The sailings of Statius are his two poems. At the conclusion of the *Thebais*, a pretty verse,<sup>3</sup> once familiar to all, and still represented by many imitations (for example, that of Spenser at the end of the First Book of the *Faerie Queene*) compares the vast poem to a laborious voyage; his ship is now in port. That ship set sail again, when he commenced another story; and the question of Virgil, construed as it would be by those versed in the literature of the subject, means not "How did you become a Christian?", but, "How came you to write as a Christian?" Seeing that the prelude to the *Thebais* is pagan, how came it to pass that the prelude to the *Achilleis* is not? That there is Christianity there, a "concealed" Christianity, Dante assumes as notorious. Notorious however his construction

<sup>1</sup> Stat. *Theb.* I., 41.

<sup>2</sup> *Theb.* I., 33; "tendo chelyn."

<sup>3</sup> *Theb.* XII., 809; "et mea iam longo meruit ratis æquore portum."

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of the passage no longer is ; but it should be, one would suppose, not beyond the reach of discovery.

But first, what sort of evidence shall we expect ? The prelude to the *Thebais* is not Christian, is anti-Christian. Why ? The question is answered at a glance. Because Statius there acknowledges and proclaims the essentially anti-Christian doctrine, the test of orthodox paganism, as it perhaps already was in those days and certainly soon afterwards became—the deity of the Roman Emperor. To Dante, with his cardinal tenet of the distinction between the temporal and the spiritual powers, this doctrine was abominable for personal reasons, as well as on Catholic grounds ; and he has noted it, in the case of Virgil himself, as decisively damnatory. Not he, says Virgil sorrowfully, may conduct Dante into Paradise ; “the Emperor (*Imperador*), who reigns above, permits it not, because I was disobedient to his laws.”<sup>1</sup> The sting of the reproach is pointed by the use of the political term. It was another Emperor whom Virgil, to the best of his power, exalted to heaven ; and the plain fact is, whatever moral or religious reprobation may justly be attached to it, that no one did more than Virgil to spread and fortify the strange new worship of the Augustus. He foresaw (so Dante thought) the religion of Christ ; but he preached the religion of Christ’s adversary. What Dante could not think pardonable even in Virgil, he would still less have forgiven, if unrepented and not retracted, to Statius, who, in addressing the *Thebais* to the Emperor Domitian, declares the divinity of his patron in the amplest and plainest terms.<sup>2</sup> For this reason, and for no other, the preluding of Statius and his Clio is noted as not the work of a Christian. It is, for a Christian, blasphemous.

And now let us hear the later utterance of his Muse. The comparison is easy, for the two preludes are parallel, and that of the *Achilleis*, though much briefer than the other, concludes also with an address to the Emperor. It is in these terms : “O Thou, whose high primacy astonishes

<sup>1</sup> *Inf.* I., 124.

<sup>2</sup> *Theb.* I., 22—31. Domitian is entreated to remain upon earth, and leave heaven for the present to Jupiter.



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all excellence alike of Italy and of Greece, in whose praise contend both laurels, the Poets' wreath and the Captains' (long doth the one of them grieve to be surpassed) ; grant me Thy pardon, and, because of my fear, suffer me yet awhile to sweat in this labour of dust. To Thee, preparing long and not trusting yet, my labour tends, and the praise of Achilles is the prelude to Thine."<sup>1</sup>

Now this is a reverent address, and a flattering address, but blasphemous it is not. From a theological point of view it is unexceptionable ; it attributes to Domitian nothing not proper to man, nothing which has not often been attributed to Christian princes by Christian divines. From the scandal of the Christians, the deity of the Augustus, it is absolutely free. Let it be put beside the address in the *Thebais*, or the many addresses of Martial and other contemporary poets, and the broad difference will be instantly perceived.

This difference, change, omission, the modern critic, applying coolly the laws of scientific interpretation, will attribute to haste, weariness, want of finish, study of variety, to accident, or to some cause, at all events, other than scruple and intention. Let this opinion be right. But it is not demonstrably right. Very plausible reasons might be advanced against it, reasons of a kind with which Dante and the Latinists of his day were familiar. To omit the *Deity* from a public and formal address to Domitian is a thing which might have been done by chance, but was not at all likely to be so done. As easily would the framer of an address to one of the Tudor princes have omitted or inserted by chance the description "Head of the Church", or a modern composer forget the designation "His Majesty". Domitian was punctilious in this matter beyond all his predecessors and many of his succes-

<sup>1</sup> Stat. *Achill.* I., 14.

"At tu, quem longe primum stupet Itala virtus  
Graiaque, cui geminæ florent vatumque ducumque  
Certatim laurus (olim dolet altera vinci),  
Da veniam, et trepidum patere hoc sudare parumper  
Pulvere : te longo necdum fidente paratu  
Molimur, magnusque tibi præludit Achilles."

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sors ; nor was he a man with whose rules it was safe to trifle. His very secretaries headed their despatches "From His Deity our Master";<sup>1</sup> nor without some such form, we are told, was anyone permitted to approach him. This is from a hostile source,<sup>2</sup> and is probably an exaggeration, but the usage of the time supports it as true in the main. It is not therefore extravagant, or unreasonable, or improbable at all to suppose, especially if we approach the subject, like Dante, with an affectionate interest in Statius and his character, that his omission of *Deity* was not accidental but scrupulous. Dante, or the expositor whom he followed, did so suppose, and drew the necessary inference, that between the *Thebais* and the *Achilleis* Statius had undergone a change of feeling and opinion, for which, in the circumstances of the time, no explanation would be so likely as a conversion to Christianity. There were Christians about the court of Domitian; his own cousin seems to have been something like one; many doubtless were "concealed Christians", and among these Dante, upon the evidence of the *Achilleis*, would include Statius.

But out of this bare fact, even if established, Dante would not have made the circumstantial narrative, which we read in the *Purgatorio*. At least such is not his practice. His history, though not scientific, is honest; and since he tells us positively that Statius was convinced by the testimony and courage of the martyrs, he must have found evidence, or what he took for such, of this admiration. And so he did. He got it from this same passage of the *Achilleis*, by a process which (given the first step, that the language of Statius here betrays the mind of a Christian) would not be illegitimate, or would not appear so to one passionately anxious to read the beloved poet in a saving sense. Once initiated, a comparison between the dedicatory addresses in the two epics of Statius will soon reveal another difference, scarcely less remarkable than their disagreement about the deity of the Augustus. The address in the *Thebais*, like other such compositions, declares for whom it is meant. No one but the Roman sovereign, and no other person but

<sup>1</sup> "Dominus Deusque noster."

<sup>2</sup> Suetonius.

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Domitian, the brother of Titus, "defender of the Capitol," "conqueror of the North, the Rhine, and the Danube," would satisfy the terms of the description.<sup>1</sup> The address in the *Achilleis* contains no such terms, nor any terms of personal appropriation whatsoever. The Man, admired by all that is excellent in the world, the summit of all virtue in mind or in action, warfare or poetry—this *may* be the Roman sovereign, and Domitian, to judge by the date, was meant to appropriate it; but after all, he must take it himself, and the dedicator is not committed. This is not usual. Nor is it usual that an artist, even for the purpose of turning a compliment, should depreciate his work by such expressions of disgust as Statius here employs, and describe himself as "sweating in this labour of dust." Moreover his language is obscure. "Both laurels, the Poets' wreath and the Captains' (*long hath the one of them grieved to be surpassed*)"—scholars will explain, and the reader doubtless knows, what, as addressed to Domitian, this parenthesis means; but a phrase more ambiguous it would be hard to make.

Now surely from all this, if we suppose ourselves already to know that the words we read are those of a concealed Christian, rendering, or pretending to render, unwilling homage to a persecutor of the Church, we might not unreasonably conceive the suspicion of a latent intention, a meaning other than at first appears. "Here," we should say to ourselves, "is what purports to be a courtier's compliment to a certain prince. It neither names nor describes him. It offends by omission against a stringent rule of etiquette, a rule which the same writer upon a previous occasion has zealously observed. It is in one part strangely worded, in another part obscurely. In short, with the supposed application, it cannot be satisfactorily explained. Why then do we not seek another application? It is the work of a Christian. Should it not then be susceptible of a Christian sense?"

And it is susceptible of a Christian sense. The meaning of its terms, as they would, on that hypothesis, be interpreted by Dante, can be ascertained from Dante himself, and leads directly to the inference which he states.

<sup>1</sup> *Theb.* I., 17—24.

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Statius will be thinking, not of the earthly Rome, the City of the Seven Hills, but of "that Rome" (as Dante pregnantly calls it) "whereof Christ is a Roman"—the Christian Church. The *Imperator* addressed will be He against whose laws Virgil was rebellious when he gave his worship to the first Augustus, and Statius had been rebellious, but was now rebellious no longer. Christ's, not Domitian's, will be the Virtue, which astonishes all that, in mind or act, is excellent in the world, the Goodness which surpasses praise. The conception of Christ as the true spiritual Sovereign, which we shall thus attribute to Statius, is no casual fancy ; it is the essential conception upon which the Church Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, was actually built, and which was for Dante the cornerstone of theology and politics. The whole *Commedia*, *Paradiso* especially, is based on it.

It is the praise of Christ then, which will be celebrated in rivalry by the Christian laureates of both kinds, by poets and by soldiers alike. But let us observe that of these symbols one will have a new and a totally different meaning. The Prince, whose kingdom is not of this world, is praised by the same poets as other princes are, and "the laurel of poetry" means in the court of Christ (if we may use without offence the characteristic language of the *Paradiso*)<sup>1</sup> just what it meant in the court of Caesar. Nor was the thing, for Dante, a metaphor at all, but a familiar reality. It was for "the laurel", an actual, visible wreath, that he laboured in his vocation as a Christian poet upon the *Divina Commedia*. He won the wreath, and wore it, and hoped, but in vain, to receive it some day, with far happier glory, in and from his beloved Florence, as we shall presently read in a passage intimately connected with our subject. For Statius then also, speaking as a Christian, "the laurel of the Poets" would have the same meaning as for a pagan ; it is still an emblem of his own art, however differently he might conceive his poetic duty, when it was to be paid to so

<sup>1</sup> See especially *Par.* XXV, where the parallel is pursued to the utmost detail ; St. James is a "Baron", and speaks of Dante's introduction to the "secret chamber" of the "Emperor" and to His "Counts".

different a Prince. But it is otherwise with the laurel of the soldier. Not by such soldiers, as serve the princes of this world, is served the Emperor, the Supreme Commander, of the Church Militant. What is meant by "a soldier of Christ" is known to all who know anything of Christianity; though the correlative conception of Christ Himself, as a military sovereign, is no longer very familiar to a large part of the Christian world, and even to those of the Roman communion is perhaps not quite so familiar as it was to Dante, or as it was in those primitive times when it was formed, when the Church was, in more literal truth than she has been since, a militant power, warring against the world to win her place. So deep in her literature, her liturgy, her most sacred formularies, was this thought engraved, that it has passed to heirs who scarcely know their inheritance. Millions are aware that their baptism was an enlistment, the taking of a soldier's service, and that they were signed with the sign of the Cross "in token that thereafter they should not be ashamed manfully to fight under Christ's banner," who, if they were asked to explain why this was so done, would give an answer not historically adequate. Millions more, who never heard the formulary, shape their religious thoughts by that figure, and this not only, as they may suppose, because it may be used by St. Paul, but because it was adopted by the Vatican. The soldiers of Christ are the Christians, and His "laurel" is the emblem of the Christian warfare.

And if it should be said that the metaphorical soldiery of the Christian is not parallel to the literal bardship of the poet, and that, though each separately may have its laurel, we could not properly speak of them as "the two laurels", nor couple the substance of one thing to the shadow or simile of another; it will be answered that so we may think, but so did not think Dante. For he not only makes the conjunction himself, but uses it as if it were in itself natural and obvious, intelligible and familiar, founding upon it a peculiarly impressive utterance of his inner feelings and personal aspirations. In Paradise he figures himself, as a first step towards his participation in the highest mysteries, to be catechised upon his faith by St. Peter, who finally

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approves his answers by crowning him thrice.<sup>1</sup> What is the reflection which this act suggests to him? Any modern, not already informed, might guess in vain for ever. It reminds him of the hopes which he may entertain from the success of his poem, the *Divina Commedia*; admiration of his work may possibly procure at Florence the repeal of his exile, and he may be re-admitted, as an approved poet, to the city of his youth. And what then? What conceivable connection is there between this patriotic desire and his celestial graduation (the figure is Dante's own) by the Apostolic Examiner? Because *then*, as a sign of his triumph, he will receive and put on "the wreath", the poet's laurel; and this ceremony will be performed at the church of his baptism, "because into the Faith, which maketh souls known of God, 'twas there I entered, and afterwards Peter, for that faith, did so encircle my brow." The literary career and the Christian profession, art and churchmanship, poetry and baptism, these are ideas which an average man of the modern type could not easily connect if he would, nor perhaps would if he could. But to Dante, nursed in the two great traditions of Rome, the Catholic tradition and the Classic, those ideas are, as it were, two aspects of one thing, so that he turns from one to the other almost without sense of transition. And the link is a laurel wreath. His art and his faith, his poem and his baptism, each promises and confers "a laurel"; this the laurel of Christian scholarship and inspiration, and that the laurel of Christian warfare and triumph. Branches of one service, duties to one Master, they bring the like, or rather the same, reward. And he presumes as of course that Statius, when he had become a Christian and a Catholic, must have thought in the same terms.

Since then the military laurel signifies for Statius the crown of the faithful Christian, what is "the laurel of the Captains" or "Leaders" (*duces*)? For it is of this specially that he speaks. The soldiery of Christ being, as Dante says again and again, the Church Militant and Triumphant, who in that host are the leaders? And in particular, who

<sup>1</sup> "Tre volte cinse me" *Par.* XXIV., 152, but more precisely "*sì mi girò la fronte*" in the subsequent allusion, *Par.* XXV., 12.

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would be so regarded and described by a Roman Christian, writing towards the close of the first century A.D. ? Who else but that "noble army," of martyrs and confessors, who, at that very time, were inaugurating by their triumphant sufferings the Sacred City of Christendom ? Who else but "that soldiery who followed Peter," the companions and successors of the Martyr-Apostles, they of whom "the Vatican and other the elect parts of Rome are the burial-place,"<sup>1</sup> the victims of the persecution commenced by Nero and continued, as Dante believed, by Domitian ? These events, for the Roman Church historically important beyond all others save that of Calvary, fill such a place in the mind of Dante himself, that he can actually designate St. Peter, upon this ground simply, as "the high Centurion", "the great Leader of the File" (*l'alto primipilo*) ; and indeed the *Commedia*, especially the *Paradiso*, everywhere illustrates them and the conceptions of which they were the base. How should they not have been all-important to a Christian contemporary, such as Statius, or how should he speak of them otherwise than as Dante himself had been taught ?

And if Statius, having thus naturally brought together the laurel of the Poets and the laurel of the Martyrs, goes on to say that of these two "one hath long grieved to be surpassed," do we not easily understand him ? Well might a great poet, who was also a concealed Christian, writing in the last days of Domitian, thirty years after "Peter and his beloved brother had put Rome on the right track," describe the laurel of Christian poetry as ashamed of her representative, and grieving to be so long and so far behind the sister wreath, the laurel of Christian soldiery. Well might such a Statius as Dante figured, eager and yet afraid to confess his faith, and to devote his talents to the service of his spiritual Prince, grieve, while he set himself wearily to celebrate a mere Achilles, while he postponed to this poor task the noble theme of Christ and His triumphant Church, while he cautiously trimmed the ambiguous phrases, which, under the disguise of a compliment to the anti-Christian persecutor, should express and yet hide his ineffectual remorse. Well might he grieve to compare himself with the

<sup>1</sup> *Par. IX.*, 139.

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victors of the arena, the Captains of the Host, who sealed with their lives the testimony by which he had been convinced. "Grant me Thy pardon, and *because of my fear*, suffer me yet awhile to sweat *in this labour of dust*. To Thee, preparing long and *not trusting yet*, my labour tends, and the praise of Achilles is the prelude to Thine." It may be and is a strange effect of chance, but it is none the less fact, that these words are far more appropriate to the secondary sense put upon them by Dante, than to the primary and sole sense for which they were really written. Domitian, if he read them, must have read with a sneer. The *Thebais* opens with similar excuses ; the exploits of Domitian are a theme for which Statius is not yet fit ; let him practise first upon Thebes, and then he will venture. Twelve books of practice, published successively in about as many years, had followed this declaration ; and now "he dares not yet," but starts instead, by way of further preparation, upon an unlimited story of Achilles. The insincerity is so transparent, the uneasy emphasis so plainly false, that silence, one would think, might have better pleased. But the Christian interpretation makes all simple. Between the times of the two compositions, suppose the poet converted to the Christian faith ; and then his second plea, as addressed to the neglected Majesty of his secret homage, becomes a real thing, new, natural, and expressive.

In brief then the matter stands thus. If Dante had been in the situation which in *Purgatorio* he attributes to Statius ; if Dante had been living in Rome, about the year 90 A.D., a poet baptised but unprofessed, a proselyte of the martyrs, but a proselyte silent and ashamed ; if he had designed to relieve his oppressed feelings by uttering them in the form of symbol and enigma, a form which he loved for its own sake, as a species of art, and uses constantly in his own work ; then he would naturally have written in just such words as Statius actually employs. Therefore he did not hesitate to infer the situation from the words. This argument was indeed fallacious ; because the notion of one Catholic way of thinking and one Catholic language, the same in all ages and for all persons, in the first century and the thirteenth, is not sound ; because there is such a thing



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as evolution. The precise coincidence and conformity, upon which Dante founded his conclusion, really disproved it. Statius, if he had had Dante's thought, would doubtless have expressed it otherwise. But if Dante had been capable of seeing such an objection as this, he would not have made the *Divina Commedia*. According to such laws of interpretation and proof as he had learnt, the authority upon which he went was perfect; and there is no reason to think that he has broken his general rule by putting forth as history what he did not believe to be demonstrable.

When he makes Statius say that, even after his conversion and baptism,

“*per paura* chiuso Christian fu' mi  
*Lungamente* mostrando paganesmo”<sup>1</sup>

“*through fear* I concealed my Christianity and *t tediously* pretended paganism”, he is translating the *trepidum* (“in my fear”) and the *olim dolet* (“long have I grieved”) of the *Achilleis*. The *trepidum* indeed he has translated twice; for the sound of it, or perhaps an alternative reading *tepidum*, has suggested the next words,

“E questa *tepidexxa* il quarto cerchio  
Cerchiar mi fe' piu ch'al quarto centesimo.”

This lukewarmness cost the sinner more than four centuries of purgation.

Two facts Dante alleges, for which if he had express authority, we have still to find it: that Statius was disposed to Christianity by the prophetic hints which he found in the *Bucolics* of Virgil; and that he was baptised. Both facts, the Christianity itself being once established, might fairly be presumed. To Dante, himself accustomed to regard the Fourth Eclogue as a Messianic prediction not less clear and scarcely less sacred than those of the Bible, it was impossible that, in the situation supposed, the true sense could escape Statius; and it was inconceivable that the penitent of the *Achilleis* should neglect the rite necessary to salvation. But in each allegation there is a particularity of circumstance, an exactness of detail, which points to

<sup>1</sup> *Purg.* XXII., 90.

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something more than presumption. Dante will tell us *what words* in the Fourth Eclogue Statius laid to heart; he knows *when* Statius was baptised, that is to say, how much of the *Thebais* had been written when the rite was performed.

"Before I brought the Argives in my poem to the rivers of Thebes, I myself had received baptism."<sup>1</sup> What does this mean? "Before I described the expedition of the Seven", before the composition of the *Thebais* as a whole? Impossible. Dante has just said and proved that Statius, when he began the *Thebais*, was a pagan. "Before the poem was finished"? Impossible. The story, which Dante knew minutely, is so far from ending with the arrival of the expedition at Theban waters, that there rather, after too many preliminaries, it may be said to begin. The point, fixed by a reference quite explicit and almost reproducing the words of Statius, is the entrance of the invaders upon the territory of the hostile city.<sup>2</sup> And the assertion is, that what follows from this point, the latter half of the story, which takes place at Thebes, was written after the author's admission to the Church, but the preliminary portion before it. Are we then to suppose that Dante invented this? Were he liberal of spurious history as any Dumas, this statement, from its very nature, he could not have made, except as a scholar and upon documentary evidence.

Evidence for this, to him satisfactory, he must have found, and probably also for the Christian studies of Statius in Virgil's Fourth Eclogue; though it by no means follows that his researches are now traceable by us.

Yet as to Virgil and his prophecy the evidence is obvious, in that same preface to the *Achilleis*, and in the first lines of the poem. The poet's address to his Emperor (that is, to Christ), is preceded by a brief passage in which he declares his theme, appeals for inspiration in the conventional form, as Dante himself and his Christian brethren

<sup>1</sup> *Purg.* XXII., 88.

<sup>2</sup> *Bœotique ventum flumina*, Stat. *Theb.* VII., 424; *ai fiumi di Tebe*, Dante, *Purg.* XXII. 88.

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did, to Apollo, and claims favour as the author of the *Thebais*. "Tell, Muse," he begins, "of the great-hearted Achilles, *and of that Offspring whom the Thunderer feared and would not suffer to inherit his native heaven.*"

"Magnanimum Acaciden, *formidatamque Tonanti*  
*Progeniem et patrio vetitam succedere cælo,*  
Diva, refer."

Now the Virgilian words, which Dante makes Statius quote for Christian, are the famous

"ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo, . . .  
Iam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto." <sup>1</sup>

"Now comes the birthday of ages new . . . and *from high heaven a new Offspring is sent down.*" These words, out of much else similarly interpreted, Dante might no doubt have chosen for their celebrity, and by conjecture only. But not so. Statius, he thought, alludes to them. How should he think otherwise, when he found Statius presently saying to Christ: "To Thee my labour and preparation tends, and the praise of Achilles is the prelude to Thine"? How should he not think that Statius saw an analogy between the prelude and the sequel, saw in Achilles a type of the Christ to be, and suggested this connection in such terms as a student of Virgil naturally would? We of the North do not habitually think of Christ as the enemy, the terror, and the dethroner of Jupiter, as the Prince whom the devil-deities of the pagan Empire imprisoned and fain would have kept in Hell, whom, even after He had ascended to His Father's heaven, they excluded long from His lawful prerogative. All this never had much hold, even as a figure, upon our exotic Romanism; and now, when we meet reflections of it in our imitators of the Italians, it has a foreign and not very congenial air. But to a mediæval Italian, loyal both to the Holy Empire and the Holy See, this was reality, the chief reality, was history and the very core of it. Nor is it now natural to seek Christian parables in pagan legend, or to celebrate the Saviour

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Ecl.* IV., 7; Dante, *Purg.* XXII., 72, "e progenie discende dal ciel nuova."

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of mankind as a greater, a victorious Achilles. The world has unlearned that language, and we Teutons the faster, as we had some pains in learning it. Jupiter never reigned here, and Achilles is not our compatriot. But to an Italian Latinist of the thirteenth century this was the native voice of religious imagination, the Catholic speech as it had been spoken always, or should have been spoken, since the new birthday of Time. How then should Dante not suppose that the Christian Statius, who joins in one project the themes of Achilles and Christ, remembered Virgil's prophecy of "the Offspring from heaven sent down", when he wrote of the "the Offspring whom Jove would not suffer to inherit His Father's heaven"?

Much more difficult, and probably not now answerable, is the question why the latter part of the *Thebais*, the Theban part, is alleged to be Christian work. The evidence should lie in the *Thebais* itself, in some change of tone, some allusions to Christian thought, language, rites or symbols, appearing at or after the point of division. But the field of search is wide, and the object vague; I have found nothing which seems worth notice. That Dante was more successful we need not doubt, and meanwhile we can see what put him on the track. In the prelude to the *Achilleis* Statius says that this beginning of a new poem is not his beginning in poetry; "this brow has worn the wreath before, as witness *the land of Thebes*." We have seen how closely in the mind of Dante his office as a Christian poet is connected with his baptism, two gifts of the Spirit joined by the common symbol of the laurel crown. With such feelings he would find it only proper that a poet, speaking as a convert to Christianity, should date his true beginning in poetry from his birth to God. Now Statius here associates his previous work with *the land*, or more exactly, with *the territory of Thebes* (*Dircaeus ager*).<sup>1</sup> By this limitation he doubtless means nothing particular; he is no precisian in words; "the territory of Thebes" is "Thebes", and "Thebes" means generally the *Thebais*. But Dante, one of the most precise writers that ever was, if he had used such a limitation, would probably have meant what he said, and

<sup>1</sup> *Achill.* I., 12.

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would have referred only to that part of the poem which really is connected with Theban soil. Here was enough, not indeed to prove that Statius was a Christian "before he brought the Greeks to the rivers of Thebes," but to prompt the search for proof; and a search, conducted with such good will as Dante brought, was not likely to be disappointed.

Not that this or any part of the investigation must have been made for the first time by Dante. The contrary is to be supposed from the way in which he uses the results, treating them, and the process by which they were attained, as known and accepted. He went over the ground for himself, we see; and so always, to the best of his power, he did. But the lines must have been laid before, probably by some one of the ardent Latinists who were his friends or teachers. Like almost all contemporary work of this kind, the speculation, if ever it was put into written form (which is by no means presumable), has doubtless long ago irretrievably disappeared. Dante took it for granted. The earliest commentators on Dante were concerned, naturally and reasonably, with other things, which they supposed to be more perishable, and perhaps more interesting. But this has an interest too.

A. W. VERRALL

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THE Report of the Royal Commission on the War in South Africa has brought the eternal problem of the War Office once more to the front—and left it there. The Commissioners prudently excuse themselves from dealing with it comprehensively: they are not prepared to go in detail into questions so numerous, so important, and so complicated, as the problem involves: while, as to the broader features which lend themselves more readily to off-hand treatment, the functions of the Commander-in-Chief, the constitution of the Boards, Councils, and Committees in which Pall Mall abounds, and so forth, they have all gone once more to the melting pot since the war began, and the metal is still too hot for testing.<sup>1</sup> Yet there is one important feature on which judgment might and should be pronounced without delay. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about civilian interference in the military affairs of this country, it is the fact that, in spite of the opinion so commonly held about the business capacity of the British officer, we, the “nation of shopkeepers,” and we alone, place the business of our Army in the hands of soldiers, subject only to the personal control of a civilian Minister of War. The House of Commons, when it discusses Army Estimates, devotes its attention to political and strategical problems, such as the proper strength and distribution of the Army and its relation to the Navy in the defence of the Empire, to technical military questions, such as the range and rate of fire of field guns, or even to the personalities of the latest “ragging” case. The work that

<sup>1</sup> See Report of the Commissioners, par. 264.

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remains to be done when all these interesting matters have been settled, the sheer business of transporting, feeding, housing and equipping the troops, is too dull a subject for discussion by the great business assembly of the nation, unless some suspicion in connection with contracts should temporarily invest it with the fascination of a personal scandal. About Budget time, indeed, Members of Parliament awake to the fact that the Army costs a good deal, and curse in chorus the War Office and all its works; but, blinded by the half-truth that expenditure is determined by policy, they do not look at the expenditure itself, or enquire on what system, and by what men, the business of the Army is conducted.

Before entering upon such an enquiry, let us clear the ground of one fallacy which has been in evidence of late. The business of the Army, it is sometimes said, should be carried on by business methods and on business principles. If this has any meaning at all, beyond mere copy-book platitudes such as "Observe Punctuality and Despatch in all your Dealings," it signifies that the principles and methods of commercial undertakings should be adopted in the War Office. But the central principle of commerce is to work to a profit; its methods are directed to that end, and its performances judged by that test; and increased expenditure is in itself a good thing, provided only that profit follows. Whereas in Army affairs there can be no question of profit, and increase of expenditure is the first thing to avoid. The soldier, moreover, even in peace, is essentially an uneconomic being, for whom the ordinary law of supply and demand does not exist. He may not wear what he likes, eat what he likes, lodge where he likes; but must live where he is ordered, eat and wear what is provided for him, not in response to any demand of his own, but by superior authority. In every relation of life he must be cared for by special administrative machinery, and his rights are carefully guarded by Act of Parliament. In the ordinary social organism, the natural wants of the individual provide for themselves automatically, just as in animals respiration and the circulation of the blood are performed unconsciously; but in the Army a conscious intelligence must perpetually direct the perform-

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ance of the vital functions. To these fundamental differences between Army affairs and commerce, add the special conditions introduced by our systems of Parliamentary control and national finance; and it will be clear that no wholesale transplantation of the principles and methods (with perhaps the staff) of Messrs. Smith, Jones & Co., the Universal Providers, will suffice to solve the problems of Pall Mall.

It may at first sight seem strange that there should still be problems unsolved, after a standing army has been by law established in this country for more than two centuries. But, in fact, for the greater part of that period, conditions were altogether different, and Army administration in the modern sense hardly existed. In peace, there was no higher unit than the regiment, and that was practically "farmed" by the Colonel, who fed and clothed the men, drew their pay from the Paymaster-General, and was authorised to hold back a certain portion of it, out of which he made such profit as he could, after providing what was necessary. Arms were supplied by a separate civil department of State, the Board of Ordnance. The Militia was under the Home Office, and Volunteers there were none. The Commander-in-Chief, when one existed, had no powers whatever outside the United Kingdom, and within it could not order the expenditure of a single penny. On matters of discipline and command, he took his orders direct from the Sovereign; but all expenditure had to be authorised by the Secretary at War, who was a Member of Parliament, but not in any sense a Minister of the Crown, and who therefore had no authority over the Commander-in-Chief, apart from the power of refusing to sanction expenditure. There was no Secretary of State for War, but the troops abroad, whether in peace or war, were under the control of the Secretary of State for the Colonies; and were supplied with food and other "extraordinaries" by officers of the Treasury, called "Commissaries," sent out for the purpose. When war appeared on the horizon, there was no instantaneous mobilisation, thought out beforehand in every detail, and no "reserve" to be called back to the colours from civil life: the Army just went out as it stood.



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These were the conditions under which Wellington fought his campaigns, and which lasted up to the time of the Crimean War. Then a Secretary of State for War was created (June, 1854) ; all the various departments concerned with the Army were pitchforked under him—they have never yet been brought under one roof—and were left, with the war on their hands, to shake down together as best they might. This was the genesis of the War Office.

Of course the first result was chaos, and countless changes were made in the attempt to adjust the internal strains of a machine so hastily constructed. Of these we need notice only two. The Commander-in-Chief still sat at the "Horse Guards" in Whitehall, and corresponded with the Secretary of State by formal letters. It was only after a long struggle that the latter, by insisting on his constitutional responsibility for the exercise of the royal prerogative in Army matters, succeeded in establishing his right to control the actions of the former in matters such as discipline and the promotion of officers. This, and the real reforms which followed later,—the abolition of purchase and the introduction of short service,—sufficiently account for the traditional attitude towards the War Office of that very influential and vocal section of society, the Army officer and his friends.

The second important change was the destruction of the purely civil character which the Commissariat and Military Store Departments had possessed under the Treasury and the Board of Ordnance ; and the assumption, by the executive staffs of those departments, of a quasi-military status. This was the first step in a process only recently completed.

In 1869, a Committee under Lord Northbrook was appointed to inquire into the conduct of business in the Army Departments. The reports of this Committee exhibit the first—and it may almost be said, the last—attempt to deal with the whole question of War Office administration on rational and comprehensive lines ; and the organisation founded on these reports was the nearest approach to a stable and permanent constitution which the War Office in its fifty years of life has enjoyed. The

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whole sphere of administration was divided into three principal departments :—

I. Military, under the Commander-in-Chief: the *personnel* of the Army, its training, and discipline.

II. Control<sup>1</sup> (or Supply), under the Surveyor-General of Ordnance: all *matériel* services, and transport.

III. Financial, under the Financial Secretary: financial control of expenditure, accounts, and audit.

The first of these departments was the “Horse Guards”: it was entirely under military control, but employed permanent civilians as clerks.

The second, in which what I have called the Business of the Army was done, was a civil department: that is, it was entirely independent of the Commander-in-Chief or other military authority; but it employed a number of Artillery and Engineer officers on technical duties relating to artillery and other warlike stores, fortifications, and buildings generally. As regards the Surveyor-General himself, Lord Northbrook's Committee reported as follows :—

“Looking to the magnitude of the expenditure and the importance of the business connected with the supplies of the Army, it cannot fail to be a great advantage that the Control Department should be represented in Parliament; but it must not be forgotten that the duty of administering the supplies of the Army requires special qualifications, and the first object should be to appoint to the office a person possessing those qualifications. It would therefore, we think, be unfortunate if the appointment came to be considered as one which must, as a matter of course, be conferred upon a Member of Parliament. It would be sufficient, in our opinion, that the office should be classed with those of the Naval Members of the Board of Admiralty, who form part of the political administration of the day, are eligible to sit in the House of Commons, but need not necessarily always be Members of Parliament.”

Unfortunately, as we shall see, this warning was soon forgotten.

Under the Surveyor-General came the responsible heads of the several branches: the Director of Supplies and Transport, the Director of Artillery and Stores, the Inspector-General of Fortifications (Works and Buildings), the Director of Clothing, and the Director of Contracts. Of these, the

<sup>1</sup> This name was resented by the army, and was soon dropped.

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second and third were military officers employed in a civil capacity, the others were permanent civilians.

The Financial Department was civilian throughout, with the Accountant-General of the Army as its permanent head. The Financial Secretary was always a Member of Parliament, and his distinctive function was the "financial control" of expenditure—a special provision intended as far as possible to supply the want of that mainspring of business economy, the necessity of making a profit. All proposals to exceed the sums voted for any purpose, or to introduce new forms of expenditure, were to come before him for criticism; but within the limits of the regulations and the votes, the business departments were supreme. Their estimates once passed, they could order whatever expenditure they considered necessary to meet the current needs of the Army, so long as they did not exceed the money voted, without reference to the Financial Secretary; and, the money once converted into supplies or stores, he had no means of watching their consumption. Financial control, therefore, was by no means control of the conduct of business; and Lord Northbrook's Committee clearly recognised that for important positive economies it was necessary to look to the business departments themselves. Their duty was, not merely to supply whatever the Army wanted, but also to control its demands for *matériel*, a function for the due performance of which their independent status as permanent civil departments, outside the Army itself, was of vital importance.

Here was an intelligible scheme of administration: a Head Fighting Man, a Head Business Man, and an Economist, with the Secretary of State to co-ordinate the action of the whole, and settle disputed points. Shortly after this organisation was adopted, the Commander-in-Chief showed his acceptance of the new position by migrating to the War Office in Pall Mall. What followed was a striking example of the conquered leading captivity captive.

After eighteen years (1870–1887) the organisation broke down, mainly because Lord Northbrook's warning against making the Surveyor-Generalship a minor political post of

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the ordinary type had been disregarded. The first Surveyor-General, General Sir H. Storks, commanded the confidence of the Army: his successors, who, with one exception (General Sir John Adye), were Members of Parliament with no special knowledge of army affairs, did not. At the same time, ranking (as they did) somewhat above their colleagues, the Financial Secretaries, and sitting side by side with them on the benches of the House, it was only natural that they should escape, as they did in fact escape, from financial control. Certain failures of bayonets and cartridges during the period of the Egyptian campaigns—matters in which, be it observed, the responsibility rested with the military experts employed in the Surveyor-General's department—gave opportunity for raising the cry that the department was neither efficient nor economical; military opinion declared that no civil department could properly supply the wants of the Army; and Mr. Stanhope, soon after taking office as Secretary of State for War, announced a great change. The Surveyor-General was abolished, and the business of the Army was placed in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, provision being made at the same time for a somewhat more effective financial control.

There had always been, on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, a Quartermaster-General, whose main duties were to make arrangements for moving troops from place to place, and to see that they were properly housed and fed by the civil departments. This officer now took over the duties of the Director of Supplies and Transport, who disappeared, while the Director of Artillery and Stores, and the Inspector-General of Fortifications, were transferred to the Commander-in-Chief. But the factories for warlike stores at Woolwich and elsewhere, which had formed part of the branch of the Director of Artillery and Stores, the Clothing Department, and the Contract Department, were still regarded as too civilian in the nature of their work to be transformed into Military Departments, and therefore remained on the Civil side of the War Office. As, however, apart from the Secretary of State himself, there was now no other Member of Parliament to put them under, they were assigned to the Financial Secretary, who thus became primarily responsible

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for a large portion of the expenditure which it was his special function to criticise and control. So illogical a position could not be permanent, and within the last few years the Factories and Clothing Department have followed the rest of the Surveyor-General's work to the military side of the War Office, the Contract Department alone remaining on the civil side. For some years, the permanent civilian clerks who formed the staff of the Surveyor-General's department were retained in the new military departments, but more recently they have all been displaced, to make room for military officers and soldier clerks. The whole business of the Army, with the sole exception of the making of contracts, is thus now in the hands of soldiers.

It may seem that this sole exception is so wide as practically to cover all the ground, and that the retention of the Contract Department in the province of the Financial Secretary gives him a *de facto* control over all the expenditure of the business departments ; but this is not the case. The duty of the Director of Contracts is to make contracts for such things as the business departments may demand, to specifications drawn up by them, and subject in all cases to their inspection of the goods. Whether the things are really wanted, whether they are of satisfactory design and of sufficiently (or even unnecessarily) good quality, is no concern of his : he is simply responsible that the orders are placed honestly and to the best advantage, after fair competition. For food and forage he does not even make the contracts, but only reviews those entered into by the local military authorities.

Let us see in a little more detail what the nature of the business is, and who are the men who control it.

The Quartermaster-General provides the army with food, forage, fuel and light, and other consumable supplies, with transport by land and sea, and with horses. He has charge of all barracks and their furniture. He is also the Head of the Army Service Corps, which does the actual work of supplying the wants of the troops and providing military transport ; and of the Army Pay Department, who are the cashiers and accountants of the army. These two bodies number some eight thousand officers and men.

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The Director-General of Ordnance is the expert on artillery, rifles, and warlike stores generally. He is also Clothier-General and Ironmonger-in-Chief to the army, providing it with clothing and with stores of all kinds, from big guns to cooking utensils and scrubbing brushes. He has factories for warlike stores and clothing, employing about twenty thousand men and women ; and what he does not make himself, he buys through the Director of Contracts. For the testing and storage of all these things, and their distribution to the troops, he has under his orders the Army Ordnance Corps and Department, employing some two thousand soldiers and six thousand civilian workmen and labourers.

The duties of the Inspector-General of Fortifications are too numerous and varied to be fully catalogued here. They include the design and construction (generally by contract) of all forts, barracks, stables, storehouses and other buildings, the custody of War Department lands, the defence of ports by submarine mining and torpedoes, field works, railways, telegraphs, and ballooning. He is the professional Head of the Corps of Royal Engineers ; but its military discipline is in the province of the Adjutant-General.

Thus, the Quartermaster-General's duties are almost entirely of a "business" character, while those of the Director-General of Ordnance and the Inspector-General of Fortifications are a curious mixture of business with strictly technical military matters—the supply of clothing and ironmongery, the building of warehouses, and the duties of an estate agent, mixed up with the design of artillery, forts, and submarine mines.

As to the officers who hold these posts, a study of the Army Lists since 1888 will suffice to establish the following propositions :—

The Quartermaster-General's appointment is a military appointment, always held by the men who command fortresses and districts, and lead armies in the field.

The Director-General of Ordnance is always an Artillery officer, but it is not the rule for him to have had any previous experience of the business side of his duties.

The Inspector-General of Fortifications is always an

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Engineer officer, and, as such, has always had departmental experience : but he also commands fortresses and districts.<sup>1</sup>

These appointments reflect the national faith in wide experience and general capacity, in preference to specialised training and expert knowledge. It is the same faith which places at the heads of our public departments Ministers who have no practical experience of the matters they are to conduct, and invests our money in companies of which the Directors are often equally free from any special training in the business in hand. But at least it is generally understood, that somewhere below these administrative heads there stand permanent expert employés, managers of departments, and so forth, who have a lifelong acquaintance with the mysteries of their craft ; while, in the business departments of the War Office, there is no longer any permanent element at all, unless of a completely subordinate grade, but an ever-shifting body of Staff officers, who serve their three or five years, and pass elsewhere.

The dominant note of the whole War Office system is this faith in the limitless versatility and universal genius of the officers of the General Staff. In Germany it is ordered otherwise. There, the strategists and tacticians recognised long ago that the housing, clothing, and feeding of troops form a special profession, having nothing in common with the duties of the fighting man ; and that to stake the safety of the nation on the equal success of the same individuals in these two different spheres was to court double failure—failure in the field of battle, by giving the command

<sup>1</sup> The following are the officers who have held these appointments since 1888 :—

| <i>Quartermaster-General.</i> | <i>Director-General of Ordnance.</i> | <i>Inspector-General of Fortifications.</i> |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1887. Sir R. Buller.          | 1885. Sir H. Alderson.               | 1886. Sir. Lothian                          |
| 1890. Sir T. Baker.           | 1891. Sir R. Hay.                    | Nicholson.                                  |
| 1893. Sir R. Biddulph.        | 1895. Sir E. Markham.                | 1891. Sir R. Grant.                         |
| 1893. Sir E. Wood.            | 1899. Sir H. Bracken-                | 1898. Sir R. Harrison.                      |
| 1897. Sir R. Harrison.        | bury.                                | 1903. Gen. Shone.                           |
| 1898. Gen. Burnett.           |                                      |                                             |
| 1898. Sir G. White.           |                                      |                                             |
| 1899. Sir C. Mansfield        |                                      |                                             |
| Clarke.                       |                                      |                                             |
| 1903. Sir Ian Hamilton.       |                                      |                                             |

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of armies to men whose talents are of the desk, and failure in the field of administration, by giving the conduct of business and the power of the purse to men whose genius lies in attack and defence. The German General Staff, therefore, has nothing to do with business, which is entirely in the hands of the *Intendantur*, a body of "military officials" (not "officers"), who, though they generally begin life in the army, have no military rank or prospect of returning to the profession of arms, but are to all intents and purposes civilians. In France, the same distinction is observed.

In our own Admiralty, again, there is a well-marked distinction between the navigating and fighting of ships at sea, and the business of building them, fitting them out, and feeding and clothing their crews. The ships are designed by a civilian staff under a Chief Constructor; they are built in yards which are managed by a Director of Dockyards; their stores are put on board by a Director of Stores; and food and clothing are provided by a Director of Victualling and Clothing, all of whom are permanent civilians. The same contrast is evident in the sphere of education. Both War Office and Admiralty have recently appointed Heads of their Education departments: the former, a distinguished General fresh from South Africa: the latter, a Professor from Cambridge.

It is true that the permanent civilian Heads of the business departments in the Admiralty are subordinate to one or other of the Naval Lords. This is an important feature, to which I shall return later. The point I am now concerned to emphasise is, that in the business departments of the War Office there is no permanent element whatever in any position of defined responsibility or authority. It is further to be noted that, in the Admiralty, a clear distinction is made between the fighting commander and the administrative Head, as the following extract from a recent speech by Lord Selborne<sup>1</sup> will show:—

"Are all Admirals on the Flag List just now equally capable of the same work? Is there not diversity of gifts among Flag Officers? . . . There are on the Flag List well-known officers fitted in the highest degree to

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<sup>1</sup> House of Lords: 8th May, 1903.



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command a fleet at sea, but who should not be permitted to administer the Navy on land. There are others, born administrators but not born seamen. . . . No Board of Admiralty would think of sending to command a fleet at sea an officer whose special gift was notoriously to do office work on shore."

Is a similar distinction recognised in the Army? Or is not the fighting commander rewarded with a desk in Pall Mall, the administrator with a command outside? Is there not a tendency, in the process of "decentralisation," to lay more and more pure office work upon the General Staff of Army Corps and Districts—the staff which, as has been announced, is to lead our armies in the field unchanged?

Here, then, is a well-defined difference, in a cardinal point of administration, between the British Army on the one hand, and such great fighting organisations as the German Army and the British Navy on the other. How far is such a difference justified?

There are three distinct questions to consider. First, should the administration of the business of the Army be in the hands of the fighting commanders (General Staff), or in those of a separate body of men specially trained for the work? Second, if a separate staff exists, what should be its relation to the fighting commanders? Third, should it be military or civilian?

It will be generally admitted that there is a natural presumption that the managers of so big a business should be trained to it; and enough has been said above to leave the onus of proof upon those who hold that the practice of the last fifteen years at the War Office is right, and that of the German Army and of our own Admiralty is wrong. There is, indeed, one aspect of the present system which I have not so far mentioned—one which is always likely to carry more weight in practice than in any theoretical discussion. The business departments of the War Office necessarily provide a number of fairly well paid posts, which, since 1888, have been regarded by military officers as among the prizes of their profession. To withdraw these posts from the General Staff might not be altogether easy.

But, supposing it decided that the business of the Army should be conducted by a special staff, what should be the

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relation of that staff to the fighting commanders? It is necessary, at this point, to distinguish between the purely administrative work of the War Office, and the executive work of actually supplying the wants of the troops all over the world, in peace and war. The men who perform these latter duties must go the round of the foreign garrisons in peace, and march with the Army in war; and they must be under the orders of the General at the head of the army or garrison, just as the Army doctors must be under his orders. But, like the doctors, they should be regarded as a professional adjunct to the army, possessing a sphere of its own, within the limits of which the General should not interfere. The *Intendant*, in Germany, is answerable to the General for the efficient discharge of his duties towards the troops, and to his own professional superiors for the regular and economical conduct of business. If the General gives any order contrary to the regulations of the *Intendantur*, the *Intendant* may explain the regulations to him, but must carry out the orders if required to do so. At the same time, he must report to his professional superior (ultimately, the War Minister), that under compulsion he has broken such and such regulations, so that, if the order was not clearly justified by circumstances, an investigation into the General's action may follow. A similar relation used to exist between the British General and the Treasury Commissary, and was warmly supported by the Duke of Wellington. In theory, no doubt, such an arrangement is open to the objection that no man can serve two masters; but it works, in practice, to the satisfaction of the greatest military nation of the day; and no one will accuse Germany of unduly restricting the powers of the army.

In the War Office itself, the conditions are different. There is no necessity there for the Head Business man to be put under the Head Fighting man; for the Secretary of State is on the spot to settle differences, if any should arise. Moreover, the political Heads of the Office have a more real and immediate responsibility for the business of the Army than for the purely military side of affairs, and the business departments should be under their direct control. This is recognised in the present organisation by a curious provision,

which allows the Heads of the business departments direct access to the Secretary of State, though they are all subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief—a provision contrary to the first principles of administration. But the business departments, though not subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief, ought to possess his full confidence, and that of the Army generally.

We have seen that, in the Admiralty, the responsible business Heads are under Naval members of the Board; and that in the War Office organisation of 1870–1887, the corresponding departments were placed under the Surveyor-General of Ordnance, who was intended to hold a like position. But the Surveyor-General ultimately became a minor political officer, and failed through losing the confidence of the Army on the one hand, and escaping from financial control on the other. Both these causes of failure would have been avoided if the Surveyor-General had always been a soldier of standing, one of the great military administrators which our army has never failed to produce. By reintroducing a soldier Surveyor-General, independent of the Commander-in-Chief and subject to the financial control of the Financial Secretary, the War Office would come as near as circumstances will admit to the organisation of the Admiralty. At the same time, a great defect in the present organisation would be removed: the want of a common Head of the business departments, to co-ordinate their requirements and working—a duty now divided between the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief, neither of whom can properly perform it.<sup>1</sup>

But, it is said, in war all the supply services must be under the control of the General in the field. How is he to exercise that control wisely unless he is accustomed to it in time of peace? It is the first axiom of military training, that everything possible should be done to realise in peace the conditions of war; and therefore the business depart-

<sup>1</sup> The organisation here suggested is that recommended by Lord Roberts in his evidence before the Elgin Commission and, so far as the business departments are concerned, is practically identical with that proposed by Lord Esher in his Note appended to the Report. But he calls the Head of the business departments the "Quartermaster-General," and excepts Armament from his province.

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ments at the Headquarters of the army, even if they do not form a province of the General Staff, must be subordinate to the military department. It may be that this would cost something in time of peace, but think how much it should save in time of war.

We have already seen that the executive machinery of the supply services must be under military control, even in peace time ; but to argue that the War Office administration of those services must follow suit, is to overlook the fact that the War Office is not only the Headquarters of the army, but is also the office of the Secretary of State and the seat of Parliamentary control ; and that much of the work done there has no counterpart in the work of a campaign. A General commanding in the field must be free to decide how much ammunition his army requires, and how it should be distributed ; but it does not follow that the management of the factories in which it is made, the building of the magazine in which it is stored at home, and the chartering of the ship that takes it out, must be the work of the Commander-in-Chief. Further, if the soldier must be supreme in Pall Mall and in peace, because he is so in the field and in war, we must abandon, not only all independent status of the business departments, but also all independent financial control. Axioms of military training notwithstanding, must we permit extravagance in peace because it is inevitable in war ? On the contrary, should we not try to continue in war, so far as circumstances will admit, the control which trained business and financial officers can exercise in peace ? The Commissioners in their Report<sup>1</sup> draw attention to the opinion expressed by Sir G. Fleetwood Wilson, that an expenditure of a few thousand pounds on a specially selected financial staff would have saved the public at the very least a million during the recent war. Owing to the special circumstances of that war, much work had to be done on the spot, both "business" and financial, of a kind which has usually been confined to the War Office, not only in peace, but in campaigns such as those in Egypt. When this is the case, trained officials from both the business and the financial departments should

<sup>1</sup> Par. 239.

undoubtedly be sent out for the purpose ; and though, so long as hostilities continued, it might be necessary for these officials to work in the name of the General commanding the Army,<sup>1</sup> there would be nothing in this to compel the placing of their departments at home under the Commander-in-Chief.

We now come to the third question : assuming the existence of a special "business" staff, under a military Surveyor-General, what should be the colour of its cloth ? As regards the executive staff, the men who actually supply the wants of the troops at home and abroad, in peace and in war, we have seen that they must be under military command ; and that, long before the business of the Army was handed over to the Commander-in-Chief, they had assumed a quasi-military character. Plain Mr. Smith, Commissary or Store Officer, who had begun life by being trained as a clerk in the Treasury or Ordnance Office, acquired "relative" and "honorary" rank, and was given a "commission," to bring him under military law. As he fell out, he was succeeded by an officer who had begun life in the fighting branches of the Army, and who now holds substantive military rank as Lieutenant-Colonel Smith (of the Army Service Corps or Army Ordnance Department). The same influences have developed Dr. or Mr. Brown, the Army surgeon, through the intermediate stage of Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel, into Lieutenant-Colonel Brown (of the Royal Army Medical Corps). All the conditions of life of these men are those of soldiers rather than civilians ; and there are good reasons, besides those rooted in the Table of Precedence, for giving them military rank, with its powers of command over their own subordinates on the one hand, and its obligation to obey on the other.

But here, again, it does not follow that the same must hold good in the business departments of the War Office itself, which, as we have seen, should not be under the

<sup>1</sup> Sir E. Ward (see par. 242 of the Commissioners' Report) proposed that a special financial staff should be "attached to" an army in the field. It is not quite clear how far this staff would be subordinate to the military authority.

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Commander-in-Chief. In these departments, a choice is possible between a staff of officers selected from the quasi-military executive staffs, and one of Civil Servants. The officers would bring to the War Office a practical first-hand knowledge of the details of routine at military stations, but would always come strange to the work of the War Office itself. The Civil Servant would possess an intimate and continuous acquaintance with the past history of administrative questions, and with the constitution and methods of Pall Mall; but his knowledge of actual barrack routine would be second hand. If the War Office were as like the Headquarter offices at Aldershot and Dublin as these are to one another, so that an officer coming up to a post in Pall Mall would not greatly feel the change, the question of permanence might be less vital. But, so far as the business departments are concerned, the work, methods, and constitution of the War Office are necessarily so different from those of a military station, that permanence and continuity are the first essentials, and actual experience of barrack life is of secondary importance. This permanence and continuity can only be obtained by employing a civilian staff. Selection from the quasi-military executive staffs would necessarily mean a system of three or five years' appointments, as at present.

Contrast the two types of men. The future departmental officer goes to Sandhurst, or joins the militia: the future Civil Servant goes to Oxford or Cambridge, generally as a scholar, and reads for Honours. The former, after some years of soldiering, leaves the profession of arms and joins one of the departmental corps, either for the positive attraction of higher pay, or because for one reason or another he welcomes a change from his regiment. The latter, after taking his degree, enters the Civil Service by the same competitive examination as his colleagues in the other great public offices and the Indian Civil Service. The departmental officer begins his new career with the executive work of supplying the troops with food or stores at some military station: the Civil Servant learns the work of the War Office in the War Office itself. The one is trained to obey his military superiors; the other, to exercise his

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independent judgment. One of these two types must be chosen: there is no possibility of combining them. Picked men from the Universities will not join a service which will send them off to Singapore or Sierra Leone to issue bread and meat to the troops, for the chance of a few years of administrative work in later life; though they will be ready to go out if necessary, in time of war, to look after the business of their departments on the spot.

There are men of first-rate ability in the Departmental Corps of the Army, and there are mere examination-passers in the Civil Service; but, unless we cling to the good old English idea that higher education unfits a man for the business of life, or adopt the view that in anything connected with the Army, brains are out of place, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that business in the War Office would fare better in the hands of permanent Civil Servants. Otherwise, indeed, there must be something seriously wrong with the way in which our public offices generally are manned. Let us instal a succession of provincial post-masters at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and put practical excisemen in charge of Somerset House.

But has not the Civil Servant already been weighed in the balance and found wanting? Did not the Surveyor-General's department fail to conduct the business of the Army satisfactorily? It failed, partly in quality of weapons, the province of the soldier-expert, and above all in its general relations with the Army on the one side and the financial authorities on the other, owing to the false position of its Heads; but there is nothing in its history to show that Civil Servants are incapable of administering the business of the Army. The staff of the old department, moreover, consisted of Civil Servants of the old type, who entered the War Office before the great reform of the Civil Service had taken place. The Civil Servant of the new model has not been tried.

Of course a civilian business staff, such as is here suggested, could not attempt to deal with the technical and military matters with which the business of the Army is now so curiously mixed up. A special staff of artilleryists, under the Surveyor-General, would deal with questions of the

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design of artillery and warlike stores, leaving it to the business department to manufacture them in factories managed by civilian engineers, or to buy them. Military Engineers would design and supervise the construction of forts, leaving it to the business department and its civilian architects to build barracks and storehouses. The military discipline of the executive staffs supplying the troops at military stations would be in the hands of the Adjutant-General ; but they would be responsible to the business departments for the due discharge of their professional duties. The main object of the whole organisation would be to confine the soldier and the man of business each to his own proper province.

The efficiency of any public service must depend ultimately on the success of its administration in getting the best possible return for a limited sum of money ; for no nation can afford to spend without limit on any object, and there is no professional enthusiast at any time or in any country but will show good cause for increasing the expenditure of his own department, be it Army, Navy or Education, until the limit is reached. That we have reached the limit in our Army expenditure is clear ; and all further advance in efficiency must now depend on economy of working—for efficiency is in the long run a matter of money. That Ministers, however able and hard working, can personally enforce economy in the details of so huge a business, is a delusion. In the last fifteen years, the Army Estimates have risen from sixteen millions to twenty-seven,<sup>1</sup> and there is hardly a public man, of any shade of political opinion, who has not expressed grave doubt whether good value is got for the expenditure. In the same period, the tendency has been more and more towards the management of the business of the Army by the Army for the Army. Is it certain that there is here no relation of cause and effect ?

### SUPPLY

<sup>1</sup> Exclusive of war expenditure.



## ARE THE ANGLO-SAXON DYING OUT ?

ONE of the most interesting phenomena of the early part of the nineteenth century was the immense expansion of the people of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race.<sup>1</sup> This expansion coincided with that development of industrial and commercial activity which made our English people, who had previously impressed foreigners as somewhat lazy and drunken, into "a nation of shopkeepers." It also coincided with the end of the supremacy of France in Europe ; France had succeeded to Spain as the leading power in Europe, and had on the whole maintained a supremacy which Napoleon brought to a climax, and, in doing so, crushed. The growing prosperity of England represented an entirely new wave of influence, mainly economical in character, but not less forceful than that of Spain and of France had been ; and this prosperity was reflected in the growth of the nation. The greater part of the Victorian period was marked by this expansion of population, which reached its highest point in the early years of the second half of that period. While the population of England was thus increasing with ever greater rapidity at home, at the same time the Anglo-Saxons overspread the whole of North America, and colonised the fertile fringe of Australia. It was, on a still larger scale, a phenomenon similar to that which had occurred three hundred years earlier, when Spain covered the world and founded an empire upon which, as Spaniards proudly boasted, the sun never set.

When now, a century later, we survey the situation,

<sup>1</sup> It must be understood that, from the present point of view, the term "Anglo-Saxon" covers the peoples of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as of England.

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the aspect of things is seen to be very considerably changed. Not only has industrial and commercial activity ceased to be a special attribute of the Anglo-Saxons,—since the Germans have here shown themselves to possess qualities of the highest order, and other countries are rapidly rivalling them,—but within the limits of the Anglo-Saxon race itself it is now beginning to be widely believed, on grounds that can by no means be ignored, that it is to the Americans, rather than to the English, that the industrial and commercial future belongs. Underlying, however, even these great changes, there is a still more fundamental fact to be considered, a fact which affects all branches of the race; and that is, that the Anglo-Saxons are approaching a period when they will begin to die out, and in some parts of the English-speaking world have already reached that point.

Twenty-five years ago, it was usual for both the English and the Germans to contemplate, perhaps with some complacency, the spectacle of the falling birth-rate in France as compared with the high birth-rate in England and Germany. In 1876, however, the English birth-rate reached its maximum of 36·3 per thousand, while in France the birth-rate now appears to have reached its lowest level, and last year even showed a tendency to rise. Germany, like England, now also has a falling birth-rate, though it will take a long time to sink to the English level, being still nearly as high as the English rate was at its maximum. In England, since 1876, the decline has been so rapid as to be equal to 20 per cent. within a generation, and in some of the large towns to 40 per cent. Against this there has indeed to be set the general tendency during recent years for the death-rate to fall also. But this saving of life has been effected mainly at the higher ages; there has been but little saving of the lives of infants, upon whom the death-rate falls most heavily. Accompanying this falling off in the number of children produced, there has been, as we might expect, a fall in the marriage-rate; but this has been less regular, and of late the marriage rate has sometimes been high when the birth-rate was low. There has, however, been a steady postponement of the average age at which marriage takes place. On

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the whole, the main fact that emerges is, that nowadays in England we marry late and have few children.

This is now a familiar fact, and perhaps it should not excite very great surprise. England is an old and stable country, and it may fairly be said that it would be unreasonable to expect its population to retain indefinitely a high degree of fertility. Whether this is so or not, there is the further consideration to be borne in mind, that, during nearly the whole of the Victorian period, emigration of the most vigorous stocks took place to a very marked extent. It is not difficult to see the influence of such emigration in connection with the rapidly falling population of Ireland, as compared with Scotland; and we may reasonably infer that it has had its part in the decreased fertility of the United Kingdom generally.

But we encounter the remarkable fact, that this decreased fertility of the Anglo-Saxon populations is not confined to the United Kingdom. It is even more pronounced in those very lands to which so many thousand shiploads of our best people have been taken. In the United States, the question has attracted much attention of late, especially during the past two years, and there is little disagreement among careful observers as to the main facts of the situation. The question is, indeed, somewhat difficult for two reasons: the registration of births is not generally compulsory in the United States, and, even when general facts are ascertained, it is still necessary to distinguish between the different classes of the population. Our conclusions must therefore be based, not on the course of a general birth-rate, but on the most reliable calculations of the average size of the family at different periods, and among different classes of the population.

There can be no doubt whatever that, from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, there has been a steady decrease in the size of the American family. Franklin, in the eighteenth century, estimated that the average number of children to a married couple was eight; genealogical records show that, while in the seventeenth century it was certainly nearly seven, it was over six at the end of the eighteenth century. Since then, as Dr. Engel-

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mann has more especially shown, there has been a steady decrease in the size of the family; in the earlier years of the nineteenth century there were between four and five children to each marriage, while by the end of the century the number of children had fallen to between four and but little over one. Engelmann finds that there is but a very trifling difference in this respect between the upper and the lower social classes; the average for the labouring classes at St. Louis he finds to be about two, and for the higher classes a little less. It is among the foreign-born population, and among those of foreign parents, that the larger families are found; thus Kuczynski, by analysing the census, finds that in Massachusetts the average number of children to each married woman among the American-born of all social classes is 2.7, while among the foreign-born of all social classes it is 4.5. Moreover, sterility is much more frequent among American women than among foreign women in America. Among various groups in Boston, St. Louis, and elsewhere, it varies between 20 and 23 per cent., and in some smaller groups is even considerably higher, while among the foreign-born it is only 13 per cent. The net result is, that the general natality of the United States at the present day is about equal to that of France, but that, when we analyse the facts, the fertility of the old native-born American population of mainly Anglo-Saxon origin is found to be very much lower than that of France. This element, therefore, is rapidly dwindling away in the United States. The general level of the birth-rate is maintained by the foreign immigrants who in many States (as in New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Minnesota) constitute the majority of the population, and altogether number considerably over ten millions. Among these immigrants, the Anglo-Saxon element is now very small. Indeed, the whole North-European contingent among the American immigrants, which was formerly nearly ninety per cent. of the whole, has since 1890 steadily sunk; and the majority of the immigrants now belong to the Central and Southern European stocks. The racial, and, it is probable, the psychological characteristics of the people of the United States are thus beginning to undergo, not merely modification, but,

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it may almost be said, a revolution. If, as we may well believe, the influence of the original North-European racial elements—Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, and French—still continues to persist in the United States, it can only be the influence of a small aristocracy, maintained by intellect and character. Of this we have a notable example in the present President of the United States.

When we turn to Canada, an Anglo-Saxon land that is imposing, less by the actual size of the population than by the vast tracts it possesses for its development, we find that the question has not yet been fully investigated ; but such facts and official publications as I have been able to obtain (partly with the assistance of Professor Mavor of Toronto) all indicate that, in this matter, the English Canadians approximate to the native Americans. In the United States, it is the European immigrants who maintain the general population at a productive level, and thus indirectly oust the Anglo-Saxon element. In Canada, the chief dividing line is between the Anglo-Saxon element and the old French element in the population ; and here it is the French Canadians who are rapidly gaining ground on the English elements in the population. Dr. Engelmann has ascertained, that an examination of one thousand families in the records of Quebec Life Assurance companies shows 9.2 children on the average to the French Canadian child-bearing woman. It must be remembered that this average, which is even higher than that found in Russia, the most prolific of European countries, is not quite the same as the number of children per marriage ; but it indicates very great fertility, while it may be noted also, that sterile marriages are comparatively rare among French Canadians, although among English Canadians the proportion of childless families is found to be almost exactly the same (nearly 20 per cent.) as among the infertile Americans of Massachusetts. It is not easy to reach any general results from the study of the first volume (the only volume so far issued) of the Canadian census for 1901 ; but, in the report of Mr. Prévost, the recorder of vital statistics for the province of Quebec, where registration, though imperfect, appears to be more thorough than in most other parts of Canada, I find much that is instructive

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in its bearing on the question before us. The general birth-rate for the province for the year 1901 is high, being 35·2 : much higher than that of England, and about level with that of Germany. If, however, we consider the thirty-five counties of the province in which the population is almost exclusively French Canadian, we find that 35 represents almost the lowest average ; as many as twenty-two of these counties show a rate of over 40, and one (Yamaska) reaches 51·52. It is very evident that, in order to pull down these high birth-rates to the general level of 35·2, we have to assume a much lower birth-rate among the counties in which the English element is considerable. It may be said, and with truth, that infant mortality is considerable among the French Canadians. That it is so, although not to an extreme degree, appears from the same report ; and the death-rate is over 18 per thousand in all but six of the thirty-five French Canadian counties already referred to. But that, nevertheless, the net result is an extensive increase on the part of the French Canadians, as compared with the English element in the province, becomes clear when we compare the proportion of the population of English, Scotch, Irish, and all other nationalities with the total population of the province, now and thirty years ago. In 1871 it was 21 per cent. ; in 1901 it was only 19 per cent. The decrease of the Anglo-Saxons may here appear to be small, though it must be remembered that thirty years is but a short period in the history of a nation ; but it is significant when we bear in mind that the English element has here been constantly reinforced by immigrants (who, as the experience of the United States shows, are by no means an infertile class), and that such reinforcement cannot be expected to continue in the future, while the progressive advance of the French Canadians is due to the fertility of their own native stock, without any temporary or external aid. We can have no reasonable doubt, more especially when we note the extremely low birth-rate of predominantly Anglo-Saxon Ontario (21), that the future of Canada is mainly in the hands, not of its Anglo-Saxon conquerors, but of the more aboriginal French population.

From Australia comes the same story of the decline of

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Anglo-Saxon fertility. In nearly all the Australian colonies, the highest birth-rate was reached some twenty or thirty years ago. Since then there has been a more or less steady fall, accompanied by a marked decrease in the number of marriages, and a tendency to postpone the age of marriage. The general Australian birth-rate now stands midway between that of England and of France; it will probably soon fall as low as that of France. One colony, Western Australia, has a birth-rate which sometimes fluctuates above that of England; but it is the youngest of the colonies, and, at present, that with the smallest population, largely composed of recent immigrants. We may be quite sure that its comparatively high birth-rate is merely a temporary phenomenon. A very notable fact about the Australian birth-rate is the extreme rapidity with which the fall has taken place; thus Queensland, in 1890, had a birth-rate of 37, but by 1899 the rate had steadily fallen to 27, and the Victorian rate during the same period fell from 33 to 26 per thousand. In New South Wales, the state of things was carefully studied a few years ago by Mr. Coghlan, who came to the conclusion, that the proportion of fertile marriages is declining, and that (as in the United States) it is the recent European immigrants only who show a comparatively high birth-rate. The case of New Zealand is specially interesting. Twenty-three years ago, New Zealand had the highest birth-rate of all the Australasian colonies; it is without doubt the most advanced of all in social and legislative matters; a variety of social reforms, which other countries are struggling for, are, in New Zealand, firmly established. Its prosperity is shown by the fact that it has the lowest death-rate of any country in the world, only 10·2 per thousand, as against 24 in Austria and 22 in France; it cannot even be said that the marriage rate is very low, for it is scarcely lower than that of Austria, where the birth-rate is one of the highest in Europe. Yet the birth-rate in New Zealand is not only low, but is steadily falling as the social prosperity of the country rises.

We thus find that from the three great Anglo-Saxon centres of the world—north, west, and south—the same story comes. We need not consider the case of South

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Africa, for it is well recognised that there the English constitute a comparatively infertile fringe, mostly confined to the towns, while the earlier Dutch element is far more prolific and firmly rooted in the soil. The position of the Dutch there is, in a still more marked degree, that of the French in Canada.

From England and from all the great countries which she has planted all over the world, we thus find the same report reaching us year by year in official or unofficial documents: "this is the lowest birth-rate ever recorded." The Anglo-Saxon race is losing its reproductive power.

We have now to consider the interpretation of this loss of reproductive power, to discuss its significance, and to decide whether or not it really leads to so pessimistic a conclusion as it seems to suggest.

HAVELOCK ELLIS



## THE ECCENTRIC AUTHOR OF "SANDFORD AND MERTON"

THE present generation of children are not so familiar with *The History of Sandford and Merton* as were their grandfathers and grandmothers. And even the latter, though they may have some hazy recollection of the judicious instruction which good Mr. Barlow imparted to his two pupils, and of the very excellent stories with which he enlivened his moral discourses, have probably no idea whatever of the curious personality of the remarkable author of this once popular children's book. Unfortunately, the authorised biography of Thomas Day, which appeared in 1805, in spite of certain undeniable merits, was a rather dull performance ; but its subject was so singular a specimen of ultra-individualistic humanity, that it may be worth while to tell his story anew. Mr. James Keir, an old army-captain turned scientist, who was deputed to write Day's *Life*, had his own notions of the duties of a biographer. He appears to have had some unaccountable objection to Dr. Johnson's methods, as exhibited in that incomparable gallery of half-length portraits, the *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets* ; and even went so far as to declare that Johnson had been rightly punished for such a lamentable performance, by the way in which his own biographers had treated him. Keir's consequent determination not to display any of the "follies and weaknesses (real or supposed)" of his hero, resulted in the suppression, among other things, of all details concerning Day's curious matrimonial experiments, which not only make a good story of themselves, but are absolutely essential to a right under-

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standing of his life and character. Fortunately, however, all of Day's friends were not of the same way of thinking ; and Keir's somewhat abstract, though eloquent, eulogium of the character of his friend in his public aspects, may be supplemented by many piquant details of his private and domestic history, which have been recorded in the *Memoirs* of his own life by Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and by Miss Anna Seward in her *Life* of Dr. Erasmus Darwin. "The Swan of Lichfield," as Miss Seward was called, expressly tells us that she "would deem it inexcusable to introduce anything fabulous ; to embellish truth by the slightest colouring of fiction" ; but it may be well to remember, that many inaccuracies in her *Life* of the elder Darwin have been pointed out by the author of the *Origin of Species*, and that, in spite of her disclaimer, she may be justly suspected of a constitutional tendency towards "exaggerating singularities," and "heightening what is extraordinary." In most points, however, we are able to check her statements by a more trustworthy authority. Edgeworth's *Memoirs* were edited, and some details added to them, by his more famous daughter, Maria ; and there is no reason to impeach their substantial accuracy.

Thomas Day was born in Wellclose Square, London, on June 22nd, 1748. Of his father nothing more is known than that he was a Collector of Customs, and that, when he died suddenly in July, 1749, he left an estate at Bear Hill, near Wargrave in Berkshire, valued at £1,200 a year, to his infant son, charging it with an annuity of £300 to the child's mother. Mrs. Day, on account of the delicate health of her son, removed to the more salubrious neighbourhood of Stoke Newington ; but, before the boy was more than seven years old, she became the wife of another officer of Customs, named Thomas Phillips. The stepfather behaved more or less unkindly, as stepfathers not infrequently do. In after years, Day described him as "one of those characters who seek to supply their inherent want of consequence by a busy, teasing interference in circumstances with which they have no concern." Nevertheless, one of Day's first acts, on coming of age, was to raise his mother's jointure to £400 a year, and to settle this sum on

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his disagreeable stepfather for life. The mother seems to have been a woman of much strength of mind and character, who devoted great care to the education of her only son. He was first sent to school at the Charterhouse, and then, in his sixteenth year, to Corpus Christi, Oxford. He resided at Oxford three years, and left without taking a degree. But "plain living and high thinking" appears to have been his motto; and he certainly studied philosophy, after a fashion of his own, to such purpose that, in spite of passion, ambition, and the ridicule of others, he adhered throughout the whole of his life, with extraordinary consistency, to the Stoic principles imbibed during this period of his youth. Keir says that the character of Tommy Sandford is a transcript of the author's own mind in his younger days. On one occasion he saved the life of William Seward, a school-fellow, at the risk of his own; and on another, discovering that his antagonist in a schoolboy fight was no match for him, he at once stopped the fight, and offered to shake hands and be friends. Both Tommy Sandford and his prototype were undoubtedly inspired with a fine manly spirit; but there is also an unmistakeable spice of the prig in both their constitutions. In his undergraduate time, Day was a youth of great strength and activity, full of animal spirits, and not without humour. He was fond of taking walking tours through various parts of England and Wales; and on these occasions it was his habit to mix by preference with working people, because he believed human nature might be better studied amongst the unconventional "lower orders," than amongst sophisticated fine ladies and gentlemen. Before leaving Oxford, he had made acquaintance with R. L. Edgeworth; and the latter, in his *Memoirs*, states that he counted this date as an era in his life. Day's exterior, says Edgeworth, was not at that time prepossessing, for "he seldom combed his raven locks, though he was remarkably fond of washing in the stream." The essential point of sympathy between them was a love of knowledge, and a freedom from "that admiration of splendour which dazzles and enslaves mankind." In other matters, there was more of contrast than of resemblance. Day was melancholy, Edgeworth "full of constitutional joy." Day was not a

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man of strong passions ; Edgeworth, by his own admission, was most emphatically so. Day was averse from, and even suspicious of, women ; Edgeworth, on the other hand, was "fond of all the happiness which they can bestow." They became fast friends, however ; and after Day's death Edgeworth declared that, during twenty-three years of the most perfect intimacy, he had never known his friend to swerve from the strictest morality in word or action, adding : "It is but justice, and not the partiality of friendship, that induces me to assert, that Mr. Day was the most virtuous human being I have ever known." When they first became acquainted, Edgeworth was already a married man, with an infant son, whom he was bringing up according to the principles of Rousseau's *Émile*. Day soon became an ardent convert to these principles, and, as we shall see later on, put them into practice in an even more thorough fashion than did his comrade. In the spring of 1768, these two young friends, accompanied by Edgeworth's infant prodigy, started on a tour to Edgeworthstown, in Ireland. They travelled at their ease in a patent phaeton of Edgeworth's invention ; and, by way of amusing themselves on their journey, he informs us :

"We agreed that Mr. Day should pass for a very *odd* gentleman, who was travelling about the world to overcome his sorrows for the loss of his wife ; he was to be doatingly fond of his son, who was to be a most extraordinary child. We settled that I should pass for his servant and factotum ; that, whilst I behaved with the utmost civility and attention towards my master, I should behind his back represent him as a humorist and a misanthropist ; and that, while he appeared civil and easily pleased with common fare and ordinary attendance, I should give myself all possible airs."

This simple and harmless hoax they determined to play on the good people of Eccleshall in Staffordshire. Their patent carriage was provided with a contrivance for letting off the horses instantaneously. Edgeworth drove rapidly up to the inn door, shouted vociferously for the ostler, disengaged his horses and conveyed them round the corner in a moment ; and when the ostler appeared was seen, with his hat off, lifting out his little master, and then holding his arm with grave deliberation for his great master to descend from the mysterious chariot, which appeared to have arrived

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without horses. He then ordered cold meat for the master and a tart for the child, after which he peremptorily desired to inspect the larder, and ordered for himself every delicacy the house contained. This was followed up by the performance of a number of gymnastic feats by the child on the phaeton outside; and, as young Edgeworth's usual costume was a jacket and trousers of strange and novel pattern, with no stockings and bare arms, it is small wonder that the curious population of Eccleshall soon collected round the inn in a crowd. The volatile Irishman amused the crowd till near dinner-time with an extravagant account of his master's misanthropy and strange adventures by sea and land; and was on the point of inventing further mystifications for the benefit of the landlady inside, when the whole of his ludicrous plans were completely upset by the unexpected arrival of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, and the consequent revelation of the true identity of the erratic travellers.

Edgeworth's father and sister were at first repelled by Day's unconventional manners; but, before three months were over, he had become Miss Edgeworth's avowed admirer, and she had acknowledged that, if he were of the same mind a year hence, she might be induced to give him her hand. Before the summer was over, he left Ireland to enter himself as a student of the Middle Temple, leaving Miss Edgeworth to study a course of works on metaphysics which he had recommended to her. But, before the winter of the same year, says the brother who had introduced them, they discovered that they were not suited to each other, "a fact which all their friends had seen from the beginning of their acquaintance." At a very early age, Day appears to have conceived the notion of the possibility of raising the physical, intellectual, and moral status of posterity by the careful selection of proper partners in marriage—a doctrine which has recently been elaborated with more scientific precision by Mr. Francis Galton. During one of his walking tours in the West of England, he wrote a poem embodying his own ideal of a wife. She was to be simply neat, with none of the "deceitful glare" of a town nymph, but with a healthy bloom on her cheeks,

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and lustrous eyes, which spoke the genuine feelings of her soul. She was, moreover, to be heedless of the praise or blame of all mankind, save only her husband. He imagines that some such appropriate partner is possibly to be found in that beautiful part of England, wherefore he sings :—

"Oh, gentle Lady of the West !  
To find thee be my only task ;  
When found, I'll clasp thee to my breast :  
No haughty birth or dower I ask.  
"Sequestered in some secret glade,  
With thee unnoticed would I live ;  
And if Content adorn the shade,  
What more can Heaven or Nature give ?"

He had so great a contempt for dress, external appearances, and the usages of polite society generally, that he definitely resolved upon a life of simplicity and retirement, in which nothing was to be sacrificed to fashion and vanity, but much to benevolence. He was equally resolved on having a wife to share the simplicity and solitude with him ; but ladies who love philosophy and despise dress and fashion were probably no more plentiful in Day's time than they are in our own. Whether any such lady was really discovered in the West, does not appear ; but we learn from Miss Seward, that, before the encounter with Miss Edgeworth, Day's mind had been wounded by the caprice of some unnamed young lady who "claimed the triumph of a lettered heart," without knowing how to value and retain her prize ; and in her *Life* of Erasmus Darwin the sentimental Swan prints "a beautiful elegy," which Day composed on the occasion. He wanted a wife, she explains, "with a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy" ; and the lady was also required to be "simple as a mountain girl, in her dress, her diet, and her manners ; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines." His friend Edgeworth evidently thought it somewhat unreasonable that "a person neither formed by nature nor cultivated by art to please" should yet expect to win a wife who would feel for him the most romantic and everlasting attachment, and even be content to—

"Go clad like our maidens in grey,  
And live in a cottage on love."

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And Day himself seems at last to have admitted that he would be somewhat unlikely to find the ideal creature ready made. But he thought he would at least be able to mould one for himself; and he formed a plan which Edgeworth mildly characterises as "more romantic than we find in novels." He determined to breed up two young girls, under his own eye, strictly according to the principles which he had imbibed from Rousseau, with the view of making the most suitable one his wife as soon as she arrived at a marriageable age.

In accordance with this extraordinary plan, he went off, in company with a friend, a young barrister named Bicknell, to the Orphan Asylum at Shrewsbury, and there chose a young girl of promising appearance, whom Miss Seward describes as "an auburn brunette," and whom he named (after the river Severn and his favourite patriot) "Sabrina Sidney." A few days later, he paid a similar visit to the Foundling Hospital in London, and there chose another girl, with flaxen hair and light eyes, whom he named "Lucretia." For form's sake, these girls were bound apprentice to Edgeworth, who was a married man; and Bicknell became guarantee that Day would apprentice one of them, with a premium of £100, within a year, to some reputable tradeswoman, and that he would educate the other with a view to her becoming his wife. If, however, he did *not* marry her, he undertook to pay for her support in some creditable family until she married some one else, when he would pay down a dowry of £500. The two girls were eleven and twelve years of age respectively, and Day began their education at once. Instead of bringing them up in England, he decided to take them to Avignon, partly to avoid the curiosity and enquiries of his acquaintance, and partly because, as the girls spoke nothing but English, he would be better assured that no one but himself would have any influence over their minds. He taught his young pupils to read and write; and, says Edgeworth, "by reasoning which appeared to me to be above their comprehension, backed up by ridicule, he endeavoured to imbue them with a deep hatred for dress, for luxury, for fine people, for fashion, and for titles, all which inspired his

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own mind with such an unconquerable horror." Miss Seward says that the girls quarrelled and fought incessantly, and gave poor Day a thoroughly bad time of it, to say nothing of taking the small-pox, through which he had to nurse them, and falling from a boat during tempestuous weather into the Rhone, from which he had to rescue them at the risk of his own life. But in a letter which he wrote from Avignon in November 1769, there is a much more favourable account of them :—

"You enquire after my pupils [he says]. I am not disappointed in one respect. I am more attached to, and more convinced of, the truth of my principles than ever . . . I have made them, in respect of temper, two such girls as, I may perhaps say without vanity, you have never seen at the same age. They have never given me a moment's trouble throughout the voyage, are always contented, and think nothing so agreeable as waiting upon me (no moderate convenience for a lazy man)."

And he transcribes the following letter from Miss Sabrina Sidney, which, he says, was dictated, word for word, by herself :—

"DEAR MR. EDGEWORTH,

"I am glad to hear you are well, and your little boy—I love Mr. Day dearly, and Lucretia—I am learning to write—I do not like France so well as England—the people are very brown, they dress very oddly—the climate is very good here. I hope I shall have more sense against I come to England—I know how to make a circle and an equilateral triangle—I know the cause of day and night, winter and summer. I love Mr. Day best in the world, Mr. Bicknell next, and you next."

All this, Day assures Edgeworth, he believes to be a faithful display of his little charge's heart and head. When, after eight months spent at Avignon, Day returned to England, Lucretia, who, according to Miss Seward, was "invincibly stupid," was apprenticed to a milliner. It is satisfactory to know that she did well enough in that business, and ended by marrying a respectable linen draper. Sabrina, the favourite, was at this time a very pleasing girl of thirteen. Edgeworth says :—

"Her countenance was engaging. She had fine auburn hair, that hung in natural ringlets on her neck ; a beauty which was the more striking because other people then wore enormous quantities of powder and pomatum. Her long eye-lashes, and eyes expressive of sweetness, interested all who saw her ; and the uncommon melody of her voice made a favourable impression upon every person to whom she spoke."



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Day took a house in the little green valley of Stow, near Lichfield, and, as "the Swan" expresses it, "resumed his preparations for implanting in her young mind the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia." When he came to Lichfield, in 1770, he was not more than twenty-two years of age; but "the Swan" declares that he looked quite the philosopher. Powder and fine clothes were at that time the marks of a gentleman; but he wore neither. He was tall, full-bodied, though not corpulent, and deeply pitted by the small-pox. The curious mixture of awkwardness and dignity in his manners, his melancholy and meditative air, and his large hazel eyes, which, when he was excited to discussion, gleamed from beneath "the shade of sable hair, which, Adam-like, curled about his brows," seem altogether to have made a strong impression, not only on the romantic Miss Seward, but also on the other members of that distinguished circle which revolved about Dr. Erasmus Darwin. They found him to be "less graceful, less amusing, and less brilliant" than his friend Edgeworth, who settled there for a while about the same time, but "more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner." The Swan describes, with an enthusiasm which nowadays strikes one as highly comical, a portrait of the young philosopher, painted about this time by Wright, of Derby:—

"Drawn in the open air, the surrounding sky is tempestuous, lurid, and dark. He stands leaning his left arm against a column inscribed to Hampden. Mr. Day looks upward, as enthusiastically meditating on the contents of a book, held in his dropped right hand. The open leaf is the oration of that virtuous patriot in the senate against the grant of ship-money demanded by King Charles the First. A flash of lightning plays in Mr. Day's hair, and illuminates the contents of the volume."

Sabrina appears to have been a general favourite with the ladies of Lichfield; but Day's method of cultivating her mind and heart did not have quite the success which he so confidently expected. Miss Seward tells us that the young lady's spirit could not be armed against the dread of pain or the apprehension of danger. "When he dropped melting sealing-wax upon her arms she did not endure it heroically; nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she

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believed to be charged with balls, could she help starting aside, or suppress her screams." Her fidelity in keeping secrets was also tried in Day's balance and found wanting; and she, moreover, showed little or no inclination for the study of books or the rudiments of science. The Swan puts her finger upon what was undoubtedly the cause of Day's failure, namely, that he was unable to supply his pupil with any adequate motive to exertion in these matters. He had endeavoured to keep from her any knowledge of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and the love of dress, it being altogether against his principles to encourage the usual motives of pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, or vanity. Nevertheless, he steadily persisted in his experiments for a year; but at the end of that time, finding he had made no progress, he sent Sabrina to a boarding-school at Sutton Coldfield, and turned his affections towards a charming and cultivated young lady of the Lichfield coterie, named Honora Sneyd. Day was aware that Edgeworth, whose married life was not at that time a very happy one, though he was living at home with his wife, had also been deeply smitten with Honora's charms. He therefore wrote him a letter, stating his intentions, and enlarging on the absurdity of a married man encouraging a hopeless passion, but at the same time declaring that he would go no further himself if his action were likely to divide him from his chosen friend. Edgeworth's reply to this Quixotic epistle was to post off to Lichfield to make personal protestation that he would view his friend's union with Honora, not only with pleasure, but with exultation. Being thus conveniently on the spot, he was employed to deliver Day's formal proposal of marriage, which appears to have been in the form of an essay on matrimony of sufficient length to make a bulky packet. Honora, after controverting at length the views of the rights of man set forth in this proposal, and giving in return her views of the rights of woman, admitted that she admired the young philosopher's talents and revered his virtues, but plainly said that she could not love him, and that she firmly declined to change her present mode of life, with which she was by no means dissatisfied, for the dark and untried system of seclusion from society and unbounded

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marital control which Mr. Day had been good enough to propose to her. This disappointment, says Edgeworth, made Day ill for a short time; but Dr. Darwin bled him, and he soon recovered. Just at this point, Honora's less intellectually distinguished, but personally more attractive sister, Elizabeth, came upon the scene at Lichfield, and Day promptly commenced to pay his court to her. She received his addresses with rather more favour than her sister had done; but, telling him plainly that she attached little weight to his philosophical objections to those accomplishments of polite society which he had never endeavoured to attain, she gave him to understand that she would be much more likely to accept him for a husband if he were to acquire the manners of the world, and abandon his present austere singularities of air, habit, and address. A compromise was accordingly effected between the parties. Day promised to go to France and do all that could be done to acquire a pleasing deportment; while Elizabeth, on her part, promised not to go to London, or Bath, or any other public place of amusement until his return. In the meantime, she would also go through a prescribed course of reading. Edgeworth, whose passion for Honora had revived as soon as his friend's affections were transferred to her sister, and who judged that his only safety lay in flight, accompanied Day to Lyons. The latter gave up eight hours a day to learn the arts of dancing, fencing, and horsemanship; and, as his legs were not straight, was also condemned to sit pent up in durance vile for hours together, "with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hands, and contempt in his heart." Sad to relate, the crooked legs refused to be straightened out, in spite of these heroic efforts. Having learnt all that the French experts could manage to teach him, Day returned to England to claim the hand of Elizabeth Sneyd. But that young lady was forced to confess that "Thomas Day, *black-guard*" (as he used jestingly to call himself), was, after all, less displeasing to her than "Thomas Day, *gentleman*"; and she declined to marry him. Miss Seward evidently thought Elizabeth was not without excuse for her apparent capriciousness; for, says the Swan, Mr. Day's efforts at society manners were more really ungraceful than his natural stoop and un-

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fashionable air; and the showy dress in which he came back from France was most unbecoming to him. We are not here concerned with Edgeworth's many marriages; but it may be mentioned, in passing, that he ultimately wedded both these charming ladies who had refused his bosom friend. Four months after becoming for the first time a widower in 1773, he married Honora Sneyd; and, within eight months of Honora's death in 1780, he married her sister Elizabeth.

Day's fluctuating affections now returned for a time to Sabrina, who had developed into a very charming young lady. Edgeworth says, that Day was certainly never more loved by any woman than he was by Sabrina, and that no woman was ever personally more agreeable to him. After his rejection by Elizabeth Sneyd, at any rate, he was just on the point of proposing to marry, after all, the favourite girl of his own rearing, when a trifling circumstance occurred to change his intention. He had left Sabrina at the house of a friend, under strict injunctions as to some peculiar fancies of his own respecting her dress. In what particular she gave offence does not appear. According to Edgeworth, she neglected, or undervalued, or forgot something. She did, or she did not, wear certain long sleeves, or some handkerchief, which had been the subject of his dislike or of his liking. And he, considering this as a criterion of her attachment to him, as well as a proof of her want of strength of mind, quitted her for ever!

He then took up his residence in London, and commenced author with a poem, entitled *The Dying Negro*, in which he denounced the Americans for their maintenance of slavery. But as marriage was still the principal object of the young philosopher's consideration, his friend, Dr. Small, of Birmingham, kept a continual look out for him, and never failed to report on the merits and qualifications of any suitable lady whom he might happen to see. At last, in Miss Milnes, of Wakefield, a young lady two or three and twenty years of age, of much culture, great benevolence, and the possessor of a considerable fortune, the match-making doctor believed himself to have found

the ideal help-meet for his friend. Day's specified requirements seem to have been a combination of the spirit of a Roman matron, with the simplicity and physical health of a Highland mountaineer, and the culture of a London Blue-stocking. But he wanted other things as well. When Dr. Small discoursed of the incomparable lady from Yorkshire, Day at once inquired—"Has she white and large arms?"—"She has."—"Does she wear long petticoats?"—"Uncommonly long."—"Is she tall, and strong, and healthy?" This question could not be answered so satisfactorily; and after being forced to admit that the lady was small, and not particularly robust, Dr. Small was constrained to argue:—"My dear friend, can you possibly expect that a woman of charming temper, benevolent mind, and cultivated understanding, with a distinguished character, with views of life congenial with your own, with an agreeable person, and a large fortune, should be also formed exactly according to a picture that exists in your imagination?" Day replied that his chief objection was her fortune, as he could hardly expect compliance with his ascetic plan of life from a person of such affluent circumstances. However, after some acquaintance with the lady, and a provisional courtship, during which he discussed with her every subject of opinion or speculation on which he held strong views, and on which it was possible for them to disagree, he was induced, in view of her evident tender devotion to his talents and his person, to propose marriage, on condition that they should retire together into the country, shun the infectious taint of polite society, abandon luxuries and all that the world calls pleasures, and, after supplying the ordinary comforts of life to themselves, devote the surplus of their fortunes to clothing the naked and feeding the hungry. Miss Milnes agreed to these strange terms of her eccentric lover, and in August 1778 they were married at Bath. Day insisted that his wife's fortune should be settled entirely beyond his control, in order that she might the more readily separate from him, if the experiment proved too much for her endurance. The reader will probably expect to learn that they parted before the year was out. But it is not the least extraordinary part of this extraordinary story, that Mrs. Day

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remained a devoted wife to the day of her husband's death, and when he died was inconsolable for his loss.

It will perhaps be convenient at this point to state what became of Sabrina. When she left school, Day allowed her £50 a year, and continued to correspond with her paternally, but they do not appear to have often met. She was a general favourite in the various houses in which she lived, and was frequently the guest of Dr. Darwin and other of Day's friends in Lichfield, especially of the Swards at the Bishop's Palace. About two years after Day's marriage, and when Sabrina was twenty-three years of age, Mr. Bicknell, now a barrister of some practice, happening to meet her after several years' absence, at once fell in love, and asked her to be his wife. She accepted him provisionally, but declared that she would not marry either him or anybody else without Mr. Day's consent. Day wrote, rather ungraciously: "I do not refuse my consent to your marrying Mr. Bicknell; but remember you have not asked my *advice*." One wonders whether his advice would have been that she should wait until his dear friend Edgeworth again became a widower, and wanted another wife! However that may be, he duly paid down the promised dowry of £500. Five or six years later, Bicknell died, leaving her with two children, and little or no means for their support. Day then allowed her £30 a year, a not very munificent annuity, upon which the Swan of Lichfield comments—"To have been more bounteous *must* surely have been in his *heart*, but it was not in his *system*." Sabrina was not named in Day's will, but Mrs. Day continued the allowance of £30 a year, and bequeathed its continuance from her own fortune for Mrs. Bicknell's life.

Mr. and Mrs. Day spent the winter of 1778-9 in lodgings at Hampstead, a place which, we must remember, was as much cut off from the life of the metropolis in those days, as the New Forest is now. Edgeworth and his second wife (the charming Honora) paid them a visit there, and the former declared—"I never saw any woman so entirely intent upon accommodating herself to the sentiments and wishes and will of a husband." There was, nevertheless, he says, a continual flow of discussion between them, and Mrs. Day

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was nothing loath to support on any occasion an opinion of her own. In 1779, Day bought a house and small estate called Stapleford-Abbot, near Abridge in Essex. The house was indifferent, and the land worse. The former had only one good room, and our self-sufficient philosopher proceeded, in characteristic fashion, to make some necessary additions to his little mansion. Edgeworth's account of this building experiment is as follows :—

“When Mr. Day determined to dip his unsullied hands in mortar, he bought at a stall *Ware's Architecture*; this he read with persevering assiduity for three or four weeks before he began his operations. He had not, however, followed the occupation a week before he became tired of it, as it completely deranged his habits of discussion with Mrs. Day in their daily walks in the fields, or prevented their close application to books when in the house. Masons, calling for supplies of various sorts, which had not been suggested in the great body of architecture which he had procured with so much care, annoyed the young builder exceedingly. Sills, lintels, door and window cases were wanting before they had been thought of; and the carpenter, to whose presence he had looked forward, but at a distant period, was now summoned and hastily set to work to keep the masons going. Mr. Day was deep in a treatise written by some French agriculturist, to prove that any soil may be rendered fertile by sufficient ploughing, when the masons desired to know where he would have the window of the new room on the first floor. I was present at the question, and offered to assist my friend. No—he sat immovable in his chair, and gravely demanded of the mason whether the wall might not be built first, and a place for the window cut out afterwards. The mason stared at Mr. Day with an expression of the most unfeigned surprise. ‘Why, sir, to be sure, it is very possible; but I believe, sir, it is more common to put in the window-cases while the house is building, and not afterwards.’ Mr. Day, however, with great coolness, ordered the wall to be built without any opening for windows, which was done accordingly.”

The room in question, it appears, was intended for a dressing-room for Mrs. Day, and the poor lady had always to perform her toilet by candle-light, for no window was ever put in up to the time of Day's disposal of the house. In 1781 they left Abridge, and settled at Anningsley, near Ottershaw, in Surrey. Of all the arts, agriculture, in Day's opinion, was the most beneficial to mankind; and the people employed in it he considered to be the stamina of the human species. But, as he entered on his farming projects with little more preliminary information than sufficed him for his building operations, it is not surprising that the result was not a financial success. He was satisfied, however, to lose money, provided he im-

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proved his estate, and benefited the poor. Keir says, that if any in his neighbourhood wanted employment, Day provided it ; if any were sick, Day supplied them with medicines, or with food and cordials from his kitchen ; if any wanted advice, legal or other, Day was always ready to give it. He also sought every opportunity of converse with his poorer neighbours ; and, being at some distance from any church, he always invited them to his house on Sundays to listen to his reading of family prayers. In 1789 he wrote from Anningsley to Edgeworth :—

"Were I to give up farming I should have less care, but I should also become more sedentary . . . . and the very absence of that care would expose me infinitely more to hypochondriacism : which I am now totally free from. I have besides another very material reason, which is, that it enables me to employ the poor ; and the result of all my speculations about humanity is, that the only way of benefiting mankind is to give them employment, and make them *earn* their money."

Considering the special vices of his age to be vanity, effeminacy, and the love of luxury, Day from the first had determined to make his rule of life a practical protest against these. His wife had no carriage nor maid, and gave up her harpsichord ; while he denied himself all those gratifications from painting, sculpture, and architecture, to which his fortune might well have entitled him. He did, indeed, form a large library ; but his choice of books was strictly regulated, not by the splendour or rarity of the editions, by considerations of fine paper, gilt leather, or old vellum, but solely by his estimate of the value of the ideas they contained. A collection of books was also, of course, a necessary part of his equipment as a publicist.

He took a keen interest in public affairs. During the eight years of his residence at Anningsley, he published, *Reflections on the Present State of England and the Independence of America*, in 1782 ; *The Letters of Marius ; or, Reflections upon the Peace, the East India Bill, and the Present Crisis*, in 1784 ; *Fragments of Original Letters (written in 1776) on the Slavery of the Negroes*, in 1784 ; *Dialogue between a Justice of the Peace and a Farmer*, in 1785 ; and *A Letter to Arthur Young on the Exportation of Wool*, in 1788. He also joined a "Society for Constitutional In-



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formation," and spoke with much effect at meetings in Essex, Surrey, and Berks. He advocated Parliamentary Reform, because he believed, with Lord Chatham, that "a portion of new health might be infused into the Constitution, to enable it to bear its infirmities." But he could never be induced to stand for Parliament himself. In answer to certain representations on this subject, he wrote the following highly characteristic epistle to Dr. Jebb :—

"How is it possible that I should descend to the common meannesses of the bought and buying tribe, or stoop to solicit the suffrages of the multitude, more than I have hitherto done the patronage of the great. Whatever may be the common and flimsy pretensions of popular men, I believe that few entertain any doubt that their own interest or vanity is in reality the predominant principle of their exertions. It was not in the forum, amidst the tribe of begging, cringing, shuffling, intriguing candidates, but in their farms, and amidst their rural labours, that the Romans were obliged to seek for men, who were really animated with an holy zeal for their country's glory, and capable of preferring her interest to their own. I never pretend to the abilities of these illustrious men—whom we are more inclined to admire than imitate, but I pretend to all their indifference to public fame, and to all their disinterestedness. Be assured, then, that these principles, which have always been so wrought up into the groundwork of my character that they never can be separated without marring the little merit of the piece, will always be an invincible obstacle to my entering the list of public competition."

After a time, however, he came to despair of making any impression, either by reason or by ridicule, on the ingrained habits of grown men and women; and he consequently determined to throw all his energies into an attempt to form the minds of the rising generation, in accordance with what he held to be the principles of right reason and sound morality. With this object, he set about the composition of *The History of Sandford and Merton*, of which the first volume appeared in 1783, the second in 1787, and the third in 1789. In Day's view, the most prominent evil of his time was effeminacy of manners, and this he set himself to counteract; the greatest needs of the age were manliness, independence, and certain other sterling qualities of character, which he endeavoured to set forth with all the energy and eloquence at his command. It would be impossible in any available limits to give an intelligible idea of the work. Those who have never read it may be confidently recommended to make the attempt at once; and

## THE AUTHOR OF "SANDFORD AND MERTON"

those who have read it, or who had it read to them in their childhood, will find it a pleasing experience to renew their acquaintance with an old favourite. In the words of the most eminent of living literary critics, it is, "in spite of its quaint didacticism, still among the best children's books in the language"; and it may perhaps be found both pleasant and profitable by children of a larger growth.

Soon after the appearance of the last volume of *Sandford and Merton*, its author came to a sudden and untimely end. A martyr to theory throughout his life, Day became a victim to theory in his death. On September the 28th, 1789, he started from Anningsley, riding an unbroken colt, with the intention of visiting his wife, who was staying with his mother at Bear Hill. He had always firmly held, that any animal could be controlled by kindness. Although not a good horseman, he disdained to employ a horsebreaker; and the animal he rode on this occasion was a favourite foal, which he had reared, fed, and, as he thought, tamed, with his own hand. During the journey, however, the colt shied, and Day was thrown on his head, receiving such injuries that he died within an hour. According to Miss Seward, Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun. "She lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day; and only rose to stray alone through her garden when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom." However that may be, it is certain that she survived her adored husband only two years, and then died, broken-hearted for his loss.

Day was certainly an original. Most people are as much alike as coins of the realm, and might almost have been struck out, like coins, with the same die. Day was more like a peculiar medal, of which the mould was broken after the first impression had been cast. It is small wonder that he was a puzzle to his contemporaries, or that widely divergent views were taken of his character. Keir says that some imputed his friend's unostentatious mode of life to avarice, although the greater part of his income was spent in generosity; others attributed his retirement to misanthropy, although his life was devoted to the service of mankind; and many were only able to explain his conduct to their

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own satisfaction as the result of an abnormal love of singularity and caprice, whereas it is abundantly evident that all his actions flowed from fixed principles, with a consistency seldom equalled. His biographer, who knew him intimately for twenty years, declares that he "never showed the smallest inclination to appear more or less wise, good, or learned, or more or less anything, than he really was." No service was too laborious to be undertaken for his friends ; and he was uniformly kind and generous to the neighbouring poor, notwithstanding that his bounty was often rewarded by ingratitude. As Sir Leslie Stephen says, "his amusing eccentricities were indeed only the symptom of a real nobility of character, too deeply in earnest to submit to the ordinary compromises of society." Edgeworth declares, that he puts the singularities of his excellent friend on record, by way of a warning that we may have too much of even such a good thing as reason. He need have been under little apprehension on that score. The *Nómos* is no less powerful in modern times than Grote represents it to have been amongst the ancient Greeks ; exercising still plenary power, spiritual as well as temporal, over individual minds, and moulding emotion as well as intellect according to the local type. Men like Day, who evolve a code of morals for themselves, and consistently act upon it in defiance of the law and custom of their contemporaries, will never be very numerous. At the same time, their consistency in such a set of fixed principles is not necessarily wisdom. And it must be admitted that Day affords a striking example of the failure of one of the best-intentioned of men who ever lived, to compress human life within the rigid limits of a cast-iron system.

JOHN FYVIE

## MACOLNIA SHOPS

ROME is crowded in the early months of the year, but few people go to the Kirchner Museum. It consists chiefly of prehistoric remains, idols from Peru, and weapons from Abyssinia; and there are only three objects of which Baedeker condescends to give a special account. One is that famous graffito of the Crucifixion, lately discovered on the Palatine. Another is known as the "Treasure of Præneste"—a curious collection of Egyptian valuables that belonged to a ruler of Palestrina during the sixth century B.C.

The third object was also found at Præneste. It would seem that Dindia Macolnia, a wealthy lady of the town, went down one day to the sovereign city of Rome to buy a present for her daughter. A record of her visit would be interesting. Marius was in Rome at the time, or, if not Marius, Sulla, or, if Sulla was dead, Cicero was speaking, or, if Cicero was silent, Macolnia might have looked with well-bred curiosity on the face of Augustus Imperator. But Dindia Macolnia was there to shop.

She found a beautiful bronze toilet case, cylindrical in form, nicely engraved with figures, both at the top and round the sides. It was an old-fashioned thing, and the decorations were out of date—no Cupids, no garlands, no charming banquet-scene of tipsy ladies and gentlemen which should fill her daughter with tender reminiscences of home. Nevertheless, with the addition of three legs and a handle, it would do splendidly, especially for a relation. These additions were made by Novius Plautius—no heaven-born artist—who commemorated the two facts on the handle:—'Novius Plautius made me at Rome,' 'Dindia Macolnia

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gave me to her daughter.' Of course everyone would take 'me' to be the entire toilet case; and thus, by a harmless quibble, the whole thing became as good as new. It is only the prying criticism of the twentieth century that has decided, that the toilet case and the legs were not made by the same hand.

In due time the daughter of Dindia Macolnia died and was buried, and, more important still, her toilet case was buried with her, and was dug up during the eighteenth century A.D., and called the *Cista Ficoroniana*, and buried again in the Kirchner Museum.

It is a Greek work, and it tells the story of the punishment of Amycus by Pollux. The Argonauts had landed in Amycus's country, and asked for water; and he, from sheer barbarian churlishness—one might say from sheer nervousness—would not let them drink. So Pollux the boxer has vanquished him and bound him naked to a tree, and round them are a group of admiring onlookers, divine and human—Zeus, Athene, and the winged Boreas; Jason and Heracles; while Victory flies through the air to place the wreath on Pollux's head. Rather a conventional group, it must be confessed, Athene, the only female figure in the whole design, being particularly unattractive. Yet here, as everywhere, are that unerring beauty and that economy of line which make noble and refined the slightest detail of thrown-off clothes or twisted rope.

But it is only when we turn to the other figures that the encircling motive of the composition becomes plain—or motives, one should say, for there are two, the outer motive, that is plainly and easily followed, and the inner motive, whose expression is more constrained and delicate.

The plain motive is the Praise of Water. Pollux, the boxer, has unsealed the spring, and from the *Argo*, anchored in the salt sea, the heroes step ashore to drink. It is a good thing to satisfy the body: some are hurrying forward to fill their jars: one is drinking water from a wine-cup as he leans on his spear beside the splashing spring: others have drunk and are sitting in perfect physical bliss, having reached the goal of their desire, and found its happiness not illusory. But one, cast in a severer and more modern

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mould, is already up and practising boxing on a blown out skin, in order that he too, when occasion offers, may have this water-compelling power. And, close below him, a little Pan is very properly mocking his actions : Work is at all times unseemly, and why this pother over water when the one thing needful is wine ?

Dindia Macolnia and her daughter, if Etruscan antiquities reflect truly, agreed with the little Pan. They did not understand water, and it is not likely that they understood Friendship either, which is the second motive that their toilet case reveals to us to-day. It declares that when the body is feeble the soul is feeble : cherish the body and you will cherish the soul. That was the belief of the Greeks ; the belief in wearing away the body by penance, in order that the quivering soul may be exposed, had not yet entered into the world.

As the heroes are refreshed, their faculties awake in their fulness, and strong and vivid is the love they bear and have borne for each other. That love has never died, but it has shared the eclipse and weakness of the body. Two—the most beautiful figures of the whole composition—are standing together, leaning on their spears, with the knowledge that they have passed through one more labour in company. Another has hastened back to the *Argo*, and is pouring water down the throat of a sick friend. But he has drunk himself first. That man is as many centuries from self-denial as he is from self-consciousness. In spirit he is further still from the magnanimous Alexander, who empties water on the sand in the midst of a dying army.

Thus the motives go : the Praise of Water and the Praise of Friendship. The second is greater than the first ; but it must needs come after it in place.

“ Praise of Water ! Praise of Friendship ! ” cries the angry shade of Dindia Macolnia, rising on its elbow out of the quaint Etruscan Hell. “ I bought the thing because it was pretty, and stood nicely on the chest of drawers.”

It may be that the Greek artist, sitting solitary and content amidst Elysian asphodels, now values that praise more than ours.

E. M. FORSTER

# MR. BURDEN

## CHAPTER II

**I**T is never possible to assign to any one cause a great catastrophe. It is even difficult to pick out the strongest of the many threads which go to weave a destiny. It is perhaps because I knew him so well and was so shocked by his recent death, that I find this difficulty peculiarly apparent in the case of Mr. Burden.

It is necessary, however, to make a beginning, and I would beg my readers to consider one of the earliest sources of that tragedy, the unfortunate entanglement into which his son, Cosmo, fell while yet an undergraduate: an entanglement which had, indeed, the result of earning him the lifelong friendship of such men as Mr. Barnett and Mr. Harbury, but which proved indirectly a deathblow to his own father.

Hints and suspicions have magnified and distorted a story simple enough in itself, and one which in its bare truth throws no dishonour upon the young man whose whole life it had embittered. He may himself read these lines. He will (I am sure) think it no treason in his father's friend, if I set down briefly and exactly facts the misapprehension of which alone would injure him. Indeed it is necessary that I should do so if a comprehension is to be had of what follows.

There lay about eight miles from the University a village of the name of Mallerham. Like Wyndhorpe, Garton, Rupworth, Bilscombe, Gorle, and many others, it is one of the most beautiful in England: its cottages and peasants have about them an indefinable air of security and content, and are the property of the Howley family.

Before the recent national invention of the bicycle, Mallerham was a place of resort for the wealthier undergraduates; it retains the character to this day, nor is the annual dinner of the Brummel Club held elsewhere than at the Malden Arms.

Originally, of course, Mallerham was Malden land, and the sign of

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the inn is a touching example of the deep roots which our English families strike into the soil. For though the Gayles, who sold the estate to the Howleys last year, had originally purchased it in 1857 from the Barlows, who were heirs by marriage of the Hindes, yet the Hindes themselves had bought it from the Kempes of Hoverton, whose early efforts in finance bring us directly through the Rinaldos to Geoffry Malden, the famous soldier husband of Maria Van Huren, the witty Dutch companion of William of Orange.

When Cosmo was at the University the Malden Arms was held as a tied house by a family of the name of Capes, whose only daughter, Hermione, grew to inspire Cosmo with an immature and temporary, but profound, affection.

It is no purpose of these pages to make excuses for the lad. The example of older men, who often mentioned and praised the daughter of the inn, may perhaps have led away a temperament easily impressed by the customary or the fashionable. Nor was the powerful stimulus of universal and incessant rumour the only attraction Hermione wielded. The young woman, herself, could partly furnish cause for Cosmo's passion. She was some nine years older than he, a circumstance which lent to her conversation with the gentry and middle classes a charm of experience and arch intelligence rare enough under the conditions of her birth. She was of a large and commanding presence, her manner was active and determined, her step vigorous. Her voice, which was somewhat loud and unpleasing, was redeemed by features in which the conventional prudery of her rank had long been vanquished, while her eyes, remarkable for the length and darkness of their lashes, had achieved a fixed expression of confident affection.

During Cosmo's fifth and last year at the University, the young couple met, if anything, more frequently than before. Mr. and Mrs. Capes put no obstacles in the way of their growing intimacy, and, towards the end of what his father well designated his "career," Cosmo had the incredible folly to open with Hermione a frequent and regular correspondence.

Some lawyers have maintained that this correspondence contained as many as seven distinct expressions equivalent to an offer of marriage. It is a matter upon which I can express no opinion. Nor would I dream of adding, by an impertinent discussion, to the chagrin which a man of Cosmo's refined temperament cannot but experience if he should read these lines. What is certain is, that when the time had come to sever his connection with the Malden Arms, these letters took on an aspect of their own.

He had seen Hermione for the last time (as he hoped) upon a Wednesday towards the end of term. A natural reticence had



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forbidden him to break it to her that they would not meet again ; he had affected in every recent visit an increasing carelessness of demeanour, and had attempted to drag out this final interview to so dull and purposeless a conclusion as might properly let die a wearisome attachment. He neglected in nothing those artifices by which a man of refinement and honour softens the pain he may be compelled to inflict. I record it with the utmost pleasure of my old friend's son, that he showed such true delicacy in the crisis of this lamentable story.

But her woman's instinct, aided perhaps by a more general acquaintance with such matters, forbade Hermione to be deceived. Her tenderness increased with every conversation, until, in this last, it became a kind of assiduity whose tone repelled the young man, and lent him, if possible, a yet stronger determination to be free ; with her protestations of affection, her enquiries and her detailed reminiscence, was commingled a perpetual record of his cherished letters, of their place in her heart, and of how they seemed to keep him with her always.

He recalled them as she spoke. He could find nothing in them to warrant so extravagant a devotion. There were many recent notes excusing his absence, many earlier ones of appointment ; he remembered not a few written from abroad, longer letters full of description. They reflected, of course, his regard ; but he could not understand the large part they had played in her simple life, nor why they formed in these days the staple of her fond and persistent memories.

He was troubled and returned on the morrow.

The letters loomed larger than ever across the sunset of their loves. On the Friday (for in his anxiety he came daily) her conversation was of nothing else, and when he showed plainly how insignificant he thought them, she offered to read him the passages that had most comforted her. She whispered their purport and drew closer to him as she told it.

Then indeed this topic, which had at first only wearied and annoyed, grew to alarm him. He dared not withdraw. He came again and again : on the Saturday, the Sunday, the Monday ; he no longer avoided the mention of these documents, or turned her away with careless replies. On the contrary, they seemed suddenly—by I know not what morbid possession of his delicate mind—to be of even greater moment to himself than to her. He would have touched them, held them, borne them away with him. She only refused, with a look of possession and pride in her eyes.

Tuesday and Wednesday offered no solution, Thursday was dangerous, and Friday sombre.

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In this final phase of their duel, he had at last determined upon a desperate solution of what had grown to be a menace ; he would tell her frankly that they must part ; it followed that he would receive his letters, and he hoped, by the aid of that tact which he justly believed himself to exercise, to prevent a scene which could only be painful to them both.

With the afternoon of Saturday he set off once more for the Malden Arms.

His mind as he went was oppressed and confused. I have said that Cosmo, was and is (if he will forgive me the phrase) pursued by the accidents of his childhood. His body, too bulky and too slow, suffered from the necessity of these daily journeys ; their inconclusive irritation preyed also upon his clear, but sensitive and somewhat ill-balanced mind. For no reason, save that care breeds care, and that his general tone had fallen with the strain of these days, he saw his future blackly as he went wearily up the hill of Mallersham in the summer evening. A healthy man of his position and inheritance does not consider his debts, for instance ; he himself had never given them a thought till now ; he had seen them vaguely at the back of his mind, two or three hundred pounds (£250 was the figure at which he averaged them in more careful moments) ; he had dismissed them for more immediate things.

But this evening their list seemed interminable. His father's hearing of them, which he had put off to some future moment of success or necessity, seemed suddenly grown terrible—a thing not to be approached. He recalled this and that obligation which were almost matters of honour, and he got colder as he recalled them. He began to imagine men whom he knew speaking of him in his absence, he felt as it were enmeshed and held, though hitherto no such imaginary follies had oppressed him in all his youth—so much can one note of friction enfeeble all the soul.

In a wiser moment he would have known that so much rasp and depression would weaken him in negotiation. It did indeed weaken him now when he met Hermione. He so conducted his demand that a woman of less strength might have been guilty of a quarrel ; she fell to no such weakness. She told him what she had told him a hundred times—all that his letters were to her. If he himself chose to begone, she would retain them as the only thing remaining to her. In all this her voice was finely self-possessed, she spoke as of a property in land, a possession ; and as she did so discovered an unexpected exactitude and dignity of demeanour. She seemed—perhaps from affectation—unmoved by his sudden gesture, and his assurance that he would not return. The letters were still her theme, and their nature, or at least her interpretation of them, were the

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last words he heard from her lips as, much more clearly than he wished, she still called after him across the twilight. He would not turn his head. He left her and pushed homeward, taxing his strength unwittingly, and attempting a desperate hope that she would indeed so cherish his writing that he should hear neither of it nor of her again.

He reached college in utter weariness. June was not yet ended; the weather was still cold; he lit a fire for company, and stared at it for an hour or more, in that terror of the future which will oppress men of his temperament upon any considerable accident.

His large and somewhat unwieldy body seemed to grow weak and to sink upon itself, as he sat there tortured by thought. His face, though heavy, was too young for this care to alter it; but all energy had disappeared from his eyes, and his brain, in a kind of lethargy, sought no solution.

The letters and his debts, his debts and the letters, mixed in a confused nightmare. He sat up as though determined to shake off a mere obsession, and to seek refuge in reality.

He took a sheet of paper on which he had written the heading "Saxon Origins." He wasted perhaps thirty seconds gazing at this, then he put his pen through it, and began to draw up an alphabetical list. He could remember no creditor in A——. There was Barlton, the tobacconist; . . . he could think of no other "Ba," except Bazeley, and "Baz" comes after "Bar." So he wrote "Barlton" down at the top of the paper. Now how much did he owe Barlton? He had a vague idea in his head that it was something over thirty-three pounds; indeed, he seemed to remember the figure quite clearly. He wrote down "33." Then, to satisfy himself more fully, he went to a drawer, and by good luck hit upon the bill before he had looked ten minutes; there it was, "£33 14s. 7d.;" but it was nearly two years old. He pondered. There seemed to float before his mind another bill—more recent; he could not be at the pains of seeking it. He "averaged" his present debt to Mr. Barlton at £55. He scratched out the 33 and wrote "55"—he was not so far wrong; Mr. Barlton had his name on his books for exactly £58 19s. 6d.

Then came Bazeley. How much did he owe the Bazeley stable? He certainly could not be bothered to look up all these details; he knew about what it would be. It would be about sixty, or, say, seventy pounds. He would write down "75" to be on the safe side—and he was. For Mr. Bazeley, who was a poor hand at book-keeping, had written out a bill at random that very afternoon, and this bill, after some thought, he had put at £73 15s. 9d., an addition which he had simplified by the formula, "Act. rendered."

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Cosmo was searching mentally among the "B's," and had found Belper—say, twenty-eight pounds, when he suddenly remembered Bailey the Bookbinder. The bill was a small one, not more than four or five pounds at the outside—say six—but it annoyed him because "Bai" comes before "Bar." He squeezed it in at the top and went on with his work. Within an hour, after many erasures and transpositions, he had completed the "B's." There were sixteen of them, for B is the commonest of initials; still, there were sixteen. They came between them to a trifle over £300, did the "B's." He was turning to the letter C with a heavy heart, when he suddenly remembered two "A's"—Alfred the photographer, and Aiken, of whom he had bought the saddles. He took up a fresh sheet to make a new list, wrote down their names, and then angrily crumpled up the whole and threw it into the fire. What could all this do for him? He owed five hundred, perhaps six—probably nearer seven—call it seven . . . . Anyhow he had the prospect and the power of paying . . . But as he looked fixedly at the paper, burning before him like an expiation, a lumbering step came up the stone stairs without, he answered a heavy uncertain knock, and there entered something of more moment even than his debts: the considerable form and purpose of Mr. Capes.

He had his hat in his hand and bore a sapling to walk with; his gaiters were muddy and so were his heavy boots; but he was dressed in his best, his hair was very carefully oiled, and it was evident that he had taken all pains to do honour to the visit. He came in with respectful hesitation, and stood a moment near the door.

Cosmo stood up at once. "Come in, Mr. Capes," he said, "what is it?"

"Why," said Mr. Capes slowly, "Thank you, Sir, it's just a little matter . . . I"; and here he looked down at the carpet and followed the pattern with the end of his sapling.

"Come up to the fire and sit down," said Cosmo. "Have something."

It was a nervous peculiarity of his, common enough to the University with its years of study, that he could not keep his eyes on anyone's face; but he spoke cheerfully enough. Mr. Capes came up and sat down by the fire.

"What do you drink, Mr. Capes?" said Cosmo.

"Claret wine, thank you, Sir," answered Mr. Capes.

Cosmo brought out some College claret and poured it into a tumbler. Mr. Capes took a gulp of it; his expression changed, and he put it down again.

"Would you rather have some port, Mr. Capes?" said Cosmo anxiously.

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"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Capes, "I don't care if I do." There was an assurance beneath the deference of his manner which Cosmo could hardly bear in silence. As he stood and poured out the port for Mr. Capes in his easy chair, he said, "Well?"

"Well . . ." said Mr. Capes, holding his glass poised and staring at the fire . . . "I've been talking to my 'Ermione"; he pronounced these two last words as though they were but one, and he put into them a very mournful emphasis.

"Now I know what you're going to say, Sir," he went on, putting up a large wooden palm, while Cosmo kept his lips tight and drawn, "I know what you're going to say, an' I say nothing. . . . I don't want to *make any unpleasantness*—but there ! . . . my poor girl !" He shook his head up and down, and then from side to side, still gazing at the fire.

Cosmo sat quite silent with his hands clasped before him. He was under a considerable strain, and every word that fell from Mr. Capes increased this strain till it became almost intolerable.

Mr. Capes continued his monologue in the very tone and with all the pathos of a street preacher. "She's told me all, Sir, she has. Quite straightforward ; she always was that !" He wagged his head again from side to side, and then up and down, "and all I can say is,"—his voice rose, he turned round and faced Cosmo squarely,— "you owe her some com-pen-sa-tion." Having said that with a victorious scansion, Mr. Capes brought one open hand down smack upon the table, and then with the other very carefully put down his empty glass.

He had expected Cosmo to speak, but Cosmo only rose and filled Mr. Capes' glass. Then he sat down again, still silent with compressed lips.

Mr. Capes, like all men whose eloquence is natural and untaught, found transition in speech a very difficult matter. He began to repeat himself a good deal. He said twice that Mrs. Capes agreed with him, and insisted at least four times that he did not want to make any unpleasantness. He uttered the profound truth, that his Hermione would never be the same again. And at each pause he still made it clear that he understood Cosmo's position, he still maintained his attitude of respect, and he still came back to the only solution that had presented itself to his rustic mind. And still through this torture Cosmo was silent.

Mr. Capes was not ignorant of negotiation. He had often purchased young pigs for fattening, and would do, from time to time, a little horse-jobbing. He perceived that the matter of the bargain must be touched, if this scene was ever to find an end.

"There are a few little things of hers, perhaps you have by you,

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Sir. I know there was that pop'lar history of the war she lent you for the maps ; a rug and a brooch she says you had—she does. Now if *you* send these back by *me*, why, it'll be fitting like ; and then I can bring you back some few things of *yourn* what *she* has ; there was a pin I know, and a book of something, and all your letters and all ; if I bring all that back to you, Sir, why *that*'ll be fitting too, so it will—and, of course," rather more firmly, "such com-pen-sation as is fitting also."

Mr. Capes was standing as though to go. Cosmo also stood, his eyes cast down and something like decision in his low voice.

"What do you want?" he said.

There is nothing in the world of business more difficult to estimate than the sum of ready money which the son of a rich man may have at his disposal at any moment. Legally he has often nothing ; practically he may have anything at all. The problem is doubly hard for a father whose judgment is confused by the memory of a beloved and injured daughter, and handicapped by grave imperfections of early training. Mr. Capes had only one thing in his favour—he had made up his mind and he was free from hesitation. He had made enquiries some weeks ago of a tobacconist and an ostler, and his honest mind was too robust for indecision.

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds," said he. Then he added, by way of rounding off the crudeness of the figures, "and not a penny less !"

Cosmo had been desperate for at least twenty minutes : there had rushed through his mind scheme after scheme. In the last resort an appeal to his father,—flight, even, if nothing was left but to fly. He could not bear this interview a moment longer. He would dare anything.

"Come here, to this room, at eight to-morrow evening and you shall have it," he said.

"To-morrow's Sunday," answered Mr. Capes, with a touch of reproach in his hard breathing.

"Ten o'clock on Monday morning then," said Cosmo in better control of himself—"and—Mr. Capes, will you have some more wine?"

Mr. Capes drank a conclusion to that evening : pleased with Cosmo's consistent courtesy (he had come prepared for worse), pleased with his own great tact, pleased with the simplicity of himself and the world ; the whole mellowed by so much port as almost drowned in him the picture of his poor child and her irreparable loss.

That night Cosmo did not sleep ; he heard the rain falling on the flags without, and it mingled with his despair. Towards five, the broad daylight wearying him beyond words, he fell into a deep,

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unhappy slumber, in which he neither dreamt nor was refreshed. It was past midday when he woke. He dressed as carelessly as may be, breakfasted, and spun out all the hours of the afternoon in silence, imagining nothing, seeking no issue. He could not even read. There had fallen on him the dead spirit which very often falls upon men in their evil hour, and especially upon men by nature heavy and unalert. With the evening he wandered round to the club, purposeless and blank ; but as he came into the main room he saw Mr. Harbury reading in one of the deep chairs, and the sight comforted him. For Mr. Harbury's very appearance suggested the world of methodical action, decision, and ordered things.

Mr. Harbury, who was to play so large a part in Cosmo's life and his father's, was a man such as our manifold Empire alone produces.

He was tall and cleanly made, his dark hair, just touched with a metallic grey, lay close to his head, his features were very regular and hard, his mouth especially was firm, and two strong lines, as though of a slight but just and permanent contempt, flanked it upon either side. The bronzed colour of his skin, his long, clear eyes well wrinkled at the corners, the decision of his step, all spoke of the experience of travel, and of a balanced and ready knowledge of men.

He was reticent. The modesty which is the chief charm of our race in its highest governing type was so ingrained in him, that he had been heard in the last four years to speak but twice of his family or of his own adventures. The short and sufficient notice which he supplied to books of reference told the world that he came of good Lincolnshire stock, and indeed the arms which appeared, small and decent, upon his silver, were those of the now extinct Harburys of Lanby ; it was presumably a cadet of this family who had established himself as a merchant in the Isles of the Levant two generations ago. There, acting, we may suppose, as a chaplain or what not, Mr. Harbury's father had taken Holy Orders, but at what period in his life, and whether in the English or Maronite communion, is unknown. Old Lady Maring has told me that she thinks it was he whom she once met in her father's office when he was Consul at Smyrna. For the rest, the few lines dedicated to Mr. Harbury's life in *Who's Who* tell us that he has visited Persia and Afghanistan, that he is very familiar with Egypt—on which province of the Empire he has written many articles in the *Times* and the *Financial News*—and that his favourite recreations are shooting, fishing, yachting, golfing, and travel. He has also several clubs, among others the *Devonshire*.

Men of this stamp cannot but influence upon every side the

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destiny of our race ; the nature of their activity is not easy to define, but it is apparent and beneficent. His power certainly did not consist in mere wealth—indeed, Mr. Harbury's fortune, the decent competence of a Levantine clerical family, cannot have exceeded a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—but from his pleasant home within a short distance of the University he radiated, as it were, through twenty different departments of Imperial life.

The more serious organs of the Press, from the *Times* to "M.M" (*Money Makes Money*), regarded him as a specialist upon Imperial problems ; he would leave England some three times a year for Africa or the near East ; he had lectured upon the fauna of Socotra ; he was the friend and associate, in a sense, the *link* between those very varied types of administrators, soldiers, and financiers, who between them build up that which the world has not seen since Rome decayed. Two men who would mutually suspect or despise each other—a somewhat narrow though upright general officer, a brilliant and daring speculator, for example—would each be friends of Mr. Harbury. Mr. Harbury knew how to use what was best in each for the common good of England. Lord Hayshott—a man by nature contemptuous of finance ; Sir Jules Barraud, of the Canadian Copper Syndicate and the Anglo-French Quick-silver Group ; Henry Borsan, of Leeds ; Mrs. Warberton, who perhaps had more influence in British East Africa than any other woman ; were each indebted to him for services and friendship. What is more significant, it was Mr. Harbury who had first pointed out to Mr. Barnett all that the University meant to the Empire ; how through the University the Empire could best be trained to its last ventures, and, I believe—no one can prove it—that the idea of the Mercantile Scholarships was Mr. Harbury's rather than Mr. Barnett's creation. And if Mr. Barnett was at that moment the guest of the Master of Barnabas, it was Mr. Harbury who had introduced him to that new world.

With the name of Mr. Barnett, however—a name which calls up to all Englishmen affairs of far greater moment—I am touching upon the principal subject of these few pages : that unhappy misunderstanding concerning the M'Korio Delta, and its fatal issue for Mr. Burden, my friend. Let me leave these to their proper order, and return to Cosmo in his despair.

Mr. Harbury knew Cosmo and liked him. He wished to know and like him better. He saw in a moment into what mood the young man had fallen, and he guessed at once—if not the exact cause of it—at least the general nature of Cosmo's necessity. He saw 'money' there quite plainly, like a written thing.

Cosmo attempted conversation and failed. Mr. Harbury threw his paper to the floor and turned a trifle towards him.



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"Burden," he said.

"Yes," said Cosmo.

"Dine with me to-night."

"I'm not fit to dine with anyone . . ." said Cosmo, and as he said it he mentally added 700 to 750, and rose uneasily and then sat down again, leaning back with his hands dropping listlessly on the arm of the chair.

Cosmo prided himself—and justly—upon his reticence : but then Cosmo had never been tortured till now . . . he said to himself that Harbury was an older man . . . he knew him for a silent and a wise man . . . he looked at his companion, a side-long look, and said, blurting it out as though to get it over, but putting on the conventional smile wherein very inexperienced men of breeding hide all extremity and confusion :

"I've got to make a payment to-morrow at ten o'clock—and I must spend my time looking for it—but I sha'n't find it, Harbury. It isn't there, you know." Then he was silent, glad to have found words of a virile flippancy.

Mr. Harbury wanted to laugh, but he looked grave. "How much, Burden?" he said.

"I didn't sleep all night," answered Cosmo savagely.

"Yes—but how much is it?" pressed Mr. Harbury with patience.

"Oh! . . . It doesn't matter—so long as it's out of reach, anyhow."

Mr. Harbury was decisive :

"It's never any good mentioning the *word* money unless you speak of exact sums," he said. Mr Harbury knew what he was talking about, and Cosmo's hesitation began to yield : he wavered a moment, and Mr. Harbury sat quite still, as fishermen do over dark smooth waters at evening.

Young men are often timorous in the presence of great sums of money ; they do not understand the modern ease and fluidity, the come and go, of wealth.

Cosmo rather whispered than said, "A thousand."

Mr. Harbury smiled, so spontaneously and so brightly, that he seemed for a moment hardly older than Cosmo himself.

"My dear fellow. . . !" he said. "My dear fellow."

Then his smile broke into an honest little laugh. He sat up in the deep padded chair and put one hand upon Cosmo's knee :

"Is that what has been worrying you, Cosmo?"

Cosmo Burden started at the noise of his own name. He had taken Mr. Harbury's popularity for granted during full four years, but he had not quite understood why that quiet, dark-haired man

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had made so many friends, nor why he had lost none ; why, living at some distance, travelling much, appearing only as a visitor or guest, he had increased his value till he seemed a kind of centre for all that counted most in the University. He knew now : Mr. Harbury had used his travels, he could help.

Mr. Harbury also felt a kind of gladness at the same moment ; for he knew that he had gained one more friend, and friends to all such men are (if we only knew it !) the dearest part of the wealth they so easily attain.

He said it again, laughing in the goodness of his heart :

"Is that what has been worrying you, Cosmo?"

"It is enough to worry about," said Cosmo. He said it with his head still down, and he said it miserably. But there was hope in his voice.

Mr. Harbury lay back in the attitude of a man wearied by repetition.

"There are fifty men who would give it to you within the next two hours," he said.

Cosmo, who had read many books, shook his head with a certain firmness, answering :

"I am determined not to borrow from my friends."

Then he got up, and walked towards the window, and gazed out into the rain with that expression upon his face upon which depends the manliness of our youth.

Mr. Harbury looked at him as he stood those few feet off in the grey light, with his face averted. He turned in his mind all that he knew of men embarrassed, of young men who did not know the nature of the world, and then he said quietly :

"I will let you have it myself."

But Cosmo repeated the phrase he thought best :

"I have already told you, I will not borrow from my friends," and he deepened the expression of manliness, and stood quite firm where he was. Mr. Harbury was genuinely impatient.

"Then borrow it in the regular way," he said, "but whatever you do don't get a sum like that on your nerves. . . . people are so funny about money when there's any hurry. . . ."

Then he turned round sharply and cried :

"Good Lord, it isn't worth all this fuss. Borrow it from some regular man—De Vere, or Ashington, or Massingberd, or somebody. . . . They know who you are."

"I know what happens when people do *that*," said Cosmo, for he had read a thousand things ; and then he added, "*Sixty per cent.*," as though it was a kind of secret password, showing him to have a vast knowledge of mankind.

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In spite of his good nature, Mr. Harbury was almost angry with a young man aghast at a thousand pounds, using fine phrases and bringing in the 60 per cent. of the police-courts and the novelists ; the 60 per cent. which farmers pay, and poor widows, and insignificant officers of the line, and men hiding, and all who have no backing.

"Cosmo," he said, firmly, so that he made himself obeyed, "you say this man is coming at ten to-morrow. I will come at nine and bring you the money—in notes, mind you—in notes. Then, since your nerves are in that state, we will go up to town and I will take you to Ashington ; I know him as well as I know you ; he will lend it you at 15 per cent. at the very most, and I will see that he does it ; and if you must clear your mind, you can pay me then. Sixty per cent. ! Oh, Cosmo, Cosmo, what a lot you have to learn."

Cosmo waited a little, as they do in story books, and then Mr. Harbury saw by his face that he had consented, and Mr. Harbury laughed a clear laugh, and put his hand upon his shoulder, and Cosmo, from whom certainly a great weight had gone, asked him where he was dining, and said he would come too.

At Mr. Harbury's dinner, half academic and half political, Cosmo met a group of those men who are in the very core of our lives to-day, and who principally direct our State and its great destinies ; and heard in silence the Master of Barnabas, Charles Gayne and a dozen other people who were arranging the new Mercantile Scholarships ; Professor Ezekiel K. Goode, Ph.D., the creator of Hylomorphism as a philosophic system ; and next to him there sat a man named Ragge, whose mother had done a great work in the East End.

But especially he noticed at the other end of the table the large and ponderous face, the dominating gesture, and the lethargic eyes of a man whose very name betokened something great ; it was Mr. Barnett, upon whose direction the scheme depended. And that evening he heard also for the first time, casually mentioned, a phrase that was to have great power over his life—the Development of the M'Korio Delta. He heard it appearing and reappearing at intervals in the conversation, as fire-flies dart in and out of trees.

Next morning Mr. Capes came, still respectful and still determined. But Cosmo's manner was all renewed and strong ; he met Mr. Capes with a vigorous, sharp manner that astonished him, and spoke the first words loudly :

"You know what I think, Capes. It's blackmail. You know that

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as well as I do." He pulled out the money as he spoke. "Where's your packet?"

"I don't like to be spoken to like that, Sir," said Mr. Capes.

Cosmo in his relief insisted more strongly.

"I can't help that, Capes; you must hear it now, for I hope never to see you again. It's blackmail. I said I would pay it, and I will keep my word; but it's blackmail, and it shall be remembered against you till I die."

Mr. Capes was foolish enough to say at this point, that he hoped there would be no unpleasantness.

"Count them," said Cosmo.

Mr. Capes took the notes and turned each carefully over as though he feared a trick. Then he ran through them again by the aid of his great thumb, which he put to his mouth from time to time as he counted half aloud. He was satisfied.

"You owe it us, Sir," said he slowly, "certain you do."

Then he put the price of a comfortable life into his pocket book, wagged his head sadly, and brought out from his tails a package wrapped up in a very dirty old newspaper. He unfolded it and produced an inner packet tied with a thick and greasy string, and Cosmo sighed slightly as he felt his own hand on the envelopes, and took back the letters and with them his peace of mind.

"I hope,"—began Mr. Capes.

"I don't want to have any more words with you, Capes," said Cosmo, trying to set his mouth, and speaking still with depth and loudly.

"Oh! very well, Sir," said Mr. Capes respectfully, "very well, Sir," and he moved slowly to the door and shut it after him very gently, as he had ever been taught was good manners. And Cosmo heard his shamble on the stone stairs, and felt as though peril had gone with him, and as though in some way his own manhood had returned.

He took the packet and had just untied the string, when his eye caught the clock, and he saw he had barely the time to meet Mr. Harbury at the station. He put the letters loosely into his desk, locked it, and went out free.

Mr. Harbury took him up to town to Jermyn-street, and there the two went up a flight of stairs and came to a door which bore, on a brass plate, the name of "Ashington."

There was a decent clerk of middle age writing at a desk. He came forward courteously, and took from Mr. Harbury's hand a note which was addressed to his master. It was to introduce Cosmo and himself, and to tell their business. The clerk came out again at once, and bowed out a very old man, a client whose hands were shaking, and bowed in through the green baize door the two new

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visitors. Then he shut the green baize door, and Cosmo, in some awe, sat down and looked about him.

There was a large table with two novels upon it, and a great inkpot, and two silver candlesticks, and a piece of sealing wax, and a lovely little statuette of Napoleon in bronze. There were also some letters upon the table, and two envelopes waiting for the post. And, sitting at the table, was a little elderly man, with kind keen eyes and a kind smile, but coughing and weak in health, and with a nervous trick of the eyes and mouth as he spoke. And when he spoke he had another nervousness, which was to repeat his phrases, and he began by saying :

"Well, well," and then he said it again, and smiled and added : "it's very simple, Mr. Harbury, it's very simple. I suppose that this gentleman is of age?—is of age?" He looked kindly again at Cosmo, and said : "is of age?"

Cosmo said that he was twenty-three. He was afraid it might have been bad form, or he would have mentioned birth certificates and proofs ; but his statement appeared enough ; he was astonished at the ease with which these mysterious things were done in this new great world, which he had never known.

The little old man got up, walking with knees rather bent, and with short steps, saying :

"I'll get a form, I'll get a form, Harbury ; I'll get a form." And he went to another door at the end of his little room.

In the silence Cosmo looked at the walls, he noted their taste and comfort : the excellent English mezzotints of Italian workmanship, and the air, in every subdued decoration, of harmony with the English air and manner, the old dignified English quarter in which this English house had been built two hundred years before. His mind was still upon these charming characters of security and repose, when Mr. Harbury said to him quietly and with a smile :

"Cosmo, I have asked for £1,200. . . . I am determined that you shall have something in hand ; you must have your mind quite free . . . . when the work you may have to do begins."

And Cosmo did nothing but smile in answer a little sadly, and nod once or twice.

Then old Mr. Ashington came toddling back, put on gold spectacles with great elaboration, laid the form on the table by Cosmo, and, bending over it, followed down its few clauses with his delicate finger, and Cosmo read them, murmuring their words, and then old Mr. Ashington said :

"That's where you sign ; that's where you sign ; that's where you sign." And Cosmo signed, and the thing was done.

*(To be continued.)*

## MR. MORLEY'S "GLADSTONE" <sup>1</sup>

EVERY biography is, or should be, a portrait; and the biography of a statesman must be a history as well. In painting Mr. Gladstone's portrait, Mr. Morley has shown a consummate mastery both of subject and of method, and has produced a result so admirable as almost to set criticism at defiance. When, a century hence, the student takes down these volumes from the shelves of the British Museum or the Bodleian Library, he will learn, completely and precisely, what manner of man that great orator, financier, parliamentarian, and theologian was, who played so colossal a part in the Victorian age.

Before we come to the subject we must say a word about the method; and here the hand of the master-craftsman is conspicuously displayed. Every detail of the workmanship is flawless. In the first place, the arrangement by books, chapters, and sections is eminently handy and workable. Then the persistent employment of the first person—"I saw," "I said," "I heard,"—reminding the reader of Macaulay's emphatic prelude to his History—is surely a commendable innovation on biographical practice. It sustains the personal interest of the continuous narrative; it reminds the reader that he is listening to one who has seen and known a great part of what is described; and it saves confusions between subject and author. Throughout the book, "He" is Gladstone and "I" is Mr. Morley, with the obvious exception of the quoted passages which are given in Gladstone's own words. Mr. Morley is far too good an artist to construct a decoration, but he realises the importance of decorating his structures. This he does by a succession of mottoes, culled from all literatures and admirably translated; by frequent but not excessive use of quotation; and by the glow and colour and rapid movement of his fascinating style. Rapidity is indeed the characteristic of his style, as trenchancy is the

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone.* By John Morley. In three Volumes. London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 1903. £2 2s. net.

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characteristic of his judgment. His sentences run as easily and fluently as those of natural conversation, and they have this other quality in common with conversation—that they sometimes deal in allusion and innuendo, and presuppose a knowledge which they do not pause to impart.

It was in the autumn of 1898 that Gladstone's family, in the exercise of a most wise discretion, decided that Mr. Morley should be their father's biographer, and handed to him, for the purposes of this work, the entire mass of letters and documents at Hawarden accumulated during a lifetime which almost touched ninety years. Surely no biographer ever was so richly equipped. But the very wealth of the equipment made it a crushing burden, and a weaker man would have staggered under it and fallen in irrecoverable collapse. Not so Mr. Morley. He has borne the load as lightly as a flower. He has diminished it by casting off great masses of superfluous lumber. He has retained for use only what he discerned to be of genuine value ; and even that was so large a bulk, that he has been forced to practise the severest compression before he could reduce it to manageable dimensions. The arts of condensation and arrangement have never been more skilfully combined.

When the biographer had been burrowing for a twelvemonth or so in that octagon chamber at Hawarden, where his material was stored, some of those who professed to know his secrets went about with countenances full of mystery, and darkly hinted that, whenever the book appeared, it would be found to contain something so unexpected and so startling that even Gladstone's closest friends would be amazed. But the men with the mysterious countenances would seem to have been not quite as wise as they looked, for these volumes contain nothing about Gladstone's personal life and character which all the world did not know before. He lived so much in the open, that there was little room for fundamental misapprehension about his qualities or acts. Even the earlier biographers were not so very far wrong ; and the difference between Mr. Morley's work and theirs is rather like the difference between a consummately finished portrait by Sir William Richmond and a thumb-nail sketch by poor Phil May. The person presented is recognizably the same. It is in scale and method, background and detail, that you see the difference between the two orders of composition. From these pages Gladstone emerges as all his countrymen knew him, with his "soul of fire, encased in a frame of pliant steel" ; with his profound religiousness, his vulnerable temper, his impetuous moods, his passion for hard work, his consuming sense of responsibility for life and time and power. Some of his admirers, who loved to dwell rather on the saintly

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than on the secular side of his character, used to make out that he disliked office, and was always yearning for a private life. This delusion Mr. Morley dispels. No doubt there were moments when he was disgusted with public life, its meannesses, its limitations, its disappointments. At such a moment, in 1874, he resigned the Liberal leadership. When he touched the appointed age of man, he earnestly desired a period of repose between the close of his official career and the end of life. He thought the interests of political life, "though profoundly human, quite off the line of an old man's direct preparation for passing the River of Death." But these were exceptional and transient moods. His permanent and settled judgment is thus given by Mr. Morley. "Of a certain kind of cant about public life and office Mr. Gladstone was always accustomed to make short work. The repudiation of desire for official power he always roundly described as sentimental and maudlin. One of the not too many things that he admired in Lord Palmerston was the manly frankness of his habitual declaration, that office is the natural and proper sphere of a public man's ambition, as that in which he can most freely use his powers for the common advantage of his country." "The desire for office," said Gladstone, "is the desire of ardent minds for a larger space and scope within which to serve the country, and for command of that powerful machinery for information and practice, which the public departments supply. He must be a very bad Minister indeed who does not do ten times the good to the country that he would do out of office, because he has helps and opportunities which multiply twentyfold, as by a system of wheels and pulleys, his power for doing it." This deliberate statement abundantly confirms what those who had watched Gladstone most closely, always believed about his love of power. It makes his early resignation of a much-prized office an act of almost heroic virtue; and it goes far to explain his junction with Lord Palmerston in 1859, his sudden resumption of practical leadership in 1879, and his manœuvres at the beginning of 1886. He loved power, felt his fitness for it, and used it nobly. He "worked the great institutions of the country" for the objects which he believed to be supremely good.

Those who, scrutinising Gladstone, also revered him, always maintained that, if love of power was the second characteristic of his nature, the first, the fundamental, and the transcendent, was his religiousness. And this trait stands forth in high relief on Mr. Morley's canvas. At every turn in that long and wonderful career, there is the same strong, vivid, and permanent sense of close and continuous relation with the Unseen Power. It sustains him at all crises of his



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public life. Throughout he believes himself to be called by God to a special work, and endowed with special strength for its fulfilment. Therefore he is "not disturbed, though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea." Thus, after the momentous Election of 1880—the climax, as events proved, of his career—he writes: "I thought by what deep and hidden agencies I have been brought into the midst of the vortex of political action and contention . . . I do believe that the Almighty has employed me for His purposes in a manner larger and more special than before, and has strengthened and led me on accordingly." A "new access of strength has been administered to me in my old age."

Holy Scripture has been, "in a remarkable manner, applied to me for admonition and for comfort." At every turn the *Sortes Biblicae*, as they meet him in the daily services of the church, illuminate and embolden him. Apart from his regular attendance at Holy Communion and daily service, and all the stated occasions of devotion, he finds religious opportunities in all nooks and crannies of his time, and some of these the most unpromising. When he is "kept waiting," in society, or business, instead of grumbling and fretting, he cultivates religious meditation. In thirty-mile walks on the hills round Balmoral, he finds himself specially alone with God. He practises and recommends the habit of "inwardly turning the thoughts to God, though but for a moment, in the course or during the intervals of our business, which constantly presents occasions requiring His aid and guidance." As the end approaches, he desires to stand like a soldier in the ranks, waiting the word of command which shall bid him fall out. He thinks that "to die in church would be a great euthanasia." No one, however ardent a believer in dogmatic Christianity, could have handled the religious part of Gladstone's life more sympathetically or more reverently than Mr. Morley. "The fundamentals of Christian dogma, so far as I know and am entitled to speak, are the only region in which Mr. Gladstone's opinions have no history." With regard to matters less than fundamental, Mr. Morley has elicited the important fact that, through all the Romeward movements of 1845 and 1851, Gladstone's loyalty to the Church of England stood undisturbed and undiminished. "One blessing," he wrote after the secession of Manning and Hope-Scott, "I have: total freedom from doubts. These dismal events have smitten, but not shaken." In a connection so grave and even pathetic it seems rather heartless to indulge in a smile: but Mr. Morley gives us one quotation from Gladstone's Diary for 1839, which is too quaint and too characteristic to be ignored. That year he read *Nicholas Nickleby*, admired its "human tone" and "natural pathos" (*N.B.*—not a

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word about the humour), but added, "No church in the book, and the motives are not those of religion." *No church in Nicholas Nickleby*. No, indeed. Mr. Squeers boasted that he was "the right shop for morals," but he did not profess theology; and the Brothers Cheeryble may reasonably be suspected of a tendency to Undenominational Religion.

Another point in Gladstone's character, which Mr. Morley makes abundantly clear, is that he was essentially, and one might almost say passionately, practical. He had, like most of us, two sides to his nature. He was "a Highlander in the custody of a Lowlander." The Highlander might brood, and dream, and imagine; might be, in Gladstone's own words, "fastidious and fanciful, fitter for a dreamer, or possibly a schoolman, than for the active purposes of public life in a busy and moving age." But the Lowlander was a man of keen calculation and careful forecasts, wholly free from the gambler's spirit, trusting nothing to luck or chance or "the casual stars," prompt to see his opportunity, inconceivably vigorous in seizing it and handling it, pertinacious to the very edge of obstinacy, and shrinking from no labour, no sacrifice, no humiliation, so long as he could carry his point.

Mr. Morley seems to have divined rightly when he refers all the permutations, inconsistencies, and developments of his hero's career to the same cause—his conversion to the principle of Liberty. Gladstone has told us, more than once, that he was bred at home, at Eton, at Oxford, and in the earlier stages of his political life, to regard Liberty as a necessary evil, to be jealously watched and carefully circumscribed. He came to regard it as the greatest good of human life. This momentous conversion first occurred in connection with commerce, when the young Minister, suddenly forced by the demands of his office to tackle quite unfamiliar subjects connected with the material well-being of the nation, found himself driven rapidly and irresistibly to the conclusion, that the less the State interfered with the operation of natural and social law, the better for all concerned. The lesson, first learnt in the school of Commerce, soon extended its operations to other spheres. By degrees, the statesman who had first become known to the world as the champion of the closest union between the State and the Church, came to see that the Church's main danger lay, not in her legal severance from the State, but in the surrender of her spiritual freedom for the sake of the material boons which the State could give. This was a marked conversion to the principle of Liberty in the sphere of religion. And yet again Mr. Morley traces Gladstone's transition from the attitude of his early manhood, when he sat as a duke's nominee

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for a rotten borough, through the conservatism of his middle age, when he still was an advocate of the system which brought him into Parliament, to the momentous enlargements of the suffrage for which he was twice responsible; and in all this great transition he sees the working of the principle of Liberty. "Are they not our own flesh and blood?" Gladstone indignantly asked, with reference to the artisans of England in 1866. Such a question would not have shaped itself on the lips of the candidate for Newark in 1832.

We turn now from portraiture to history. It is interesting to know that Queen Victoria admonished Mr. Morley that his subject "should not be handled in the narrow way of party." He has most loyally obeyed this admonition; and indeed he would have found considerable difficulty in acting otherwise, for he had to tell the story of a life which embodied in turn nearly every phase of political thinking. It was clearly impossible to "handle in the narrow way of party" the career of a politician who was a Tory, a Liberal-Conservative, and a Liberal; the champion of Church and State, and the destroyer of the Irish Establishment; the defender of the Crimean War and the prime opponent of Lord Beaconsfield's anti-Russian policy; the denouncer of Home Rule as "the disintegration of the great capital institutions of this country," and the author of the Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893.

In spite of the enormous and hitherto unexplored resources which Mr. Morley has had at his command, he has not, I think, made any material addition to our knowledge of that long tract of time which ended with Gladstone's first retirement in 1874. Events as well as persons seem to emerge from Mr. Morley's canvas in very much the same forms and colours as they have worn in previous narratives of the time, though, of course, with infinitely greater wealth of detail. We see the strong, natural, unprecocious boy in his orderly and opulent home; the joyous school-life at Eton; the development and discipline of mental powers at Oxford; the signal gift of public speaking; the desire for the clerical calling; and the unexpected summons to a parliamentary career. We learn again, that his transition from the evangelicalism of his youth to the sacramentalism of his maturer age was no result of influences brought to bear at Oxford, but grew out of independent study and reflection at a later stage. We are told of his early and conspicuous success in Parliament; his absorbing interest in the concerns of the Church and religion; his unwilling apprenticeship to finance and commerce; his decisive conversion to the doctrine of Free Exchanges, and his resulting

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ejection from the borough which the Protectionist Duke regarded as "his own."

Then come the eighteen years of happy, though often arduous, connection with the University of Oxford, and all the ecclesiastical and educational controversies which mingled so inharmoniously with tariffs and budgets; financial fame growing year by year, and yet the dark shadow of electoral defeat drawing ever closer. Then the crisis of 1865; the "unmuzzled" orator shaking off the dust of Oxford from his feet, and flinging himself on the economic sympathies of Lancashire. Then Lord Palmerston's death, removing the "peg driven through Delos"; Lord Russell's short and ineffectual premiership, the abortive Reform Bill of 1866, and Gladstone's sudden elevation to the position of a popular hero. The end of 1868 sees him at length Prime Minister, and then comes the familiar narrative of his first Administration: great tasks successfully accomplished, and great popularity steadily waning, till at last we see the "range of exhausted volcanoes, with not a flame flickering on a single pallid crest."

In January, 1874, Gladstone, finding that the Ministry no longer possessed authority or dignity, made his long-considered appeal to the nation. A financier to the backbone, "thrifty and penurious," as he himself said, "by nature," he could conceive no stronger bait than a great remission of taxation. "Return me to power again," he cried, "and I will abolish the income-tax." To the great Middle Class no doubt it was an alluring prospect; but the Democracy does not pay income-tax, and Gladstone's appeal fell flat. The General Election gave a Tory majority. Gladstone, after a year of partial retirement, resigned the Liberal leadership at the beginning of 1875, and assumed, so far as it was possible for an ex-Premier to do so, the position and irresponsibility of a private member. The causes of his resignation were not far to seek. He "deeply desired an interval between Parliament and the grave." He had been disappointed by the result of his appeal to the country. He had found the Liberal party self-willed and rebellious. He regarded his own return for Greenwich, "after Boord the distiller, as more like a defeat than a victory." He thought it "better to be defeated outright, than to be pitched in like me at Greenwich." With all these causes of dissatisfaction at work in a singularly sensitive and irritable organisation, it is quite conceivable that Gladstone's retirement from leadership might have been final. Had the Tory Government pursued a steady-going course, only varying, as Lord Beaconsfield wrote in unregenerate days, between "humbug and humdrum"; had the national finances been handled in a sober and businesslike way; and had foreign affairs been

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tranquil ; it is possible that Gladstone would have contented himself with theological work and literary recreation, have allowed the Administration to go on, virtually unchallenged, till the end of the Parliament, and then have disappeared into that domestic and religious privacy which he always considered the appropriate scene for the close of life. But none of these things happened. The Government, intoxicated by the Oriental dreams which Lord Beaconsfield was now trying to realise, plunged into strange courses all over the globe ; the finances of the country had to be so manipulated as to meet the requirements of this adventurous policy ; and above all, the age-long conflict between Islam and Christianity in the East of Europe broke out in a form which stirred humanitarian sympathy as profoundly as religious zeal. This was too much for Gladstone's self-effacing resolve. He rushed from his "Temple of Peace," at Hawarden, forgot alike the Troad and the Vatican, and flung himself into the agitation against Turkey with a zeal which in his prime he had never equalled. He made the most impassioned speeches, often in the open air ; he published pamphlets which rushed into incredible circulations ; he poured letter after letter into the newspapers ; he darkened the sky with controversial postcards. He resumed his constant attendance in the House of Commons, and lavishly expended his unequalled resources of eloquence, argumentation, and inconvenient enquiry, in driving home his great indictment against the Turkish Empire and Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Hartington, who, since Gladstone's retirement, had been leading the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, soon found himself pushed aside from his position of titular command. Though there was a section of the Whigs who doggedly supported Turkey, it soon became evident that, both in the House and in the country, the fervour, the faith, the militant and victorious element in the Liberal Party, were sworn to Gladstone's standard. And now a decisive moment was at hand. "In January, 1879, it was resolved by the Liberal committee of Midlothian, amid infinite resolution, enthusiasm, and solid sense of responsibility, that Mr. Gladstone should be invited to contest the metropolitan county of Scotland." He might have a safe seat in the city of Edinburgh, or at Leeds ; but he deliberately, and after much circumspection, chose a field of action where the fighting would be severe, and the public interest proportionately keen. "If this election goes on," he wrote, "it will gather into itself a great deal of force and heat, and will be very prominent." This prediction was verified to the letter. The contest in Midlothian, and especially the two great oratorical campaigns of November, 1879, and March, 1880, "gathered into itself a great," indeed an unprecedented, "deal of force and heat" ; and it practically re-established its hero in his place

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as leader of the Liberal Party. No one saw this more clearly than Lord Hartington, and he contemplated resigning the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons, but was withheld by the assurance that such resignation would seriously impair the unity of the Party.

The Parliament elected in 1874 was dissolved in March, 1880. Gladstone was returned for Midlothian with a Liberal majority of 100 at his back, without counting the Irish. Lord Beaconsfield saw that he was beaten, and resigned without meeting the new Parliament. The Queen sent for Lord Hartington, as Liberal leader in the House of Commons, and pressed him to form an Administration. It now appears that, in Gladstone's view, she should have sent first for Lord Granville. "It was to him that I resigned my trust." But the question of selection had no practical importance. Neither Lord Hartington nor Lord Granville could have formed an Administration with Gladstone as the Candid Friend on a back bench. This they knew, and they concurred in telling the Queen the unpalatable truth. But would Gladstone join an Administration in any other capacity than that of Prime Minister? This was a question so preposterous, that Lord Hartington apologized for putting it, on the ground that the Queen had commanded him to do so. The answer was a foregone conclusion, and Lord Hartington declined an impossible task. The fact that he so decided was not due to any reluctance on his part to become Prime Minister, or to any difficulty in finding colleagues. One declamatory politician, who had ostentatiously severed himself from Gladstone when it looked as if his former chief had finally fallen from power to post-cards, and who proclaimed that the Midlothian campaign had cost the Liberal Party fifty seats, strongly urged Lord Hartington to make the great attempt, and generously promised his assistance. But wiser counsels prevailed, and on the 23rd of April, 1880, Gladstone kissed hands as Prime Minister for the second time. Looking back on the record of his life, we see that this was the culminating point of his great career. He was now seventy years old, and the eighteen years which were still reserved to him could add little to his monumental fame. Mr. Morley, whose historical candour is as notable as his biographical zeal, does not blink the fact, that the Administration of 1880 was ill-starred. It began badly by delaying to recall Sir Bartle Frere from the scene of his misdeeds. It failed humiliatingly to vindicate the principle of religious liberty in the case of Bradlaugh. It blundered incredibly in Egypt. It violated the first principles of civil liberty in Ireland, by legalizing imprisonment without trial; and yet, by a curious Nemesis, it so completely lost the power of effective government, that outrage, con-

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spiracy, and agrarian murder went on conquering and to conquer. In vain it varied slaps with sops; introduced a Compensation Bill, and carried a Land Act. In vain Mr. Gladstone proclaimed, with the most impassioned eloquence, "that the steps of crime dogged the steps of the Land League." In vain Mr. Forster talked impressively of "village ruffians." In vain the Prime Minister announced, amid the plaudits of Guildhall, that he had clapped Parnell into prison. Neither slaps nor sops produced the desired results; and, by the beginning of May, 1882, the Government found it convenient to release its wholly unrepentant prisoners, receiving in return a promise that Parnell would co-operate in Liberal legislation. On the 6th of May, the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, more startling, but not a whit more culpable than the forty which had preceded it, drove this strangely unstable Government into a hot fit of coercion. The new Crimes Act, which Sir William Harcourt drove manfully through the House of Commons, was happily described as "Martial Law in a Wig." But it had the one merit which coercion can claim, and which the Government's last attempt had lacked—it was effective. Courageously administered by Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan, in a season of unexampled peril and anxiety, it crushed agrarian crime, and brought to the gallows the murderers of Phoenix Park. Ireland became outwardly tranquil, and easy-going Liberals believed that they would hear no more of "the Irish difficulty." They little guessed the strange designs which were already beginning to shape themselves in the mind of their venerable chief. The idea that Gladstone was silently becoming a Home Ruler would have seemed as far remote from actuality, as the idea that he was becoming a Protectionist or a Quaker.

In this welcome lull of Irish disturbance, the Government took in hand the fulfilment of their engagement to extend the Parliamentary suffrage to the agricultural labourer. But, so untoward were the stars, that even this great and salutary change could only be secured by a humiliating surrender to the hereditary enemies of popular freedom. When the Bill reached the House of Lords, the Lords declined to pass it unless, before passing it, they saw the scheme of Redistribution which was to follow it. Every Liberal, from the Prime Minister downwards, thundered against this monstrous claim of the hereditary legislators. Under bidding from above, we made the welkin ring with protests that we never, never would be slaves; that Parliament should be dissolved; that the House of Lords should be annihilated; that the Peerage should be swamped by new creations—that anything and everything the most terrific should happen before we let the Lords see our Seats

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Bill. All the summer and autumn of 1884 the battle raged ; but the Lords sat tight. They knew that our Egyptian policy was so unpopular that the Government dared not dissolve until the new constituency was created ; and for our other threats they did not care a rap. Suddenly, on the 18th of November, Gladstone capitulated. The peers got their way, and the Liberal Party had to eat its big words with the best grace it could muster. Strange as it may seem, Gladstone to the end of his life regarded this humiliation as a triumph. But from that day the Lords took out a new lease of power. They had learnt that their "strength was to sit still."

And now we are approaching that part of Mr. Morley's narrative which is by far the most interesting and actual. For from 1886 he was at the centre of Liberal policy ; and it is not unfair to surmise, that the concluding portion of his book is a history of Home Rule, as he himself saw it and handled it, compiled while the recollection was still quite fresh, and woven with admirable skill into the fabric of his continuous narrative.

As the popularity of the Liberal Government declined, the courage of the Opposition rose, and insubordination began to show itself in the Liberal Party. Tories joined with Irish and Radicals in censuring the aberrations of the Egyptian policy, and in denouncing some of the incidents of Lord Spencer's Irish administration. It was obvious that there was a working alliance between the Tories and the Irish, having for its object the displacement of the Government ; and that some Radical politicians were consenting to the plan. On the 8th of June, 1885, the Government were defeated on a detail in the Budget, and sought refuge from their difficulties in flight. Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister, and the bond which had held the Liberal Party in some decent semblance of cohesion was suddenly relaxed. The first incident which marked the disruption was a banquet given to Lord Spencer. It was designed by the Whigs and Moderate Liberals as a formal tribute to the courage and firmness which he had displayed in Ireland, and as a protest against Tory criticisms of his rule. "We are giving Spencer a dinner for coercing the Irish," was the current formula of the moment ; and from that dinner the Radical leaders ostentatiously absented themselves. But neither the diners nor the absentees ever contemplated the possibility that, within six months, the hero of the evening would be recommending a separate Parliament for Ireland, and proclaiming a "Union of Hearts" with the people whom he had so vigorously ruled. And so we drew on towards the General Election, which, by special arrangement between the two parties, had been fixed for November, 1885.



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And now every week brought its incidents and its surprises ; and even the humblest politician had his share in "the joy of eventful living."

Towards the end of the summer, Mr. Gladstone, now out of office and presumably looking to a return, spoke to me with serious concern about the growth of Socialistic ideas in the Liberal Party. Those ideas were just then quickened into vigorous life by Mr. Chamberlain's admirable manifestoes. In the course of our conversation, Mr. Gladstone declared himself vehemently hostile to Socialism in any sense of the word. When I asked whether by "Socialism" he meant the State doing for the individual what he ought to do for himself, or the State taking private property for national purposes, he replied, with indescribable emphasis : "I mean both ; but I reserve my worst Billingsgate for the *latter*." In the autumn, this enquiry was resumed. On the 2nd of October I went to Hawarden for a four days' visit, and during some part of the time I was alone with Mr. Gladstone. I then learned, to my amazement, that he considered Lord Granville the most authoritative and influential person in the Liberal Party, and the one whose obvious duty it would be, as soon as the General Election was over, to call the Liberal leaders together for a consultation on results and prospects. Of Mr. Chamberlain's popularity, capacity, and ascendancy over the Radical part of the party, he seemed to have no conception. I confessed myself an adherent of the "unauthorized programme," and Mr. Gladstone evidently believed me to be—what I was not—in Mr. Chamberlain's confidence. "What does Chamberlain mean?" he asked. I replied that, so far as I knew, Chamberlain did not mean to dethrone my host from the Liberal leadership, and probably felt that he could not do so, if he wished ; but that I thought he most certainly meant to prevent Lord Hartington from succeeding to the leadership when Mr. Gladstone should surrender it. "But," I added, "surely the best way would be for you to ask Chamberlain to come here, and talk it out with him." My host could not have looked more amazed if I had suggested inviting the Pope or the Sultan ; but my persuasions prevailed over his reluctance to mix political with private life, and the invitation was duly despatched and accepted. The visit proved infructuous. Socially all was pleasant, but to the merits of the "unauthorized programme" Mr. Gladstone remained impervious ; and Mr. Chamberlain justly felt that if, just on the eve of the election, he abated the policy which had carried him to the first place in the affections of the Radicals, "the stones would immediately cry out." It has always been my opinion that, after this acute disagreement, Mr. Chamberlain could never again have worked harmoniously

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with his former chief; and that Home Rule was only the signal and the occasion for a severance which was inevitable.

It is unnecessary to trace in detail the history of all that happened between December, 1885, and July, 1886, the balance between parties, the disclosure—inopportune and undignified—of Gladstone's intentions with regard to Home Rule, and the machinations, intrigues, and schisms which distinguished the short-lived Parliament. With regard to Gladstone's own performances in the cause of Home Rule, the true judgment was pronounced by Lord Randolph Churchill in brutal phrase—he was "an old man in a hurry." The hurry was most natural, even perhaps laudable, but it was disastrous. The more eagerly the Leader pressed forward, the more doggedly the party hung back; and, after six months' delirious excitement, the Liberal Government made way for six years of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Coercion. That period of Coercion Mr. Morley treats, I think, with undue lenity. An examination of Mr. Balfour's dealings with John Mandeville would not have been out of place.

In August, 1886, Mr. Gladstone said to me with reference to the General Election just concluded: "Well, this has been a great disappointment." On my mildly suggesting that the result was pretty much what we might have expected, he replied with extreme vivacity: "Not at all what we might have expected. I was assured by the experts that we should sweep the country." If only we knew for certain who those "experts" were, their heads ought, in a figurative sense, to be impaled on the top of Temple Bar.

Apart from all questions of hurry and suddenness, and imperfect preparation for a bewildering transition, Gladstone made a grave error in his reliance on Parnell. He felt the power, the aptitude, and the strong volition of his new ally; but he ignored, till it was too late, some vital faults of character. That Parnell hated England, no one, I suppose, denied; but those precious "experts," whom we have already quoted, forgot that his ignorance of England was as profound as his hatred. In calculating electoral results in Ireland he was, till his downfall, an unfailing guide; but he knew little of English life and English character—nothing of that profound dislike of the Irish element which obtains in English towns where there is an Irish colony. The dislike may be unkind, unjust, unchivalrous; and some of us have done our best to allay it. But in 1886 and 1892 it detracted considerably from the electoral value of the Irish Alliance. In the light of subsequent events, it is half ludicrous and half pathetic to think of Parnell's visit to Hawarden in 1889; his amicable tea-drinkings with the venerable antagonist who had imprisoned him without trial; and the serene confidence in Gladstonian circles that the Irish chief had emerged

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from his Bastille in a penitent and chastened frame, like a naughty child who has been locked up in a dark cupboard.

But the crowning miscalculation of this period, so fruitful in strange blunders, was that which Gladstone proclaimed in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, 1891. Here this close observer of political meteorology, this unrivalled master of figures and calculations, after fully taking into account the losses caused by Parnell's downfall and the resulting schism in the Irish Party, arrived at the encouraging result, that the next General Election could not give him less than a majority of 100. With a touching faith in his own predictions, he urged the Unionists to abandon a fight which was not only "hopeless," but "senseless." Such was the Beatific Vision which gladdened the early months of 1892. In June came the General Election; and here let Mr. Morley speak, for no one speaks so well. "The polls flowed in all day long, day after day. The illusory hopes of many months faded into night. The three-figure majority by the end of the week had vanished so completely that one wondered how it could ever have been thought of. On July 13 his own Midlothian poll was declared, and instead of his old majority of 4,000, or the 3,000 on which he counted, he was only in by 690. His chagrin was undoubtedly intense, for he had put forth every atom of his strength in the campaign. But with that splendid suppression of vexation which is one of the good lessons that men learn in public life, he put a brave face on it, was perfectly cheery all through the luncheon, and afterwards took me to the music-room, where, instead of constructing a triumphant Cabinet with a majority of a hundred, he had to try to adjust an Irish policy to a Parliament with hardly a majority at all."

This is really a noble epitaph. The great man knew that his life's work was done, and that it had ended in defeat. But there was no repining, no idle lamentation, no petulant abandonment of the self-imposed but hopeless task. Well might Lord Rosebery say, that he was the Bravest of the Brave.

The concluding pages of Mr. Morley's fascinating narrative cannot, I think, be better condensed than in these words, written in the spring of 1898, by one of Gladstone's most alert and unsparing opponents. "Thinking of him now at Hawarden, one thinks of Turner's great picture—of the fighting *Téméraire*, towed to her last berth and bathed in an atmosphere beautiful and serene. And the symbolism even of that great picture is exalted in our present contemplation of a like harmony, between the memories of a hundred fights and the haven of an abiding peace. *Ave atque vale!*"

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

## OTHER REVIEWS

### THE GREAT REPUBLIC<sup>1</sup>

IN the World-histories which occupy such an important place in the scholarship of the last thirty years—in Oncken, in Lavissee et Rambaud, in Helmolt—the treatment of America, and more particularly of the United States, is utterly inadequate, and gives the reader scarcely a hint of their inexhaustible interest. But no one who knew Lord Acton could doubt that this neglected theme would receive its rightful position in the great undertaking of which he was editor. His knowledge of American politics and American political literature was one of the most remarkable features of his culture. He had visited the States in the early 'fifties. Probably no Englishman followed the Civil War with more passionate interest. Mr. Bryce has aroused general interest in the United States of our own day ; but the American Commonwealth cannot be fully appreciated without some knowledge of American history. No volume of the Cambridge Modern History will perform a more useful educational work than the present, if it convinces Englishmen that the story of their Transatlantic cousins is as important and interesting as that of the Great Powers of the Old World, and leads them to seek acquaintance with the letters of Franklin, the essays of Hamilton, the speeches of Daniel Webster, and the proclamations of Abraham Lincoln.

The present work is of peculiar interest, as the first in which English and American writers combine to narrate the history of the North American continent. It was the wish of Lord Acton, that the personal opinions of his contributors should not be discernible in their pages ; and it is a high testimony to the historic spirit, that subjects which have aroused heated controversy for generations have

<sup>1</sup> *The Cambridge Modern History*. Vol. VII. The United States. Cambridge : University Press. 1903.

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been entrusted to English and American authors indifferently, and that we can read an American description of the crisis leading up to the War of Independence, and an English narrative of the war itself, without being conscious of a breach in continuity. It is at last possible and natural to write calmly about the great struggle, to be at once appreciative of Franklin and Adams, and generous to Governor Hutchinson and the Loyalists.

With the close of the war the knowledge of most Englishmen abruptly terminates ; but it is precisely at this point that one of the most interesting parts of the story begins. The debates on the Constitution, and the struggle between the centralising party and the adherents of State Rights, form one of the most instructive episodes in the history of politics. It was the age of America's great statesmen. Franklin and Washington were still alive, Jefferson and John Adams were in their prime, and Hamilton, the most brilliant figure in American history, was writing in the *Federalist*, and elaborating his budgets. The chapter on the Constitution is seventy pages, but not by any means too long for those who care to see the political genius of the Anglo-Saxon race grappling with the gigantic task of making a nation.

The ninth and tenth chapters sketch for us the difficulties that beset the young State in its dealings with England, and in the complications which arose out of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. The war of 1812, which had been in sight for twenty years, is an episode of which neither antagonist has cause to be proud ; and Mr. Wilson speaks of it—its causes, its conduct, and its consequences—in terms of great, but not undue, severity.

The years that followed the Peace of Ghent are known as "the era of good feeling," a time of peace and prosperity untroubled by the fierce contests that had raged round Adams and Jefferson, and were shortly to rage round Jackson. But, under the smooth surface of the rule of Madison and Monroe, a question was beginning to be agitated that determined the character of American politics for half a century. The Missouri Compromise of 1820 delayed the conflict between the Slave States and the North for a generation ; but the problem grew steadily in magnitude and complexity, as new States were formed in the south and west, and the question arose as to which party was to lead in the Senate. It was the age of orators, as the preceding half century had been the age of statesmen ; and no assembly ever boasted of three more powerful speakers than Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. But all three alike suffer from being confronted with the problem of slavery—Webster by avoiding it, Calhoun by defending it, Clay by compromising with it. So long

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as that problem remained unsolved, American politics were stricken with sterility.

The Editors are to be congratulated on having obtained a narrative of the crowning event in American history from the pen of Mr. Nicolay, who has died since these chapters were written. Lincoln's two private secretaries had already collaborated in the production of a monumental life of their chief. But there are probably few English readers who have worked through the ten volumes ; and Mr. Nicolay's summary of Lincoln's work presents the main features of the great struggle. The hundred pages in which the civil war is described possess a unique interest, as the testimony of an eye-witness and actor in one of the world's greatest dramas.

The later part of the volume, bringing the story from the surrender of Lee to the cession of the Philippines, is a useful summary. Some readers will probably think that Reconstruction might have been treated a little more fully ; but events crowd on us, and we are introduced in rapid succession to the stages through which, in the last few years, the United States have become a World-Power. The author, Professor Moore, effectually conceals his opinion of the new Imperialism, though perhaps we may detect a suspicion of irony when, in describing the discussion as to the future of the Philippines, he remarks that the tendency to retain them was powerfully reinforced by the growth of a missionary spirit, which discerned in the course of events a providential opportunity to promote the welfare of the natives. The penultimate chapter completes the study of contemporary conditions by a lucid sketch of economic development. A more instructive discussion of the marvellous growth of industry, and the special dangers and difficulties confronting the United States at the present time, is nowhere to be found. The most urgent problem is declared to be that of the Trusts ; and the author is alarmed at the steady deterioration in the quality of the immigrant population. In the sphere of economic policy, he expects a speedy abandonment of the extreme forms of Protection.

The work closes with an interesting, but all too brief, sketch of the American intellect from the pen of Professor Wendell, of Harvard, already known in England as the author of one of the best histories of American literature. The critical tone, which is such a noticeable feature of the American contributions to the present volume, is exaggerated in this chapter. The comments on the great figures in American literature and thought are necessarily brief ; but they are in many cases, if not actually disparaging, at least unsympathetic. There must be few English

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admirers of Emerson and Whitman, to mention only two of the greatest names, who will read without inward protest the passages referring to those unique personalities. America is described as a country "animated by more than common devotion to ideals." But this devotion, or at any rate the assertion of it, has diminished since the Civil War, and to-day is to be found chiefly in an enthusiasm for education. Professor Wendell, in his acid way, describes the devotion as superstitious ; but in his closing words he relents a little, and blesses it for its faith in the ultimate excellence of human nature.

G. P. GOOCH

## THE NEW ST. BERNARD<sup>1</sup>

**M**R. BERNARD SHAW always supplies his own criticism. In this book we have a dedicatory epistle of 37 pages ; a pamphlet, supposed to have been written by the principal character, of some 64 pages ; and, in the middle of the play itself, a dream-dialogue in Hell, between Don Juan, the Devil, Doña Ana and the Statue, more than half as long as the four Acts taken together. These are occasions which the author takes of explaining his theory of life, his religion in fact, his politics, and his views on the relations of the sexes. He has always been "anxiously explanatory." In his journalist days, when the plays or publications of the week gave him no purchase, he used frankly to divert the topic to himself. There is no objection on earth to this method. All criticism which is not purely technical cannot help being an exposition of the writer's philosophy, and there is no reason why a man should not take his own work or himself for a text, provided he uses himself as a diagram of the species and what he says is sensible.

Mr. Shaw is both an artist and a critic ; that is to say, there is no escape for him. He must aspire to be an artist-philosopher, or for ever hold his peace ; and he is perfectly aware of the disabilities which this position implies. He cannot be content with any representation of life, however beautiful it may be, or however natural, that is not co-ordinated into some view of the world and the general aim of man. This is the real ground of his quarrel with Shakespeare ; that Shakespeare has "two loves of comfort and despair," or rather many loves and no religion. This quarrel Mr. Shaw has

<sup>1</sup> *Man and Superman*. By Bernard Shaw. Constable. 6s.

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characteristically used as part of a constant system of self-advertisement, to which he confesses with much relish of his own frankness. He has always made unscrupulous use of the Press as a confessional. It refreshes his self-respect to say : "I am a natural born mountebank." After that, he feels justified in considering everybody else equally bad, and only inferior to himself in honesty. In the same way, people who have a dim inkling that they are a little mad, sometimes pretend that they are more mad than they are ; for then they have the comfort of feeling that the difference between themselves and others, of which they are conscious, is under their control, and can be shaken off at will. Similarly, too, those who are haunted by the feeling that they are not as single-hearted as they have assured themselves, may recover their self-respect and a sense of ironical superiority at the same time, by puzzling others, and making believe that they are more frivolous than they really are. The confessional is only a method of keeping uppermost a healthy-minded attitude towards your own shortcomings, by coming to feel that you stand in a sense more outside them than is really the case.

No one indeed, who has his wits about him when he reads, considers Mr. Shaw a "mountebank." But it is possible that Mr. Shaw would take a truer view of the world, if he allowed these self-doubts to rankle a little more, instead of airing them in the confessional. Perhaps, if he were not at bottom so certain that he was always in earnest himself, he would not be so certain that men are liars to the backbone of their souls. This is a suggestion of the Devil's Advocate, which should be after his own heart.

In the dedicatory epistle Mr. Shaw complains that "instead of exclaiming—'send this inconceivable Satanist to the stake,' the respectable newspapers pith me by announcing—'another book by this brilliant and thoughtful author.'" It is entirely his own fault. If a man has used his convictions as a means to draw attention to himself, he will never get those he addresses to believe that his ideas are as genuinely held, or as important, as may really be the case. If Mr. Shaw wishes to be listened to by a "pit of philosophers," or howled at by the thoughtless, he must cease to think it worth while to print cheap smart sayings, such as the Revolutionist's Handbook at the end of this play contains. Some of these are true enough, but expressed in a way which suggests that the writer wishes to shock or be admired more than he wishes to convince ; others would be worth saying in conversation ; while others such as—"The vilest abortionist is he who attempts to mould a child's character," or—but it is not worth while to quote them.



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The play itself is a tragic-comic love chase of a man by a woman ; the subject is sexual attraction, not in its secondary effects in the social order, or as a motive modifying or intensifying other emotions, but in itself, as the "Life Force." The peculiarity of the author's view of the relations of the sexes is, that he believes Woman, to whom, according to him, the fulfilment of her sex is *the* function of her life, to be always in reality the pursuer. This truth he thinks has been disguised from the sane man, by the fact that those who have written the most impressive books, in which mankind look to see themselves reflected, instead of keeping their eyes on their own experience, are the only kind of men who are *not* helpless in the presence of sexual attraction. Partly also in self-defence men have adopted the feeble convention that it is the part of Man to woo, and of Woman to wait. But in fact it is the artist alone who is not in danger of capture and absorption by woman, and therefore his account of the matter is bad evidence. This is an astonishing assertion ; it is not borne out by the life of most men of genius, and it is extravagant to suppose that a picture of life, so unlike the ordinary man's experience, would have been docilely accepted by him for so long.

However, Mr. Shaw gives his theory for what it is worth, and makes an interesting play out of it. *Ann* is "Everywoman." As a living character in the play she is excellent, and the scene between her and *Tanner* in the first Act is about as good as it can be. Her instinct leads her to mark him down as the father for her children. He knows that marriage means loss of liberty, and therefore of efficiency and happiness ; for he has no respect for Ann's character, and only admires her for the completeness with which all her impulses, actions, and thoughts are subordinated to nature's purpose ; though, as a matter of fact, it is her fearlessness, ingenuity, and sense of fun, which make her attractive. The first two Acts are mainly concerned with the wiles she employs to draw him closer, in the third he dashes off in his motor-car to escape her, and, in the fourth, he is run down and surrenders. The incidents and arrangement of the play recall the musical farces of the Gaiety. Representatives of all the latest up-to-date types figure in the story. There is an Irish American millionaire talking his jargon, and his typical American son (who is very well described) talking his ; a comic anarchist, a comic chauffeur, a band of comic brigands ; and all the principal characters motor across Europe, and meet at the end in the garden of a villa in Granada.

But what does the machinery matter, if the author has succeeded in expressing his idea ? Jack Tanner, with his explosions of

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nervous force and exasperated eloquence, is as well done as Ann. The contrasting male character is the poetical, chivalrous, romantic *Octavius*. He woos Ann, who would only be willing to take him as a *pis-aller*; for the poetic temperament is barren, "the Life Force passes it by." Marriage, if he only knew, would be equally fatal to him; for his goddess, his inspiration, would vanish in the real "flesh and blood" woman and mother, who is not lovable in herself and *in so far as she is "woman" (and Ann is little else) can only really care for her children*. It is a blemish in the play that Octavius is made such a muff; the contrast loses a possible extra impressiveness. Tanner in the end, as Don Juan explains of himself in the dream, yields because he cannot help it. He despises Ann, she is bully and liar, "and unscrupulously uses her personal fascinations to make men give her what she wants, which makes her something for which there is no polite name." She will think his aspirations and efforts to reform society absurd, and thwart him as much as she dares; and, above all, she is a hypocrite. But Tanner surrenders with a good conscience after all; for Ann and he, in submitting to their attraction for each other, become the servants of "the Life Force", or will of the world. Henceforth they are instruments to the creation of the Superman, which is the only aim worth working for in this world; and they are both right to sacrifice, she her happiness and perhaps her life, he his happiness and aims and generous ambitions, for such things cannot compare in importance with the bringing into the world of children, born of mutual attraction. But the institution which compels two people who have nothing in common, saving this impulse towards each other, to spend their two lives together, is iniquitous. The conclusion logically follows from the assertion that the child is the sole end of marriage, that it is absurd to make marriage binding. Moreover, the consideration that the rest of life will have to be spent together induces men and women to marry for irrelevant reasons, such as affection or self-interest, to the detriment of the next generation.

This book then is significant as an attack on marriage, but it is also significant as the despairing cry of a reformer. Mr. Shaw has always been a social reformer, and his ideas are what he cares about; for Art's sake he would never have penned a line, although he is the ablest of imaginative prose-writers who have not already almost said their say. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and the first part of the preface to *Plays for Puritans*, both attempts at social sanitation, were most satisfactory compositions. But in this book the author despairs of all methods of improving society, save one—breeding by

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selection a better race of men : this is the last hencoop to which he clings in the universal wreckage of his hopes. The fact is, he has at last found out that he never had any faith in men, his heroes included. He cannot believe in the individual, so he believes in the perfectibility of the race by artful contrivance. This is the aim to which he calls on all who are worth anything to devote their lives, the idea which is to stiffen craven backs, and for which he tries to believe men will give up most of the things they care about—their romances and pleasures, as Mr. Shaw calls them. But if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love the Superman whom he hath not seen ?

As Mr. Shaw very seriously urges the selective breeding of citizens by the State as the only rational aim of a man who has the interests of his fellows at heart, it is worth while recalling the fact that the present state of our knowledge of the subject is not even sufficient to produce a male or female as required. And how incomparably more difficult would be the production of Goethes, Shelleys, Cæsars, and Cromwells, who alone satisfy Mr. Shaw, or a race of athlete philosophers. Until our knowledge is completer, it is hardly sane to work for a reform which would create havoc and loss and misery in the lives of the best among the living, for the sake of those who, after all, may never be born.

But there is a peculiarity in Mr. Shaw's vision, which enables him to contemplate such misery and loss with indifference. It underlies his wit, and his hilarity, which are often so delightful, and determines what is most characteristic in his attitude towards death, marriage, art and heaven—or the ideal, as it is indicated in the dream in the third Act of this play. He cannot see that men and women are lovable, and therefore he cannot value for their own sakes the emotions which they rouse in each other, or rather, he simply does not believe in them. The utterances and actions of the characters in each play and story he has written, who are represented as having a clear view of themselves and the nature of things, agree with the impression which each work as a whole leaves behind.

All his plays and novels, even those parts written more strictly in his Bumbledonian capacity, though in a less degree than the others, are vitiated by this one fatal defect in his vision. He cannot see that human beings are lovable, and therefore that they can be anything but humbugs or fools, when they speak or behave as though they loved each other. There is indeed a third alternative ; they may be poets.

In this loveless world of Mr. Shaw's imagination, death is not

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a matter to make any outcry about, and regret, after a short period, if it is not a sham, is a bad habit. For if men are not lovable or loved, Don Juan is right in saying that, if we only knew it, "a funeral is a festival in black." In the *Unsocial Socialist*, Trefusis, when he finds himself crying as he stands by the bedside of his dead wife, says: "This is a fraud I never dreamt of, tears and no sorrow." And he goes on, after thinking over his life and his own insignificance: "Here I am, moralising over her as though I were God Almighty, and she a baby. The more you remind a man of what he is, the more conceited he becomes." The reader not infrequently gets an impression of a man reflecting himself in a glass, and admiring the ugliness of his own grin. But in a world where there is no beauty, honesty is the most admirable thing; and if men and women are not lovable, Trefusis is right in admiring his own honesty, though it should not console him so much for what it reveals.

If men and women are not lovable, then the state of "being in love," when they are completely satisfied with each other, is of all states the most asinine and contemptible. So much so, that Mr. Shaw believes that any two people with a spark of sense must know that they are deceiving, and any rational person that he is deceived into the bargain. "Each worshipper knows that his love is a transient sham, or a copy from his favourite poem; but he believes honestly in the love of others for him." Trefusis declares: "My own belief is, that no latter-day man has any faith in the thoroughness or permanence of his affection for his mate." Don Juan, arguing against marriage, says, that no man is lovable when he is known intimately. These are the author's opinions; at any rate, those which determine his judgments on the importance of emotions and events described in his imaginative writings. It is impossible to *prove* that men or women are lovable, or that sex may help them, as it does apparently in most cases of the strongest affection, to realise that the one deserves all that the other feels. It is certainly true that many people believe it, and the fact that Mr. Shaw does not, is for them a *defect* which underlies his whole picture of life. These will find consolation in an assertion in the Dedicatory Epistle at the beginning of this book: that love, as the great writers represent it, is a piece of barren special pleading, either in favour of pleasure if written when they were young, or of asceticism if written when they were old. Any one who has overlooked so many distinctions in literature may well have missed as many in his observation of life.

Heaven and Hell in the dream-dialogue are the two rival ways

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of regarding the world. Heaven is the contemplation of *things as they are to Mr. Shaw*, and the helping of the world forward to something better—the Superman ; Hell the preoccupation with personal affections and beauty, for which Mr. Shaw can find so little place on earth.

It would be rash to promise him the pain and triumph of the stake, which he claims as his right. But there is another and very real way in which artists and thinkers, who feel they have something important to teach, more commonly have to suffer : namely, the discovery that their sense of proportion is not so profound as they supposed, and that a great many of the ideas to which they have devoted their lives are not “worth a dump as a philosophy of life.”

D. MACCARTHY

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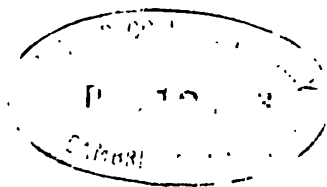
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# THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

## AN EDUCATIONAL CONCORDAT. (No. II)

**N**O task is more immediately necessary at the present time to the future of the Liberalism, than consideration of a constructive Educational policy. The vague acquiescence in a kind of drifting forward of angry denunciation is producing results entirely unhappy. All those who feel strongly upon the religious question are becoming profoundly dissatisfied. On the one side, the Roman Catholics, fearful of the destruction of their schools, are throwing themselves into a blind support of the Government candidates. On the other, the Nonconformists exhibit a not unnatural impatience to learn what attempt, if any, is to be made to redress their grievances. Between these is that large Church party which is led by some of the most prominent Unionist Free Traders, whose support in the great fiscal battle could be guaranteed, if any Educational settlement were possible which they would be prepared to accept as just and liberal.

Apart from the actual field of politics, a settlement different from that of the present Acts seems to be immediately desirable. The present system is arousing sentiments, and exciting a resistance, whose prolongation is something in the nature of a public scandal. The sight of Church flying at the throat of Church, and of many thousands of sober, law-abiding citizens deliberately driven to evade or defy the law, with all the aroused thunder of sectarian conflict, is a spectacle whose influence cannot be anything but pernicious. And, indeed, beneath the fury of the struggle, it is possible

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to discern a gathering force of public opinion, which is determined at all hazards to settle this question in the near future. The whole conflict centres around the religious instruction. The Education Acts of 1901 and 1902 would by now have been accepted with acquiescence, though not with enthusiasm, but for the awakening, in all its fierce and primitive energy, of resentment at religious injustice. It is the religious question alone which it is necessary to consider when one is discussing an educational concordat.

This is recognised by the peacemakers of both parties. There have been cautious advances from the side of the Church. The letter from "A Conservative Churchman" in the *Westminster Gazette* in August, and the article from "A Churchman" in the *Commonwealth* of last September, represent attempts made by leaders whose names, if revealed, would be recognised by all parties. The Archbishop of Canterbury has issued a somewhat cryptic *eirenicon*, which may, in spite of its apparent ill-success, yet bear fruit. All the Liberal and religious newspapers have been full of correspondence on the suggested terms of settlement. The teachers have expressed their desires through the indefatigable Dr. Macnamara ; and the Education Committee of the Free Church Council has issued a Seven Point Charter, as a challenge to the world in general and the Liberal Party in particular.

In seeking a settlement of this religious question which shall be at once just, liberal, and final, there are one or two bedrock considerations which must always be borne in mind. Omitting for a moment the desires of the smaller religious bodies—the Roman Catholics, the Jews, and those who reject all forms of the Christian faith—we have to consider two main forms in which, for at least three centuries, the religion of England has found its expression. The one is the religion of a Book ; the other is the religion of a Creed. The first appeals for its authority to a Bible ; the second to a Church. The difference between these to the scornful outsider may seem as negligible as that difference between acceptance or rejection of a diphthong, which tore into fierce dissension the primitive Christian Church ; but it is a difference so real to the parties themselves, that it has

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produced generations of silent conflict, breaking out at intervals into open warfare. Neither party to this difference has been able to destroy the other. Each has at one time or another attained predominance ; but the predominance has invariably been followed by reaction. As the enthusiasm of Passive Resistance has shown, the feelings created are as violent at the commencement of the twentieth century, though different in form, as they were in the fierce and wordy conflicts of the spacious days of Elizabeth.

These feelings are now concentrated in a hand-to-hand struggle for the education of the children. The difference is one not only of matter but of method. The Book religion desires a religious instruction of which the admirable syllabus of the London School Board, the model accepted by so many other local authorities, may be taken as a general type. The child learns by heart portions of Scripture, and is made familiar with the main outline of the Bible narrative ; he passes steadily upward from *Stories from the Book of Genesis* in Standard I, to *Stories from the Book of Joshua* in Standard V. The Creed religion finds its standard document in the catechism for children which is bound up with the *Book of Common Prayer*. The child here passes immediately from the confession of his name, to the recognition of his membership in a community and fellowship. He repeats his duty towards his Maker and his duty towards his neighbour. He affirms two sacraments as "generally necessary to salvation," and leads up to the statement which is the crown of the whole system—"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth."

These two religions have to exist side by side in England. Any liberal policy must endeavour to ensure a fair treatment of both. The adherents of each one would prefer, on the whole, no religious teaching at all to the teaching of the other. The parents of the children over whom is fought this strange conflict, are, for the most part, indifferent.

Since 1870, the Book religion has generally been taught in the Board schools, and the Creed religion in the Voluntary schools. The Voluntary schools, however, have had the additional advantage of the possession of manage-

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ment and atmosphere directed to supplement the particular hours of religious instruction. This is an advantage which now must of necessity vanish. There can be no solution of the religious question in education which preserves this private management and atmosphere, in schools at which children of a different religion are of necessity obliged to attend. Nor is there the remotest possibility of peace till it is recognised, as the Archbishop and his followers seemingly fail to recognise, that the teaching profession as a whole must be freed from any test of adherence to any particular Church or creed, and no man handicapped for promotion by his belief in any ultimate faith.

The abandonment of this claim is indeed accepted by those members of the Anglican Church who recognise the coming change, and are seeking for some equitable solution of the difficulty. Many of these, like the "Conservative Churchman," openly declare that management and atmosphere shall be surrendered, if in return the Creed religion in which they believe may be placed on an equal footing with the Bible religion, in all publicly managed schools. On the other hand, they announce that they will never agree to any compromise which does not equally recognise these two forms of belief. It is perhaps a little unfortunate that the Education Committee of the Free Church Council should at this moment definitely pronounce adhesion to a scheme which would establish a permanent inequality between these two faiths; and it is welcome to note, amongst many of the representative Nonconformists, a repudiation of this seventh clause, and a re-assertion of the old position of Dale and Dr. Guinness Rogers, which protested against attempts by the State to teach any form of religion.

Adherence to the official position would result in a rather startling transformation. The Church (or rather the Liberal section of it, whose opinions alone are important at the present) appears now as pleading but for liberty—the liberty of the parent to have his child instructed in his own belief. And the official pronouncement would present the Nonconformists—the historic champions of liberty of conscience—as the advocates of an Establish-

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ment : the establishment of a religion—none the less real if unsectarian—which shall be taught by teachers of all religions and of none, and supported by rates extorted even from those who profoundly disbelieve in its truth.

It is necessary, therefore, in considering terms of a lasting peace, to rule out of consideration any scheme in which the State pays for the Book religion and refuses to pay for the Creed religion, or *vice versa*, or permits one to be taught in school hours and the other only outside. Let us consider the alternatives offered to those who are determined upon an equality of condition, and who are objecting, as all liberal thinkers must object, to the definite teaching by a State whose citizens hold varied creeds, of any form of religious belief.

First, religion may be entirely abolished from the schools, and the State confine itself to secular instruction. This would produce equality. It is doubtful if it would produce peace. Public opinion at the present time does not seem ripe for so drastic a change. Such a system would be bitterly opposed by the majority of the Churches. The party which advocated the exclusion of religion, or succeeded in passing the Bill through Parliament, would find itself confronted with that most hateful and contemptible cry of denunciation, as “the foe of religion” or “the enemy of God.” No lasting peace has been produced in those countries which have adopted an entirely secular system. The direct result would be the development of whole generations, especially of the forlorn classes, without religious instruction of any kind ; a condition which many large-minded and liberal men contemplate with foreboding. Every day of the continuance of the present strife makes more converts to the “godless system” of an education apart from religion. But it is a counsel of despair ; the throwing up of the sponge ; the final acceptance of the position, that no peace is possible between the conflicting claims of the various Churches.

Second, the State may confine itself to purely secular instruction during school hours, and may throw open the school buildings for the teaching of religion by the various

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Churches, at other times. This is a proposition which has earned the assent of many reformers, for the most part ignorant of the actual conditions of the life of the children of the poor. Those who know are practically agreed that, in the great cities at least, this method becomes merely a slow process of approximation to the purely secular system. Education has been made compulsory, not because compulsion is a liberal principle, but because experience has shown, that the pressure on the time of the child among the poor is so great, that, without this compulsion, large numbers would grow up entirely outside the schools. The wage-earning capacities of the boys and girls to supplement by a few pence the family income, the continual demands for errands, cleaning houses, or the care of babies, make any teaching, outside the five hours grudgingly given to the State, practically impossible among whole populations in the abyss of the modern city. Even such things as recreation hours for children—perhaps one hour a week—have proved in many places unworkable, on account of the demand for continual drudgery laid upon many of these unfortunate infants. Religion, if it is to be accepted at all, as a part of the child's education, has a right to demand the same protection as that accorded to arithmetic or history. The only facilities worth anything at all are facilities within the hours which the State claims, in the interest of the future, from the parent for the child.

The third alternative is this: Let the State definitely assign the first three-quarters of an hour of instruction every day to the teaching of religion, with a "secular alternative" in, perhaps, moral ideal, or the duties of citizenship, for the children of those parents who desire no definite religious teaching. Let the Churches be permitted, during this time, to teach the children of their adherents who desire their instruction.

In this plan, the State offers the buildings to all and sundry. It challenges the Churches to supply teaching in the religions which they profess to believe. It encourages a religious or moral teaching—that is to say, in so far as it puts in force the compulsory clauses to protect it against the claims of child labour; but it declines to judge between

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the different religions, or to force the ratepayer to give his money for the teaching of the one or the other.

Mr. Birrell, in his article in the first number of this REVIEW, in suggesting a very similar plan, proposed, instead of the "secular alternative" provided by the State, that "a small minority" of the children should "clatter off home." If religious or moral instruction is to remain amongst the children of the poorest, this adoption of the latest Government by-law must be applied with extreme caution. It would be greatly preferable to arrange some alternative course of moral instruction or civic duties, which could be paid for and inspected by the State. This would secure that the coming generations were protected against the necessities of the hard, bleak life of the poor, and against that demand for child-labour which casts a black smudge over the contemporary civilisation of England. The Nonconformists are entirely to be commended for their protest against "inside facilities" and Denominational teaching "within the school," in so far as these imply State payment for such teaching, and a demand that it shall be taught by the Government teachers. But they would probably welcome any feasible protection that could be devised for the teaching of "Morals," with "Denominational" and "Undenominational" religion as alternatives, if this teaching was limited to the demand of the parents, and, in the case of the two latter, paid for out of private funds.

The objections to this course are not so serious as they at first appear. It is a compromise between Church and State, but a compromise which need offend no man's conscience, which is entirely equal and liberal between various creeds. It is said that practical difficulties would render this method impossible. But in practice undoubtedly there would be but two general forms of religious instruction—the Book religion and the Creed religion—and the difficulties would be no greater than that between any division of studies in an ordinary secondary school. It is said again, that sectarian strife would be engendered, and religious dissension introduced among the children. The result would probably be quite otherwise. Sectarian strife is stimulated by injustice, not by amiable rivalry; and in a few years the



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system would probably settle down as smoothly as, say, the system of division between the classical and the modern sides in an ordinary English Public School. It is said again, that the result would be the gradual falling away of large numbers of children from any religious teaching. There is a greater hope that this challenge of the State to the religions of England would evoke a widespread response among all the Churches, and do much to convert faiths that are dead or somnolent into faiths that are alive. But, even if these results were inevitable, no Liberal can on that account disapprove of the system. If religions can only be maintained by State payment and State patronage, assuredly it is better that they should perish. If England remains on the whole a Christian country, religious teaching will successfully continue. If England gradually drifts away from all forms of Christian faith, then undoubtedly the support necessary for the adequate working of the scheme will be found more and more difficult to obtain. But, if Christianity is to be abandoned in this country, there appears no sufficient reason why the children of the poor should continue to be taught a faith which the whole adult population confess to be untrue.

One most important question remains : the treatment of those smaller bodies, such as the Roman Catholics, a section of the High Church party, and some of the Wesleyans and the Jews, who are determined at any cost not to surrender their schools. They believe that the "atmosphere" is as essential as the dogmatic teaching. Take the rates from them, and they will support their schools by the taxes. Take rates and taxes away, and they will continue them as purely private schools, though with an education becoming more and more inefficient. Nothing but the definite closing of their schools by the State—a course repugnant to the whole of the tolerant ideal of England—can make them surrender a conviction, which is as much a matter of conscience as that which is now producing Passive Resistance. Settlement of this difficult question is as important in principle as in practice. In principle, the English nation has always proved generous to small minorities of a definite, however distorted, religious creed.

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The spectacle of such a poor and devoted body, as (for example) the Roman Catholics in England, maintaining their schools in a condition of semi-starvation out of their own funds, while at the same time they are compelled to pay rates to support schools to which they cannot in conscience send their children, is a spectacle which, sooner or later, will appeal to the majority of citizens. And in practice, with a determined body of eighty Irish members entirely committed, even to the limits of resistance and obstruction, to the maintenance of the Catholic schools in England, no Government will face legislation for their destruction, so long as any possible alternative can be presented.

Such an alternative does not seem entirely impossible. If only no child is compelled to attend such schools whose parents do not believe in the religion which they represent, and so long as ample accommodation is given elsewhere as an alternative for all, there appears no inherent injustice in the maintenance of schools congruous to the wishes of those who demand them. Such permission should involve certain fundamental conditions: that full right of inspection of the secular teaching should be maintained; that sufficient school places should be available in the national schools of the neighbourhood, apart from these special centres; and that some private subscription should be demanded for the hours of definite teaching, proportionate to the private subscription demanded from the adherents of the other religions, who will be supporting instruction in their faiths in the national schools.

The suggested plan would be something as follows. In any town, the parents of a certain number of children of elementary school age—say 500—who offer a suitable school building and guarantee its upkeep, should be allowed to open a school, elect their own managing body, and appoint teachers, from among those approved by the local authority, of their own particular belief. Full right of inspection of secular teaching, and representation on the body of managers, would be reserved for the local authority. Definite religious instruction would be provided for, as in the national school system, from private funds: but the general

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expense of carrying on the school, apart from the maintenance of the buildings, would be borne by the local authority. In practice this would mean, that a small number of schools would still be maintained in the towns, at least for a time, by members of some of the smaller religions, for the children of their adherents. No man's conscience would be offended ; for no parent would send his child to such a school who had not deliberately chosen it in preference to the national system. No public money would go to the teaching of any definite religion. The sole change would be that, instead of seven Wesleyans or ten Roman Catholics teaching needlework and arithmetic in seven or ten separate State schools, they would be teaching together in one building. It is probable that the working of the "facilities" system would naturally result in such a segregation. It would be difficult, in practice, to arrange for the teaching of more than two religions in one school ; and far more convenient instead of teaching, say, Roman Catholic children in groups of ten and twenty, scattered throughout all the schools of a district, to mass them at one school or centre, under Roman Catholic teachers. This segregating process is already in active development under the London School Board, whose Jewish children are taught in Jewish schools, as far as possible by Jewish teachers, the portions of Scripture offensive to the Jewish religion being carefully eliminated from the Bible instruction. The proposal is, that this provision for the rights of the parents of minorities should be definitely incorporated into the legislative system. Only, as these schools would be an addition to the national system, it is but fair that the parents should be willing to provide some guarantee for the reality of the demand, which, in the case of the scheme here outlined, would be the provision and upkeep of an efficient school building. It might perhaps also be found desirable, that these "special schools" should obtain a "central grant" from the taxes, instead of being supported from the rates ; though such a change would introduce complications in detail which demand careful discussion.

The system of English education under these reforms would resolve itself into a large majority—perhaps nine-tenths

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—of national schools under complete popular management, with two main types of religion taught within them at the expense of their adherents ; and a small minority—perhaps one-tenth—of schools in some of the big towns, under managers elected by the parents of the children who attend, who would probably appoint teachers of that form of religion in which they desire their children to be educated. There are many “practical men” who regard with repugnance all this detailed consultation of religious divergences. They dislike the breaking up of the unity of the schools ; they urge that our religious dissensions should at least be concealed from the children ; they cry out, in a loud, jolly voice, for the teaching of “our common Christianity.” The statesman, however, has not to consider men as they should be, or as they may be ; but as they are. All our past difficulties have arisen from our neglect of the force of some religious fervour which has completely astonished those who thought it insignificant or dead. No future legislation—at least no future Liberal legislation—can refuse to take into account such fires of enthusiasm as are represented by the Passive Resistance Movement on the one hand, or the determination on the other of the Roman Catholics, with eighty representatives in the House of Commons, that their children shall be educated in Roman Catholic schools. No future statesman will again willingly fling himself into direct opposition to any ultimate religious belief. The only present possibility therefore is, by some such scheme as here outlined, to satisfy the conflicting claims of all ; and to hope that, justice and equality thus being attained, the healing influences of time may gradually spread a larger tolerance, and soften the bitterness of theological division, in the future for which all are longing, when “the golden age is to come again and men’s hearts and the weather to grow gentle, as time fades into eternity.”

The duty of all reasonable men is, to endeavour to unite on some concordat which will deliberately roll away this shadow of religious dissension from the developement of a great national educational system in England. The main principles of the system here described have been advocated

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by some of the leaders of the Free Churches, by some liberal Churchmen, and by many who own allegiance to no definite Christian creed. If these moderate men would overcome their distrust of each other, and persuade the more vehement champions of each side to even a transitory "truce of God," a peace "established in righteousness" would be within sight of attainment.

The Anglican Church must learn to discern the signs of the times, and the impossibility of maintaining privately-managed schools out of public funds, educating the children of other religions than its own. A section of the Nonconformists must accept the abandonment of the establishment and State payment of a Book religion in the national schools. The more violent adherents of a purely secular system must be prepared to tolerate the concession of facilities, within the school hours, for the teaching of religion to those who desire it. Those who desire independent schools must exhibit at least a real demand on the part of the parents of all the children who attend, and a readiness to relieve the State of the cost of the erection and maintenance of the buildings in which such instruction shall be administered. And the eager activity and co-operation of great masses of the population, now hostile or indifferent to our national system, must be enlisted, to work for the removal of its obvious weaknesses, to fling away sectarian and social jealousies, to perfect a system of liberal education, embracing all classes, adequate to all needs, which will make the England of the days to come renowned in all beautiful ways—united, gentle, tolerant, free.

"A LIBERAL"

## COLONIAL IDEALS

**T**HE chief white colonies of this country have now been governing themselves for terms varying from about forty to about sixty years. Though their autonomy is not absolute, Great Britain interferes with them very little ; and though the constitutions she gave them were not completely democratic, nearly all have been democratised to a greater or less degree. The people of most of the Colonies now enjoy a more direct control over their own affairs than do the masses almost anywhere else. In several of the Colonies, for instance, reforms and experiments can be carried out more quickly and easily than in the United States. True, the constitutions, even of the most advanced, do not please democratic theorists as well as that of Switzerland. But in practice it is quite as easy for reformers to get results out of them. As the white colonists of the Empire now number more than eleven millions, and as all of them, except those of the Transvaal and Orange River, are self-governing, no apology is needed for sketching an outline of their political tendencies. Many of these are of great interest to all Englishmen who care about the study of comparative politics and practical economics. Certain colonial experiments probably foreshadow changes which will some day be made or attempted in England. Many others are of a character which England is quite unlikely to imitate. Sometimes, again, they look like curious versions of laws at work in the United Kingdom, as, indeed, they occasionally are. The Colonies, as is natural, are ready to learn from the Mother Country ; the Mother Country, just as naturally, is not at all in a hurry to be taught by her daughters. It is one of the

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advantages of young countries, and one of the compensations of small communities, that they need not be too proud to learn from example.

A Review professedly Independent is the most fitting place for a sketch of the tendencies of colonial Progressive parties. For though, apart from Imperialism, colonial Progressives very seldom find themselves in accord with English Toryism, they sometimes profess views and pass laws which would arouse very mixed feelings in the breasts of English Liberals. Starting, as a rule, fifty years ago, with much the same creed as the early Victorian Radicals, they have evolved faiths of their own. To a great extent, they have advanced on lines parallel with those of the Socialistic-Radicals, who are the left wing of English Liberalism and are permeating English municipal life. Often, however, they travel on ways of their own, and, of course, the more novel their experiments, the more interesting they are to students over here. It is because none of the colonial parties of political reform and progress are precisely identical with the official Liberals here, that I term them "Progressives." They seldom call themselves by this title. Indeed, the only powerful party in the Colonies, which is officially so styled, is the present Opposition in Cape Colony, a body which has very little in common with the popular causes in other Colonies. As a rule, Colonial Progressives inscribe either "Liberal" or "Labour" on their flags. It may help Englishmen to understand the Progressives of Australia and New Zealand if I say, that the opposition to them resembles very closely, both in feeling and argument, the resistance to "municipalism" in cities like London and Glasgow. The same kind of opponents attack both, and speak and write in much the same way.

If in this article I deal in the main with Australia and New Zealand, this is not merely because I have studied them closely, but because their political experiments are on the whole most likely to interest the readers of this REVIEW. The most engrossing questions in Canada and South Africa relate to race and industrial development. Both, by comparison with Australia and New Zealand, have hitherto been conservative communities. I say this, though Canada

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is trying one experiment which is not ventured on elsewhere; five of the provincial legislatures in her federation are single chambers. Canada, too, can show to Temperance reformers a Local Option law in wide use, and a rural population distinguished for temperance. In the face of great difficulties, caused by immense areas and diversities of creed and race, the Dominion manages to secure creditable results in the field of primary education, and results more than creditable in her Universities and technical colleges. The Canadian Departments of Agriculture are among the best in the world. Still, to me at any rate, the most attractive sight shown by Canada—apart from the process of peopling her vast central wilderness—is the spectacle of the million and a half of loyal, contented French Canadians, whom free institutions have reconciled to the British flag. These French, with their comparative lack of political initiative and industrial keenness, are in part responsible for the difference between public life in Canada and Australia, and, in particular, for the strength of clericalism in the Dominion. But climate also accounts for much of this difference. Her long winters have caused Canada to fill up slowly, yet have stood in the way of the holding of large, unpeopled, pastoral estates. There has always been land to spare for the hardy and hard-working settler. The winter snows have prevented rural labour from growing nomadic; manufactures have been late in growing. The cities are even now much smaller than those of Australia. The dominating class have been the working farmers, living roughly but not miserably. Hence a comparative absence, until the last year or two, of acute Labour troubles, and even of great bitterness in agrarian questions. Over and above these modifying influences, has come the success of Canadian capitalism in constructing and retaining the lines of transport. London financial opinion naturally approves of this last feature, ostensibly because it keeps down the Dominion's national debt.

In Cape Colony and Natal the State owns the railways, though they are worked on principles somewhat different from those which are popular in Australia and New Zealand—are used, that is to say, in aid of revenue, instead



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of being regarded more in the light of high roads, out of which the Treasury has no right to expect profit. Yet, in South Africa, capitalism rules the roost in a far completer fashion than in any part of Canada. The reason is, of course, the absence of any large population of white labourers. The main counterpoise to the capitalists—the Dutch farmers—do not make for democratic progress. They are still in many ways lethargic and obscurantist. Moreover, the wretched race-feud which unhappily rages there, as in no other self-governing colony, diverts political energy into sour and unfruitful fields. Indeed, so far, South Africa's one noted contribution to the list of colonial experimental laws has been an Immigration Restriction Act, that of Natal, which, thanks to the Colonial Office, has become a sort of common form in self-protecting colonies.

We come, then, to Australia and New Zealand. Here democracy has had much freer play—here, consequently, the crop of novelties is much more abundant. Here capitalists—that is to say, great capitalists—are by no means supreme. Yet they make money, and, allied with powerful Anglo-Colonial financial institutions, are by no means without influence. Englishmen who read in newspaper articles that Australia is in the grip of Labour parties, or that New Zealand is tyrannised over by Trade Unions, must be warned to take assertions of this sort with more than a grain of salt. As I have repeatedly pointed out elsewhere, the most powerful class throughout the seven colonies of Australasia are the farmers. Where they choose to unite with the financiers and employers, they can beat Labour as easily as they beat it in Victoria at the last general elections, or in the recent railway strike. In the Parliament of the Commonwealth, Labour is strong, but has to be wary. By uniting with Mr. Deakin's following it has won concessions. But, in gaining the chief of these—the future exclusion of Kanaka plantation labourers—it had the sympathy of at least half the middle class throughout the continent. Where middle-class opinion is anything like solid and aroused against it, Labour can do little or nothing. This is just as true of the State legislatures, as of the parliament of the

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Commonwealth, and just as true of New Zealand as of Australia. Everywhere the Labour groups have to be content to make compromises, accept instalments, advance step by step when they do advance, and do penance for mistakes by long periods of waiting. In Queensland, where they began life with the motto of "Socialism in our Time," and managed to form nearly the whole of the Opposition, they had to stay in opposition for twelve years. Tired of marking time in this fruitless fashion, they have this year definitely formed a coalition with a section of middle-class Liberals. Their leader, Mr. Browne, and their deputy leader, Mr. Kidston, have taken office in the ministry of Mr. Morgan. We shall hear no more talk of "Socialism in our Time," but we may witness the passing of Progressive measures. This change is especially interesting, because the Queensland Labour group have been the only colonial party which has at all resembled Bebel's Socialists. Their founder, William Lane, preached Communism. But Lane is now managing a small village commune far from Australia—at Cosmé, in Paraguay—and his successors are Liberal Ministers and Government supporters. In New South Wales, the tactics of the Labour men have been to keep a friendly Government in office in return for concessions, and, on the whole, they have carried out this plan with success. Labour has its ups and downs in the different legislatures. Just now it is beginning to make headway in West Australia, but it has lost ground in South Australia; and though, in the Victoria Assembly, it commands one-sixth of the votes, it is isolated and powerless. Even in New South Wales, it is no more true to say that the Labour Party rules the Colony, than to say that the Irish Party rules Great Britain. In New Zealand the position has become curious. There, as a good many people know, the crop of experiments sown by the Progressives was very large, and, with unusual good fortune, the Party has held office long enough to see its Colony reap the results. Of these, Labour has had an ample share, albeit by no means all that it has asked for. But from the outset the Trade Unions, who did the organising of Labour, were far from confining their efforts

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to the election of Labour candidates of their own class. They did, indeed, secure the return of five or six of these. But their most effective work was done in pledging middle-class candidates to as much of their programme as possible. They made the Labour vote indispensable to a large section of Liberal candidates. They strengthened the hands of the more advanced of the Liberal leaders. Yet, in spite of their solid gains, or rather because of them, their strength did not increase, either in Parliament or outside. The laws they helped to pass have excited the curiosity of enquirers in many countries, and have unquestionably raised the status of Labour in their Colony. But, as a party, Labour has dwindled. Just now it shows less energy, and attracts less attention, than it did ten years ago. The Temperance agitation has for the moment supplanted it in the eye of the public. Throughout the seven colonies Labour is a distinct force, but still only an active, struggling section, never a ruling class. It is not a Socialist party, nor is there any Socialist party, unless in the sense that the Progressives of the London County Council may be called Socialists.

The industrial system of the seven colonies is the English system—modified. Landlordism, where it can, exploits cultivators in the country, and householders in towns and suburbs. But most farmers and many citizens are freeholders, or tenants of the State or public bodies. Great tracts of good land are held against settlement by monopolist graziers and absentee companies. But the great proprietors are finding it more and more difficult to resist public opinion. Pressed, here by a graduated tax, there by a repurchase law, elsewhere by their own financial necessities,—for many of them “bit off more than they could chew,”—they are slowly selling out. Twelve years ago, an area three times as large as England was held by freeholders, none of whom owned less than one thousand acres. In three colonies (New South Wales, New Zealand, and South Australia), less than thirteen hundred proprietors held in fee simple an expanse the size of England. This will give a notion of what the colonial agrarian problem had grown to be in 1891. As a rule, the land which the great freeholders

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had secured was good, well watered, and suitable for settlement. In this it differed from the vast pastoral territories leased to the "squatters," the grazing tenants of the State. By Englishmen the "squatters" are often confused with the large freeholders. They are, however, another economic class altogether; and this must be borne in mind. Otherwise the agrarian question in Australasia becomes a hopeless tangle.

Rents, therefore, are still a feature of colonial economics. Interest is another. In bygone years, so far from debtor colonists being any better off than the debtor classes of the Mother Country, they were in one respect very much worse off—they paid much higher rates of interest. In the early days of settlement these rates were almost incredibly high. Pioneer money-lenders made fortunes; the pioneer settlers who were their clients usually did not. Moreover, the smaller the farmer, the higher was the rate he had to pay. Here again the State has stepped in to modify, though not to supplant, capitalism. Able to borrow money in London far more cheaply than private colonists could, the Governments undertook the construction of the railways, roads, bridges, and waterworks needed to develop the unpeopled interior. Within the last ten years they have gone a step further, and have lent several millions on mortgage to the smaller sort of farmers.

If we pass from rent and interest to wages, we find the position much the same. Industries are carried on by employers or companies paying time or piece wages. The State is the largest employer; but what individualists call its "encroachments on private enterprise" are very cautious. The institutions or branches of industry which it actually owns and manages are simply, with very few exceptions, what most disinterested Englishmen would like to see placed under public control here, were it practicable; that is to say, railways, telegraphs, telephones, docks, waterworks, hospitals, and nearly all colleges and schools. The chief additions to the list are in New Zealand, where the Government manages a Life Insurance business, a Public Trust office, and a coal-mine—worked to supply the colony's railways. In South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and New Zealand, the State provides cold storage at sea-ports;

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and the South Australian Government consigns wine to London and sells it there wholesale. The Government of West Australia supplies its goldfields with quartz-crushing batteries. Over and above all this, every Government still owns an immense though diminishing landed estate—diminishing, because all the Colonies still sell land outright to settlers who wish for the freehold. Progressives in South Australia, New Zealand, and New South Wales have long been anxious to substitute leasing for selling, and have accomplished something in that direction, notably in South Australia. Apart from the Crown lands, State ownership is chiefly confined to the departments of land transport and communication, education, and public charity. So far is it from monopolising industry, or pressing whole populations into its employment. What it does, and sometimes in novel and remarkable ways, is to encourage, inspect, and regulate. Instead of trying to choke off private enterprise, it endeavours in many ways, often wisely and successfully, to stimulate it. But with this proviso—that man is not to be regarded as a mere machine to produce wealth, regardless of health, happiness, and mental progress. So, for many years, a struggle, sometimes quiet, sometimes noisy, has been carried on between the Progressives and the worse tendencies of competition and the wages system. It seems strange to many observers, that they see almost nothing in the Colonies of Labour co-partnership, and but little of distributive co-operation. Colonial workmen are satisfied to remain wage-earners, and to spend their wages at retail shops of the ordinary kind. They use their votes and their Trade Union organisation to support politicians who will pass laws to regulate factory life, and secure fair wages. They leave the retail shops alone, except to the extent of voting for Early Closing Acts. They cheerfully submit to any trifling inconvenience which shortened shopping hours may at first cause their wives and themselves. Labour legislation in the Colonies is not an attempt to root out capitalism, but an attempt to bring it to terms. The endeavour is, to do for all Labour what British Trade Unionism tries to do for a selection.

A Colonial Progressive, then, has to reckon with a

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social system in which rent, interest, and wages play their parts, and in which social inequalities, social prejudices, and social barricades, are found on all sides. These things survive, though there is no court, no aristocracy, no army, no State church, and very few millionaires. The poor are less numerous and less miserable. Labourers are more alert ; farmers have more initiative ; workers are less like automata. The struggle for life goes on, but—except in face of some national catastrophe, as a drought or a bank crash—it is less bitter. All men have not become brothers, nor all women sisters ; but, for the masses who have to toil, life is less sodden than it is in Slumdom, and less wooden than it is in Suburbia. The chief inferiority to Old World society is in art and literature. There is a settled tendency to reproduce British middle-class life, with as much of its outlook as possible. In so far as this tendency makes for stolid Philistinism, the Progressive has to fight against it. The evils he has to combat are old, though sometimes they wear new faces. His is the hard task of deciding which of British acclimatised plants are good, and should be left to grow ; which are noxious and should be weeded out.

Democracy in Australia and New Zealand has proved this thing amongst others : that if a people of English race get something like control of the machine of government, they will regard it as a thing to be made the fullest use of. The individualist ideal of a republic, where the aim of the State is to interfere with nobody, seems to the majority of Colonists the idlest of dreams. The few individualist doctrinaires amongst them stiffen into mere Conservatives ; but the Conservative parties are not individualist. Last year Mr. Irvine, the very able Conservative Premier of Victoria, deplored that there had been “ too much toying with Socialism ” in Victoria. This year, Mr. Irvine very rightly denounces Land monopoly, and foreshadows a State Repurchase Act, with a compulsory clause therein. Almost all Colonists consider, that the best Government is the Government which does most good work. They have no sentimental fondness for politicians or bureaux. They regard them as instruments and machinery to be used, not worshipped. On their political side, they retain the

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doctrines of the older English Radicals : enfranchisement, faith in an educated democracy, war against privilege and monopoly. On their constructive and governmental side, they are Socialists, in spite of themselves. Most of them not only do not accept the ideal of German Socialism—the all-pervading State management—but dislike it acutely. They propose to make of the State a servant, not a master ; and to utilise it where they choose, and not otherwise.

A review of the mass of colonial experimental legislation produced in the last twenty years would fill volumes—has, in fact, done so. A mere index would fill a pamphlet. All I can do here is to indicate a few examples likely to be of most interest to the Old-World observer. Thus, in constitutional reform we find in the Australian Senate a Second Chamber elected by universal suffrage, though for a longer term than the three years usual with colonial parliaments. We have in New Zealand an Upper Chamber with members nominated for seven years only ; and in the Australian States several others with members nominated for life. Finally, we see other Upper Houses elected by a restricted franchise, and these, as in Victoria, are the most assertive and obstructive of all. Almost everywhere we note that members are paid—in one instance as much as £400 a year—a practice which tends to keep down the size of legislatures. Payment of members in England might cause a sharp reduction of the House of Commons. Personally I do not consider that it has lowered the tone of the colonial legislatures. It certainly increases the number of candidates ; and makes the elected work harder.

No purely political experiment vies in interest with the enfranchisement of women. They may now vote in four colonies, and are, this month, to take part in the general elections of the Commonwealth. All classes of them use their votes freely ; and ten years' experience has failed to disclose any result to be regretted. In New Zealand they vote at Local Option polls, and have strengthened the crusade against the public-houses there. On politics generally, their influence has so far been slight, as John Stuart Mill

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foresaw would at first be the case. They are supposed to favour humanitarian experiments ; but I cannot with any confidence ascribe any of the best known humanitarian laws to their direct influence. Take, for instance, the Old Age Pensions Acts, of which there are three in force, in New Zealand, New South Wales, and Victoria respectively. Under these, small pensions are granted to the indigent and decent aged after sixty-five. The maximum pension anywhere is ten shillings a week. Crime and drunkenness disqualify. All three systems turned out to be more costly than their makers anticipated. But the growth of expense has been properly arrested by the Parliaments of Victoria and New Zealand. By latest accounts a similar check is being applied in New South Wales. Fraud also is being effectually dealt with. Altogether I believe that the Pensions laws have come to stay ; that they will be honestly administered ; and that their humane and kindly work will not cost too dear, either in money or in the softening of national fibre. Women had little or nothing to do with the passing of these laws.

The Local Option Laws of Australia are poor things, and have been little used. The New Zealand law is drastic, and has been so effectually employed that, in ten years, about one-fourth of the licensed houses there have been closed without compensation.

The Labour Laws may be summed up as an attempt to secure a respectable minimum of sanitation, leisure, and pay, for the workers in town and country. The stringency of these laws varies very much in different colonies. Tasmania has none to speak of. Queensland has a good Factories Act, and an Early Closing Law applicable to her chief towns. South Australia is not so much ahead as she promised to be ; for, though she enacted first an Industrial Arbitration Law, and then a Minimum Wage Law, both have been allowed to remain dead letters. Victoria has not only an advanced Shops and Factories Act, but the notable institution of State Wages Boards for fixing hours and wages in a number of specified industries. New Zealand has Labour Laws too numerous to mention ; and this colony, with New South Wales and Western Australia, affords the remarkable



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spectacle of Courts of Industrial Arbitration, which regulate the conditions of most of their organised industries.

These tribunals of "Compulsory Arbitration," as they are nicknamed, are the subjects of persistent misrepresentation in this country. While the New Zealand court was going through its earlier experiences, many columns of good print were wasted in the attempt to prove that it was ruining the manufactures of its colony. When the prosperous condition of the manufactures was demonstrated beyond doubt, critics turned round to argue that no test of the system was possible so long as times remained so prosperous. If a colonial newspaper should complain that an award bears hardly on employers, we are assured that employers are groaning under an intolerable tyranny. If a decision goes the other way, and a handful of workmen relieve their feelings at some hole-in-the-corner meeting, a general revolt of Labour is foreshadowed. Other complaints are, that Arbitration prevents voluntary arrangements between masters and men, hampers enterprise, and reduces the amount of employment available. Most of these attacks are answered by unimpeachable statistics, which prove that the industries of New Zealand have never been so prosperous and active as during the years of the operation of the Arbitration Law. It is an odd coincidence, that the only two colonies of Australasia which have continued to attract immigrants through the last few years have been New Zealand and West Australia, in both of which Industrial Arbitration is in full working. In New South Wales, too, it has yielded excellent results, in the face of that very industrial depression which is supposed to be fatal to such a system. I cheerfully concede that even eight years' trial is not a long enough test to try thoroughly an experiment so novel, complex, and far-reaching. Industrial Arbitration may yet meet with unexpected checks. So far, its results have been most cheering: good for workmen, good for employers, and, best of all, for the public.

Amongst other Labour Laws, are our Factory Acts, the tendency of which is to prohibit child labour under the age of fourteen; to limit overtime and secure extra payment for it; and to stipulate for an eight-hours day for women

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and young persons. Early Closing Laws have reduced the hours of retail shops. They work well, after causing a certain amount of friction for a few months at the outset. A minor but useful law regulates servants' registry offices. Workmen's Compensation Acts are in force in New Zealand and South Australia, based on the well known English statutes, but somewhat less cautiously circumscribed.

Allied to these protective enactments for the regulation of employment, are the laws for the exclusion of coolie labour and undesirable immigrants. Undoubtedly the mainspring of these is the colonial workman's dread of a barbaric and unfair competition, certain to lower fatally the national standard of comfort and decency. But, so far as coloured Labour goes, the workman has the full sympathy of three-fourths of the middle classes. The same is true of efforts to shut out White trash, in the shape of the criminal, insane, drunken, and diseased. Where, however, colonial Labour goes further, and tries to exclude European paupers, or labourers brought out under contract, there is apt to be a sharp difference of colonial opinion. The Commonwealth has taken power to exclude Whites who cannot read and write English, contract labourers, and persons likely "to become a public charge." The famous case of the interrogation of six hatters is the only recorded instance of English labourers imported under contract being "held up," even for a day. There is no case of English immigrants being refused admission on the ground of poverty. Generally, so far as British passengers go, the laws are not only reasonable, but are administered in an easy-going way. Asiatics, on the other hand, are strictly treated. Very exaggerated pictures of colonial Exclusion Laws are drawn by English writers, some of whom do not shrink from suggesting that the falling off of white immigration to Australia is due to them. This is quite untrue. The ceasing of immigration dates from the banking crash of 1893, and has been prolonged by the terrible drought of recent years. New Zealand and West Australia have gone on drawing immigrants, despite their Exclusion Laws.

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A mass of conflicting interests, shifting laws, complex methods, and debateable experiments, make up the Agrarian question. This brings me to what, in the eyes of colonists themselves, is their main business—the settlement of the soil. Because, in a survey of their politics, an English observer is naturally most interested in the social experiments which appear to him to be daring and novel, it does not follow that the average colonist is absorbed in the same questions. The matters which appeal to him first are those which directly affect the developement of his colony. No purely social reform, except perhaps the Liquor Problem, will retain the attention of a Colonial Parliament, in the same degree as proposals to encourage some industry or people some waste district. The colonist may be a democrat, or a social empiric, or the reverse of both ; but first of all he is a colonist. So, if, of all his experiments, those in which he takes most interest are directly connected with the production of wealth, it does not follow that he is an utter materialist. He is obeying his destiny, and carrying out his national work. His Protectionism, for instance—as was long ago admitted by Sir Charles Dilke and other English observers—had its origin, not in corruption or selfish financial intrigues, but in a desire to establish industries where no industries existed. The key to his finance—that finance so often and so fiercely assailed in London—is the resolve to push on the filling up of the wilderness. The multitude of his agrarian experiments—ranging as they do from the *laissez faire* of free selection to the governmentalism of State mortgages, repurchase laws, departments of agriculture, and village settlements—have all this goal in view. His colony must go ahead.

Yet, beyond this, there often is—in the minds of colonists capable of cherishing an ideal—something loftier, though more visionary. When the young colony reaches maturity, of what kind is it to be ? Is it merely to differ in sky, and not in spirit, from an Old World community ? Or may it now deliberately resolve, that the more glaring inequalities and preventible unhappiness of Europe shall not be transplanted and suffered to spread unchecked over its soil ? Is it possible to have a civilisation which is no mere lacquer

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on the surface of society ? Can a community be civilised throughout, and trained to consist of educated, vigorous men and women ; efficient workers, yet not lacking in the essentials of refinement ? Should Fate allow the British Colonies peacefully to continue their work of self-developement, one or more of them may conceivably answer “ yes ” to these questions.

W. P. REEVES

## SOLDIER AND PEASANT IN FURTHEST TURKEY

### I

TRAVELLING from Adana north-eastwards into Armenia and Kurdistan, we were always accompanied by an escort, sometimes of zaptiehs (mounted police), sometimes of regulars. They varied from fifteen to two or three, according to the condition of the country and of the Treasury. Our difficulty was to keep the number down. The local colonel is generally wise enough to try and get bread and butter for his impoverished forces when he can ; and the hungry soldier is not loth to profit by the opportunity.

The Turkish soldier has been much abused, and often rightly ; but there are sides to the case which are too often forgotten. Most of those I knew had not been paid for many months ; and it is useless to abuse a man who is starving for taking the chickens and eggs of the villagers when he can. The villager gives him of his best, and there is no question of payment. My experience tells me that the Turkish soldier in nine cases out of ten is not the rapacious ruffian we are apt to think him. The peasant no more expects money for the entertainment of the *devlet* (as all Government servants are called), than the soldier expects to give it. Doubtless the collecting of the hated taxes by zaptiehs has increased the awe with which they are regarded ; but, except among the Kurds in the north, where I once saw the zaptiehs refused hospitality, and a fight ensue, there were almost invariably friendliness on the villagers' part, and good manners on the soldiers'. The

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master of the house where we and our guard were quartered always took coffee with the zaptiehs ; and for the evening meal of rice and goat's flesh they generally all fared together—zaptiehs, servants, and villagers. The principal Sheikh always took the highest place on the divan or Kurdish carpet, and his children were the spoilt darlings of the soldiers. These things, matter of course as they seem to us in a country where the people governs, mean much where the only *raison d'être* of government is held to be the extracting of money. Doubtless the Government has no business to allow its soldiers to live on the people ; but, granted the present state of things—an unpaid army, an ignorant peasantry who know the army is unpaid, and the prevailing ideas of government—my experience was, that the soldier was less grasping than the peasant was hospitable. I once saw three children dissolve into tears when I approached with an officer at my side. The soldier, a Kurd regular, assured me, while he patted the three little shaking backs, that it was all his fault and not mine : “The Government is so terrible, you know. It is my coat they fear” ; but, for my part, I think my riding habit was quite as terrifying as his ragged uniform. Our escort generally included one officer of the rank of lieutenant or captain, with a differing number of privates under him. No doubt they were picked men ; but their conduct was certainly exemplary, as far as we were concerned. Many of the officers had passed through the military college at Stamboul, and seen something more of life than the boundaries of their own vilayet. They were always intensely religious men, and neither gales nor robbers were allowed to interfere with the five daily prayers. They were our principal companions through the monotonous day's march, and in the long winter's evenings in tent, *khan*, or peasant's hut. The captain's past experiences, his fluency in all the languages of the “Franga”—witness his “Bonjours, Madame,” sole relic of a glorious past—the mysteries of his harem, the success of his sons, the duties of his religion, the monotony of his life ; all would be produced for my edification. The discomforts of travelling in winter, the chance of getting shelter to-night, and of

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the lame mule holding out till the next stage—such common interests helped to while away many an hour, and make us forget the bitterness of the wind. It was only at a later stage, when our friendship was established, that the real burdens of Achmet Yuzbashi's soul would out: his hard lot, the six months' arrears of pay due to him, the state of his country, terrorised by the dreaded Hamidiyeh, once even the wickedness of the Padishah himself—but this was only once, and from an officer who had fraternised with German soldiers.

The scourge of Mesopotamia is the Hamidiyeh, the famous Kurd cavalry. The Sultan had tried in vain to reduce the wild rebels of Kurdistan to submission; at length he bethought himself of the ingenious plan which has stood him in good stead in more than one of his provinces. The Kurds were in a majority in Armenia. They had always harried the Armenians, while at the same time they had defied the Porte. A common cause should now unite them. The Armenians should be proclaimed rebellious; and Turk and Kurd, joined in unholy alliance, should suppress them. In this way murder and pillage have received the official sanction; henceforth the Kurdish mob has been organised and led by Turkish officers. It was a desperate measure, its risks were great, but for a time it succeeded. Abdul Hamid, with Zeki Pasha as his accomplice, organised the famous cavalry. The Hamidiyeh were formed, and, when the extermination of Armenians was ordered from Yildiz, the weapon was ready to hand. At the time of the massacres, Turkish officers, commanding the Hamidiyeh and a rabble of Kurdish peasantry, hounded them on to their sickening work.

Now once more, it seems, the Kurd has proved himself too much for the Turk. The stronger of the pair has kicked over the traces. The rule of Abdul Hamid means no more law and order for the Moslem than for the Christian. Except for the wealthy Moslems of the towns, with whom for the sake of money the Sultan must curry favour, and the religious Sheikhs, for whom he is still emphatically the Khalif of God, the Turk of the Eastern provinces is no longer inspired with great personal loyalty

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to Abdul Hamid. The Kurd has been given too long a tether. He is ruler now in Armenia and Kurdistan, and the Sultan his humble servant. The Turk finds himself to-day, almost equally with the Christian, at the mercy of the Hamidiyeh. This side of the Euphrates the Porte still governs. The other side, the Kurds are supreme, dividing the land for purposes of government into two large districts, each at war with the other.

In the south, Ibrahim Pasha holds his court at Viranshehr. From thence he raids the Arabs of his vast district. At Harran, south of Urfa, where we were the guests of the Sheikh of the Beni-zeid, we were able to congratulate our host in person on having appeased for a time the vengeance of Ibrahim Pasha. A year back, some of his tribe, goaded to desperation by the raids of the Hamidiyeh, had stolen fifty of Ibrahim's mules by night. The tribe had received scant mercy since then; they were impoverished, robbed of their mules, their women, and their stores, and were the victims of incessant attacks. The night we were his guests the wrong was repaired. Loud shouting outside the hut told us of some conquest, and the Sheikh entered, excited and beaming, to inform his assembled warriors that the stolen mules, for which the plains had been scoured during twelve months, on that day had been recovered. The robbers would be brought to justice; he himself must make his excuses to us and be gone at once, for he must take the mules in person to the Court at Viranshehr, and deliver them to the offended Pasha. Ibrahim, outlaw and marauder though he be, is a gentleman. His murders and robberies are committed only on a large scale, and in the light of day. Our friend the Sheikh, escorting the stolen mules, need have no fear of secret assassination. We ourselves were always told that we need fear nothing if we fell into the hands of Ibrahim Pasha. After relieving us of our belongings, he would deliver us safe and sound at the door of some neighbouring Konak, with a polite note explaining his own immediate need of money and mules.

In the north, we had to deal with a different state of things. Till a year ago Mustafa Pasha, who combined the brutality of a savage with the dash of a first-rate cavalry



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leader, ruled Turk and Christian alike. The barracks of his troops were at Jezireh, a town on the Tigris, mid-way between Diarbekr and Mossul. But, before we arrived at Diarbekr, the chief had been killed by a plot. Christians, Turks, and Kurds were shaking hands in the streets with tears of joy. The command had devolved upon his three sons, weaker, if not less wicked, than their parent.

Personally, as travelling Europeans, we had not much to fear from these robber bands. We had been cautioned by British Consuls and Turks alike that our safety lay in our Frank garb. We must not disguise it too much by wearing native sheep-skins and silk *keffiyehs*, a favourite practice of ours in the very cold weather. Though we carried loaded revolvers, our hats were a much surer protection ; and (in Ibrahim's country at least) the Hamidiyeh were under strict orders to refrain from attacking parties of foreigners, and had several times been punished for doing so. On the only occasion when an attack was imminent, it was our evidently European appearance that saved us. We were passing some rapids on the Tigris, the *kelekji* (raftsmen) pulling for all they were worth to steer the raft round a rocky headland, when a sudden turn of the river revealed a crowd of men on either shore—the one a shelving beach, the other an abrupt precipice—in readiness to catch an easy prey. The ancient matchlock guns were aimed straight at the raft ; but we had time, as it rushed towards them, to regain our presence of mind, and place ourselves in the safest position. Our soldiers were prompt to point their equally ancient guns and our Turk his massive revolver, while we ourselves, kneeling on the sacks of merchandise with which our raft was loaded, displayed our somewhat dilapidated headgear with as much insolence as we could command. Meanwhile our officer's voice rang out over the rapids : "There are consuls on board, great English consuls on tour ; if one hair of their heads is touched, an English army will demand their blood." And, like dogs with their tails between their legs, the score of men dropped their guns and slunk away behind the rocks.

But for the native, be he Turk or Armenian, Kizil-Bash or Chaldee, it is a very different story. Neither life

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nor property is secure. Doubtless the Christians suffer most, because they are weakest, and the law forbids them to carry arms ; but not even the Turkish officials altogether escape. A few days before we arrived in Diarbekr, the Vali himself, lord of a province half as big as England, and escorted by a detachment of Turkish regulars, had been attacked one hour's distance from the city, on the road from Severek. Overpowered by a party of Hamidiyeh, superior in numbers and in arms to his own, he was robbed of everything he possessed (horses and servants included), wounded, handcuffed, and flung for dead into a rocky gully. We passed the place a week later ourselves ; in the gully, rows of black eagles, perched on rows of black rocks, sat gorged and gloating over the remains of a fallen camel ; the snow lay in patches on the black mud. It was a sight to remember with loathing. Some passing peasants had picked up the Vali, and carried him in safety to his Konak.

Escorts are really superfluous in that country, for an unwritten law forbids the Turkish regular to fire at one of the Hamidiyeh, even in self defence. These require, therefore, neither courage nor skill to seize their victims. Covering the worst bit of road between Urfa and Diarbekr, our escort rode in terror of their lives. No caravan had travelled that road, a six days' march, for over two years ; trade was paralysed, and, though we twice over met enormous caravans in *khâns* on the way, four and five hundred beasts strong, they were bound for other towns, and had only struck us *en route*. No large bands of Hamidiyeh, however, were scouring that particular bit of country at the time, and those I saw were in solitary ones and twos. One night in a village *oda* (guest-room) an ominous and uncomfortable silence fell on the assembled crowd ; when I lifted my head from the saddle bags on which I was resting, I saw one of the dreaded band standing at the door. They wear no uniform, but a silver star on the forehead proclaims their order. Fortunately this one was alone, or perhaps he had enough money in his pocket that night. The Hamidiyeh are never drilled, and of course never paid ; whole Kurdish tribes are commandeered into the service, and their orders are to live by plunder, and to kill if resistance is offered.

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From Jezireh, the headquarters of Mustafa Pasha, may be seen along the plain a long line of ruined villages, heaps of broken stone huts and roofless stables ; one of them was still smoking when we were there. These are the remains of sixteen Chaldean villages, wiped out within the last two years. Of course the Christians go first, but Yezidis, Kizil-Bashes, and all other heretics go too ; so would the Turks go if they possessed villages in these parts. Through the worst of the winter weather, when the storms and the snows drove us for our mid-day's rest into shelter of any kind, we more than once camped among the black heaps of these ruined homes, in a land which cries out to Heaven for vengeance. It is a mockery to talk to these people about reforms, worse mockery than it was seven years ago at the massacre time, and than it is now in Macedonia. If the Sultan himself were the most sincere of reformers, he is powerless to put reforms into force. He himself has abdicated in favour of the Kurds ; he has given them the sanction of the law ; he has armed and organised them ; and now the government of Mesopotamia is in their hands. Except he throw in his lot with the Kurds, he is a negligible quantity. One wonders in this case where Mr. Balfour's "balance of criminality" lies. The whole world has rung to the awful story of Armenian woes ; it has long forgotten the Chaldeans, the Syrians, and the Maronites, who were slaughtered like sheep in the 'fifties. It has probably never heard of the Yezidis, the Kizil-Bashes, and the Ansariyeh, slaughtered at intervals ever since. It turns a deaf ear to-day to the Bulgarians of Macedonia, slain in the dreary dawn of the twentieth century.

## II

Have I drawn an ungrateful picture ? Throughout Mesopotamia and Southern Armenia, Turk, Armenian, Kurd, and Arab saw us safely through their country, and vied with each other in showing us hospitality. When a traveller is personally well treated, when the officials pay him compliments, and the peasants respect, he seldom gives

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a quite unprejudiced account of the country he has visited. Travellers in Asiatic Turkey are specially liable to err in this way. Such and such a Vali gave them such excellent cigarettes—what does it matter where the money came from to buy them? The Bin-Bashi provided such a large escort to accompany them—it really is not for them to enquire if the soldiers got their last month's pay. In such and such a village the men had such perfect manners—what does it matter if those same men put three hundred Armenians to death the other day, by cracking their skulls with heavy axes? This is in fact very much the way many Englishmen seem to reason. Perhaps they do not speak the language. Perhaps they travel too fast, and the curtain is never lifted for them.

After all, there have been very few travellers through Mesopotamia since the Hamidiyeh were established and the massacres took place. If there had been more, I doubt whether we should hear quite so often the remark that “the Turk is a very fine fellow, you know,” a remark which is perfectly true in one sense, but not in the sense in which it is made; if indeed a phrase so loosely used can have any meaning at all. The people who make it are generally those who would imply that the Ottoman Government is good enough to take care of itself and its own subjects, and that enough Christians have not been massacred yet, to make it safe for England to raise her voice in protest.

The Turkish official is not a fine fellow at all. But the peasant of Asia Minor is a fine fellow; simple, brave, honest, industrious, he has all the qualities of his race, a dominant and conquering one; he has nothing to gain, as the Christians have, by lying, cheating, or plotting. He can hold his head in the air and fear no one.

Personally, I find it difficult to base my political views of the Ottoman Government and Ottoman misrule on my opinion of the peasantry of Anatolia, or, indeed, of those of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Arabia, whom I have now chiefly in mind. Travelling, as we did, without the assistance of Messrs. Cook and Son, or of a dragoman, we had exceptional opportunities of seeing the people through

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whose villages and lands we passed, and we relied more than most travellers do on the good faith of the officials and the kindness of the peasants. The bad weather we experienced also conduced to our seeing much of them, constantly compelling us to vacate our tent for mud hut or way-side *khân*.

During our journey we made use of all the different sorts of accommodation to be had, according to the locality. There was the *khân* to be found at all the regular caravan stages ; the *oda* in a large village ; the guard house, where the zaptiehs were our hosts, on the lonely borders of a vilayet or in the middle of some specially dangerous tract of country ; and, lastly, the Sheikh's house, *i.e.*, the largest hut of the small village. In the north, the first and the last were the commonest.

We were journeying between the Euphrates, where we had crossed it at Bir-edjik, and Urfa. The usual caravan road is a two days' journey, and the night is spent at Tcharmlik, the regular caravanserai. We, preferring shorter stages, had made three days of it, and the second night brought us to Kareskeui, a miserable hamlet, half a mile off the road. It seemed incredible that so poor a heap of stones could provide shelter for seven beasts and twelve humans ; but the short December day was closing in, the rain fell in pitiless gusts, and we were not critical. A zaptieh sent ahead to enquire the prospect of shelter, showed us his quest was successful by flourishing his crooked sword round his head. Until one is in the middle of them, one is hardly aware of the existence of these villages. Each house is dug out of the ground. It is entered by a narrow passage through the mud, and all that is seen from the outside is the small heap of stones which forms the roof, and the three larger ones which make the door. The country side is so littered with stones, and nature has formed such endless ugly heaps of them, that till you are close up among the fierce dogs, and the heaps of manure, you would never guess you were inside a village. The Sheikh of Kareskeui stood in the rain, among the stones, to receive us ; a noble savage, with his damp, black curls hanging to the shoulders, his sheepskin drawn tightly

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round him, and his bare, brown legs stained with mud. His sheep dogs, the terrors of every village, Turk or Kurd, barked and bounded round him. He is not frightened, but he looks a little bewildered. He must offer us hospitality, of course, for, as Sheikh, that is his chief duty ; and when we get off our horses and thank him in advance, he offers us the humblest salaams, and with a hearty "Buyurun," the well known word of welcome, draws us proudly by the hand into the darkness of his ancestral halls. The fire has been lit at the first sign of our approach, and, when we descend the narrow passage into the chamber below, the smoke is so dense, that for several minutes we cannot open our eyes to investigate our quarters. Feeling for the fire, we creep to it, and at last, by the light of the glowing embers, can survey the scene. These houses are all much alike ; the principal room, about twelve feet long by ten feet wide, is entirely hollowed out of the mud. The roof is formed of primitive thatch and stones, the hole in the middle serves as chimney, and the fire is laid in a small depression in the floor. On three sides of the room, narrow strips of Kurdish felt form the villager's divan. Noiselessly, the men of the village have gathered in the room, and are sitting cross-legged round the walls. Each is dressed in a skin, or in the square, sleeveless felt coat of the Kurdish shepherd. These villagers are nearly all shepherds or goatherds, the servants probably of some distant *aga* (over-lord). We meanwhile, more luxurious, resting on heaps of saddlebags and sheepskins, are the objects of silent observation. Not a feature of the score of faces moves, not an eye wanders from the new comers. At the far end of the room, near the passage, saddles, swords, guns, cooking pots and pans are heaped, and a man kneeling by the fire is roasting the coffee beans.

These evenings were rich in very human delights. True, our wants were simple, and our conversation limited in its scope ; but the interests we had we shared in common with our hosts, and the hardships of the route, the battle with the elements, the escape from the Hamidiyeh, the joys of coffee, tobacco, and the roaring fire, were every bit as real to us as to them. They made the long hours in hut and

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*khân*, with only the Turkish soldier and the Kurd or Circassian shepherd for company, the common bowl for supper, and the mud ground for bed, pass all too quickly. If we gave sympathy for the cruelties of the Hamidiyeh and the wickedness of the Government, they returned it to us in double measure for the bad weather and the dangers of the road.

The surest way to get into these men's confidence is to give them plenty of time. Beyond the greeting, when coffee is served up, and a "Mashallah" when the Sheikh's little son is brought in, it is best to recline in silence on the saddlebags, and, while you take them in, let them do the same by you. They are not shy, but they are deeply mystified, and they want to discuss you among themselves before you interfere with incredible explanations. Men we cannot be; our voices deny that. Women we certainly are not. The idea is laughable. Do women travel thus, without their lords, unveiled, unprotected, with their heads in the air? Do men fly at their bidding, as these soldiers do, and even this lordly Turk? "O'olmaz"—"that cannot be." What are we then? I have heard the question seriously discussed. Something more powerful than a man, something more uncanny than a woman. The soldiers, after four or five days' acquaintance, are wiser. These persons *are* women. They come from a land where the women rule the men, where even the Padishah is a woman, where the Government thinks much more of its women than of its men. If so much as a hair of their heads were touched, the Government of Inghiterra would wreak such vengeance on the land, that not a man would be left to tell the tale.

*Sheikh* (acting spokesman for the rest and eyeing us a little suspiciously): "But if they are women, where are their lords?"

*Zaptieh*. "They have none. In Inghiterra the greatest princesses have no lords."

S. "Are they two sisters, then?"

Z. "No, friends. They went to the same school. In Inghiterra all the women go to school."

S. "Who are their fathers?"

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Z. "Great Pashas."

S. "Why do they come here?"

Z. "The *Hekim* (doctor) of Inghiterra has ordered it. He said to the biggest one there—that one that never sits up—'for six months you must live in the air, you must never sleep in a house; the colder, the hungrier you are, the better; then you will come back well.' Therefore will she go out into the storm to sleep to-night in her tent."

S. "Is the *Hekim* great in Inghiterra?"

Z. "Greater than the Pashas, no one dares withstand him."

The soldier has given enough information for the present, and he refuses to answer any more questions. It is time for prayers. In the gloom of the hovel the soldiers stand, two or three in a line against the mud wall, the red glow of the embers falling on the straight figures. Now erect, now kneeling, now prostrate, they carry out the formal repetitions. There is no solemn hush. Smoking, coffee, and conversation go on as usual.

It is Ramazan, and the men have tasted no food since sunrise. Ramazan falls this year in winter. In summer, the sixteen or eighteen hours' fast tells on the serenest of tempers and constitutions. Now the sun will set about half past six, and already, a quarter before the hour, the great bowl of *pilaf*, smoking hot, is placed on the hot ashes, the high heap of thin Arabic bread beside it. It is raining so hard, it will be impossible to see the exact minute the sun goes down; but fortunately it is not necessary to-night, for the guests of the evening have watches. Every eye for the last ten minutes has been fastened on the watch in my hand. I have eaten twice since they last broke the fast, but sympathy makes me every bit as desperate as they, and the excitement of the last few minutes is intense. "Besh dakika—deurt—uch—iki" (5 minutes—4—3—2). At one minute before the hour, the twenty backs bend forward, and every hand is ready for the onslaught; the suspense becomes unbearable. "Bitdi" ("it is over"), I exclaim, as the hand touches the hour; and for the next ten minutes only the smacking of lips breaks the silence of the evening.



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In such-like fashion the evening passes ; conversation flows, especially after supper ; the innocent cup of coffee is passed round ; the fire is carefully nursed ; one or two men roll tobacco into excellent cigarettes, and distribute them among the company ; some, wearied with the day's work, fall asleep ; a soldier asks for a needle and stout thread, and mends his tattered clothes ; one or two of the villagers come in and sit plaiting the coarse twine to make their sandals. Sometimes they will sing, or tell stories which have to be translated by the soldiers from Kurdish into Turkish for our edification. Among the Kurds, music is not developed as among the Arabs. They carry dancing, however, to a far more elaborate pitch, and, on the Tigris, we only felt ourselves really qualified members of society when we had mastered the intricacies of the Kurdish waltz. As the evening advances they rise one by one, offer their respectful salaams, and noiselessly leave the room. We too must seek the purer, if colder, air of our tent outside.

An evening in a *khân* offers somewhat different and more limited attractions. Stopping one night at Severeck, of all dreary Mesopotamian towns the dreariest, we rode to seek the *khân* under the frowning black ruins of a Crusading castle. The rain dripped from the earthen walls, and the mud splashed our faces as we floundered through the streets. In the centre of the town, surrounded by its high and repelling walls, stood the *khân*. The huge wooden doors were thrown open, and the mules trotted in with as much relish as their masters. On three sides of the yard inside are the stables, black, roofed-in chambers, dank, dripping, and horribly odoriferous. Part of one side had lately been given over to the accommodation of the muleteers and travellers, and, divided by mud walls, had been turned into three dark rooms. Here by night men herd together on the damp floor. This accommodation was all the *khân* at Severeck had to offer. We preferred our tent, pitching it at the door of one of these rooms. The mud was so deep between it and the door, that we had to make a bridge of stones and planks to enter the room.

We had just settled ourselves on our camp beds in the tent—they were drier than anything else—when our first

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visitor arrived. Alone and under cover of night he slipped stealthily into the tent, amid the bustle of champing mules and cooking operations outside. He was the Armenian Protestant pastor. Severekek had suffered terribly at the time of the massacres, and persecution and extortion, open and secret, are scarcely less acute to-day. We had been warned that, travelling as we were under Government protection, the pastor would not dare to show his face; but, fearful and trembling, Aladjadjian Effendi came after all. He was of the most repulsive type of semi-Europeanised Armenians. He sat in his greasy black coat at the end of the camp bed, trying to save his boots from the mud, and squirmed. He asked for money to buy an organ. He believed that England would not be long in rescuing Armenia now. His nation was put here to leaven this land, to be the salt of the whole earth, in fact. She had, indeed, been an example to the world of Job's patience. As I listened, I wondered for the twentieth time that Armenia, with her martyrs and her heroes (and no nation has numbered more among her sons) can produce such offspring as these—men so devoid, in spite of all they have suffered, of real feeling, conceited, officious, vulgar. The mystery is, that these very men may any day turn martyrs themselves. Many, as seemingly despicable as they, have met horrible torture with severest calm. With all their love of money, their vanity, their inordinate self-importance, they will die rather than desert the faith of their fathers. We contemplate our friend on the bed with a strange feeling of repulsion, of pity, and of admiration.

Our next visitor, a sickly weakling, with shifty green eyes and a hang-dog expression, is leader of a French-Armenian theatrical troupe, which wants to get to Diarbekr in time to perform at the Bairam feast. Being Armenians, they dare not cross Karabaghshe alone. They have waited weeks in Severekek to get the necessary protection; will we give it them? Well, it is all in the day's work, and a third-rate Armenian theatre company will certainly add colour, if nothing more, to the black waste we must cross between this and Diarbekr, though they may eat up more than their share of the scant food the villagers have to offer. Yes, they can come; let them be ready by seven o'clock to-morrow

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morning. Next night we all camped together, a motley crew, in the most wretched *khân* of all our experience. The gale roared, and mules brayed in terror. Shepherds and soldiers, rough muleteers, and beautiful ladies in rose satin and green plush dresses, with high heeled French shoes, jostled each other in the slime of the yard.

It was a relief to know that only three more stages would bring us to Diarbekr. We could get next to nothing to eat ; Severeck, indeed, had produced some rice, and a tough chicken ; but for several days past we had lived on mouldy bread and native jam. At this time of year, the wretched villages offered neither milk nor eggs ; our clothes and bedding were soaked through and through. One of our beasts was lame from the rocks, and the men were out of heart ; fear and fatigue made the muleteers captious and irritable.

On Christmas Eve, when the snow was falling, and one of the party was down with fever, we were turned out of a *khân* overflowing with a big camel caravan, and had to seek shelter in a damp mud village four hours short of Diarbekr. Away on every side stretched the hills, the bleak and stricken waste of Karabaghshé. Stones were littered everywhere among the rocks, melting snow half hiding their blackness ; the wind howled, and the sleet drove fiercely in our faces. Far away over the barren moors, an abrupt cleft in the landscape marked the bed of the Tigris ; beyond, the snow-capped mountains of Kurdistan shone in each fitful gleam of light ; we had passed nothing but the half devoured remains of a camel.

On Christmas Day we rode into what seemed a City of Dreadful Night. In Diarbekr every man is armed to the teeth, except the Armenians, who scurry out of sight with scared faces. The Kurd rules with undisputed sway, and massacre seems as fitting here as it is certainly familiar. From the skies above to the stones beneath, everything is black. Battlemented walls surround the city, a frowning cliff supports it, and beneath it sweep the waters of the Tigris, a swift and troubled stream.

VICTORIA A. BUXTON

## THE LATEST VIEW OF HISTORY

**P**ROFESSOR BURY, in his Inaugural Lecture, delivered at Cambridge in January last, and since published in book form, arrests attention with the following remarkable words :—

“It has not yet become superfluous to insist that history is a science, no less and no more. The famous saying of Ranke—“Ich will nur sagen wie es eigentlich gewesen ist”—was widely applauded, but it was little accepted in the sense of a warning against transgressing the province of facts ; it is a text which must still be preached, and when it has been fully taken to heart, though there may be many schools or political philosophy, there will no longer be divers schools of history.”<sup>1</sup>

One could ask for no fairer warning. If this latest view of history comes to prevail, any one who, in future, shall be trained to the profession of historical writing or teaching, must be instructed at the Universities to abandon all literary or speculative ambition, and all emotional or ethical reading of the past. He will be exhorted to conform to one school, which is to be a school of science and no more. Thenceforth history will be presented to the public without any literary dress, as a chronicle of bare facts arranged on scientific principles. Others, says Professor Bury in the last sentence of his lecture, may write historical novels or philosophies of history ; but the historian shall do nothing but collect facts, demonstrate chains of cause and effect, and present his results to the world as “a science, no less and no more.”

The question, in its broader aspect, is this : whether, starting from the twentieth century, mankind shall banish

<sup>1</sup> *An Inaugural Lecture*, J. B. Bury, M.A., Regius Professor of History. Cambridge University Press, 1903. P. 19.

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literature, emotion, and speculative thought, from the examination which it accords to its own past. The issue involves consequences to the mental development of the human race so great, that other classes besides that of professed scientific historians may claim to be heard, before it is decided that only one school of history shall be allowed to exist.

The present writer, though he has produced no work which he can venture to call either literary or scientific, here ventures to express his own belief in a few of the many proper functions of history which Professor Bury hopes to see suppressed. I cannot claim to speak by right of any authority or of any achievement, but merely as a "private speculative individual." For ten years I have belonged to the free society of learners and teachers in a school of history, where the relations of literature and science are yet to be determined. Professor Bury's very distinction makes his utterances subject of public controversy ; what is spoken from the Chair is an open challenge to all heretics. The Professor has done good service by proclaiming openly the doctrines, which many, without troubling about the theory, have long been carrying out in practice. But I venture to hope that his views will not be accepted in their entirety by the whole rising generation of historians ; for, if they are, history will be shorn of many of the highest functions it has fulfilled in the past, of the yet higher realms to which it might attain in the distant future, and of the wide influence on thought and character which it still exercises in the present.

The question is not whether history is a science as well as an art, for that has been long decided in the affirmative, but whether history is an art as well as a science ; and if Professor Bury has his way that will be decided in the negative. It is not a question of recognition for the collectors of facts, which in our country was never denied to them ; but of toleration for those who wish to apply the art of literature to the comment on the facts collected.

The issue was very different a generation ago. Nearly all the great leaders of English scientific history—Seeley, Creighton, Gardiner, Freeman—were literary men as well as

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scientists ; they took great and successful pains to present the results of their researches in an artistic form, for the instruction and pleasure of mankind. Lord Acton's strong view that history was a study in ethics, his continually and passionately uttered moral judgments of men and parties, his expressed admiration for great literary historians now under the ban, his own wonderfully dramatic and epigrammatic style of narrative, were decidedly not the property of a mere scientist. And if so brilliant an essayist as Seeley, in his theoretical definitions of history, pleaded for its scientific as against its literary functions, it was in order to win for the science a recognition yet more complete than it then enjoyed.

But that place has now been won. Undisputed occupation is beginning to breed intolerance, and the attempt is being made to oust literature from all part in the study and in the writing of history.

Of course, in a sense, there is toleration. Thought and speech are free. Our historians are not squabbling pedants, but English gentlemen endowed with a sense of humour. But the steady pressure of the reiterated precept to students that their study is a science, and the silent neglect or inculcated contempt of the great literary histories, have effectually diminished the supply of literary historians, in proportion as the numbers, importance, and endowment of the history schools have increased. These schools supply a training in some respects indispensable. But just in so far as they are exploited to uphold a single theory, they are liable to exert on the individual the stunting influence of seminaries. It may be thought that no serious harm has yet resulted ; but it is certain that harm will result in the coming generation, unless some reaction sets in against the exclusively scientific theory of the functions of history. For the crusade against artistic and emotional treatment of the whole past of mankind, is still being preached with an ardour which, unless it be opposed, may result in fresh conquests, and in the complete annihilation of the few remaining infidels.

Why should so great a branch of human achievement as literary history, in which alone could expand the genius of Thucydides and Tacitus, Mommsen and Renan, Gibbon,

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Macaulay, and Carlyle ; which, in the countless ages to come, more numerous and perhaps yet greater men will carry to heights now undreamed of, if the tradition of it is not extinguished in our generation ; why should the art-science from which mankind has drawn such inestimable benefits be suddenly brought to an end, because certain people have the honourable ambition to write purely scientific history ? Surely there is room for both. The writings of the purely scientific historians would exercise, not less, but more influence on thought, if the histories of some artist and thinker, making grateful use, as he must and would, of their scientific researches, appeared as the result and complement of their work.

But the cause of an exclusiveness so needless and so self-destructive is to be found in the fascinating influence exerted by the analogy of physical science. The triumph of its schools is the greatest fact of the last hundred years of human history. The scientists have changed the face of the world, the fabric of society, the method and character of thought. They have created, and they still preside over, revolutionary powers more stupendous than any which men of learning have before wielded, even in the days of Luther or of Voltaire. Such an unwonted domination of the University over the world, of the student over the statesman and the producer of wealth, soon captivated the imagination of academicians in other branches of thought. "Let us adopt," they said, "the methods of these natural scientists, and our subject too shall become great." The argument was not wholly unsound. There was then much that could be usefully adopted from the domain of physical science. But it is possible to carry imitation too far. It does not follow, because, in the study of Nature, purely scientific methods have proved the long-sought key to the door of true knowledge, that therefore the same result will be obtained by the rejection of all other methods in the history of the minds, emotions, institutions, and actions of Man. The subject matter for examination is very different, and the use and value of the discovery when made are different also.

So it comes about, that scientific historians attach an

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imaginary utility to the sum of historical knowledge, on a false analogy drawn from the real utility of the sum of scientific knowledge. Add your pebble of fact to the scientific heap, and it may help to cure disease ; to water great towns from springs on distant mountains ; to transfer to the other side of the globe thought with the speed of lightning, and the food of nations with the speed of Hermes winged across the Ægean. The sum of scientific knowledge has increased the numbers, and altered the whole economic and social condition, of mankind. But for what does the sum of historical knowledge serve ? For nothing, so long as it is confined to specialists, except as an education to the specialists themselves. They cannot apply it, by known rules, to practical purposes. It cannot turn mills or cure diseases. It begins to be of general use only when it has been presented as common property to the general understanding of mankind, by the high and difficult art of literature.

For the utility of historical knowledge is to educate the mind. It can fulfil this, the highest of all functions, if its results are spread broadcast among men through the medium of the literary art ; and if its facts receive their due comment from thought and imagination. Provided that there are now, or will be some day, people to carry out these two conditions, the researcher is well employed ; but otherwise the fruits of his work are inaccessible to the outside world, and of no great value even to himself.

In what sense then is history a science ? If all high intellectual effort which is not artistic is to be called scientific, then history must be in part a science, for one part of its appliances are not those of art. Method and argument are the essential qualities necessary for the collection, collation, and valuation of historical evidence. So far history is a science.

But this method ends when the task of weighing the evidence for the facts is complete. History is not a science in the sense that it can establish causal laws of general application. All attempts have failed to discover causal laws which are certain to repeat themselves in the institutions and affairs of men. The law of gravitation may be



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scientifically proved. But the historical law that starvation brings on revolution is not proved ; indeed the opposite statement, that starvation brings on abject slavery, is equally true in the light of past events.

Not only can no causal laws of universal application be discovered in so complex and various a subject, but the interpretation of the cause and effect of any one particular event cannot rightly be called scientific. The collection of facts, the weighing of evidence as to what events happened, are in some sense scientific ; but not so the discovery of the causes and effects of those events. In dealing even with an affair of which the facts are so comparatively well known as those of the French Revolution, it is impossible accurately to examine the psychology of twenty-five million different persons, of whom—except a few hundreds or thousands—the lives and motives are buried in the black night of the utterly forgotten. No one therefore can ever give a complete or wholly true account of the causes of the French Revolution. But several imperfect readings of history are better than none at all ; and he will give the best interpretation who, having discovered and weighed all the important evidence obtainable, has the largest grasp of intellect, the warmest human sympathy, the highest imaginative powers. Carlyle, at least in his greatest work, fulfilled the last two conditions, and therefore his psychology of the mob in the days of mob rule, his flame-picture of what was in very fact a conflagration, is in one sense more true than the cold analysis of the same events by scientific historians who, with slightly more knowledge of facts, have far less knowledge of Man.

You can dissect the body of a man, and argue thence the general structure of the bodies of other men. But you cannot dissect a mind ; and if you could, you could not argue thence about other minds. You can know nothing scientifically of the twenty million minds of a nation. Therefore, in the most important part of its business, history is not a scientific deduction, but an imaginative calculation of the most probable generalities.

History is only in part a matter of "fact." Collect the "facts" of the French Revolution ! You must go down to

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Hell and up to Heaven to fetch them. The pride of the physical scientist is attacked, and often justly. But what is his pride compared with the pride of the historian who thinks that his collection of "facts" will suffice for a scientific study of cause and effect in human affairs? "The economist," says Professor Marshall,<sup>1</sup> "needs imagination above all to put him on the track of those causes of events which are remote or lie below the surface." Imagination is yet more necessary for the historian, if he wishes to discover the causes of man's action, not merely as a bread-winning individual, but in all his myriad capacities of passion and of thought. The man who is himself devoid of emotion or enthusiasm can seldom credit, and can never understand, the emotions of others, which have none the less been a principal part in cause and effect. It was no scientific historian, but the author of *Sartor Resartus*, who found out that Cromwell was not a hypocrite. Carlyle did not arrive at this result by a strict deductive process, but it was none the less true, and, unlike many historical discoveries, it was of the greatest value.

I have argued that history is not a branch of science ; but that it requires, in examining the evidence for facts, the services of scientific method. So, too, when Professor Bury says : " I may remind you that history is not a branch of literature," I think that he should have added : " but it requires the services of the literary art." The historical scholar, in order to influence his public, may either do his own literary work, or may leave it to others to use the results of his research. But some artistic medium he must have, before his labours can produce their educative effect.

Here, perhaps, some more moderate champion of the scientific view will reply : " We do not at all object to our histories being written well, provided that the writing of them be not regarded as any part of the training, qualification, or merit of the historian. Let style and composition come if they will." But to speak thus is to overlook the fact that style is not as easily acquired as shorthand, and

<sup>1</sup> *Economic Teaching at the Universities in Relation to Public Well-Being.*

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that the marshalling of narrative and argument is one of the most difficult of all the arts. Literature never helps any man at his task until, to obtain her services, he is willing to spend and to be spent. Science will find that, if art is not to be the wife, she will not consent to be the mistress. If scientific historians not only refuse to study style and composition themselves, but discourage other historians from attempting that long and difficult task, the fruits of their scholarship will have been stored in vain. The readers of books will pass by, ignorant of the hidden treasure, till, after long centuries of toilsome and useless accumulation, the unwieldy and neglected mass at length perishes, like the unopened books of the Sibyl.

In France we find a more successful attempt to solve these difficulties. The French *savant*, if not born a prose writer, is at least bred to become one. At an age when our boys are winning or losing the Empire in the playing-fields, the French student is mastering the language of his country. Consequently, when he arrives at manhood, he already writes well almost by habit. The recent union effected in France, of German methods of research with native composition and style, has produced a French historical school that performs a truly educative function, and turns out yearly a supply of books at once scholarly and delightful. Of course any attempt to assimilate English history to the uniform French pattern would be as foolish as the present attempt to assimilate it to the German. Let our individuality range. All our scholars cannot be expected to write with smooth cadence and lucid sequence of idea. But many, if they held it their duty to labour at writing well, would soon rival French stylists ; and not seldom some master of our language might arise, who would surpass them far.

All students, who may some day write history, and in any case will be the judges and critics of what is written, should be encouraged to a critical study of the past masters of historical literature. The present system of organised historical teaching makes in the other direction. I asked an intelligent history freshman, coming up well crammed from his public school, to tell me who was his favourite

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historian. He named a much respected living writer of text-books. In the liberal air of the University his taste was soon improved ; but the incident illustrates the tendency of modern history teaching to fasten on the bare knowledge of facts, and to neglect those works which have done most to instruct, enlarge, and cultivate the human mind. The Oxford and Cambridge history schools are still a liberal education, not in science only but in "the arts" also. But if ever the ultra-scientific view succeeds in its campaign of exclusion in the homes of letters and culture, and completely captures the training-ground of historians, the writing of readable history books may become a thing altogether of the past.

History would not repay the devotion of so many lives, if it were nothing more than an examination of cause and effect. For the conditions are too complex and too spiritual for such an inquiry to be more than an imaginative calculation of the most probable generalities. And, furthermore, cause and effect, even if they could indeed be discovered with accuracy, are not the most interesting part of human affairs. It is not man's evolution but his attainment that is the highest theme of history proper, the record of

"man, for aye removed  
From the developed brute ; a god though in the germ."

The events themselves are more interesting than their causes, and are fortunately more easily ascertained. Scientific treatment of the evidence can establish at least the high probability that certain events occurred, that certain remarkable men did this or said that. The knowledge of such events, whenever they are properly treated by the intellect and the imagination, is of higher value than a knowledge of their causes. The feelings, speculations, and actions of the republican soldiers who executed Charles I. are more truly significant than the results of their action. Through the long succeeding centuries their deed had its effect ; but what that effect was we know not, and may care the less, because their ultimate success or failure was in part determined by undistinguishing chance, a deity

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regardless of the purpose or motive of the men whom it raises or destroys, of the nobility or the baseness of the ideals which it favours or condemns. So too it is more valuable to feel how Charles behaved with supreme human dignity, than vainly to speculate how much or how little the majesty of his death-scene brought about the revival of King-worship in England. It is the tale of the thing done, even more than its causes and effects, which trains the political judgment, by widening the range of sympathy and deepening the approval and disapproval of conscience; that stimulates by example youth to aspire and age to endure; that enables us by the light of what men once have been, to see the thing we are, and dimly to descry the form of what we should be; that gives rest to the troubled and brightness to the dulled mind, by the contemplation of the many-coloured and living past. "Is not Man's history and Men's history a perpetual evangel?" Cause and effect are but the vessel, tossed on the weltering ocean of chance. The precious cargo is the deed itself.

What then are the objects of history? What, that is to say, are the various ways in which it may educate the mind and character?

The first, or at least the most generally acknowledged object, is to train the mind of the citizen into a state in which he is capable of taking a just view of political problems. But, even in this capacity, history cannot prophesy the future; it cannot supply a set of invariably applicable laws for the guidance of politicians; it cannot show, by the deductions of historical analogy, which side is in the right in any quarrel of our own day. It can do a thing less, and yet greater than all these. It can mould the mind itself into the capability of understanding great affairs and sympathising with other men. The information given by history is valueless in itself, unless it produce a new state of mind. The value of Mr. Lecky's Irish history did not consist in the fact that he recorded in a book the details of numerous massacres and murders, but that he produced the sense of shame, and caused a better understanding among us all of how the sins of the fathers are often visited upon

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the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate each other.

For it is in this political function of history that the study of cause and effect is of some real use. Though such a study can be neither scientific nor exact, common sense sometimes points confidently to an obvious causal connection. Thus it was supposed, even before the invention of scientific history, that Alva's policy was in some causal connection with the revolt of the Netherlands, and the September Massacres with the spread of reaction. Such suggestions of cause and effect in the past help to teach political wisdom. When a man of the world reads history, he is called on to form a judgment on a social or political problem, without previous bias, and with some knowledge of the final protracted result of what was done. The exercise of his mind under such unwonted conditions, sends him back to the still unsettled problems of modern politics and society, with larger views, clearer head, and better temper. The study of past controversies, of which the final outcome is partially known, destroys the spirit of prejudice. It brings home to the mind the evils that are likely to spring from blind policy, based on want of understanding of the other side. When a man has studied the history of the Democrats and Aristocrats of Corcyra, of the English and Irish, of the Jacobins and anti-Jacobins, his political views may remain nominally the same, but his way of thinking about politics will have undergone change ; for he will know the abuses of partisanship, though he may adhere to a party as closely as before.

Yet, even in the sphere of political wisdom, the study of cause and effect is by no means, the only, and perhaps not the principal means, of broadening the mind. History does most to cure a man of political prejudice, when it enables him to see points of view which he never saw before, and to respect ideals which he had formerly despised. Liberalism or Toryism, High Church or Low, may in actual life be presented to him in persons and forms odious to him by long association. Dress them up as Milton or Jeremy Collier, Johnson or Charles Fox, and they may appeal successfully to his reason and to his heart. Gardiner's *History of the*

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*Civil War* has done much to explain Englishmen to each other, by revealing the rich variety of our national life, so far nobler than the unity of similitude. A thousand forms of good and evil, a thousand considerations of policy and wisdom, are acceptable, when presented by the historian, to minds which would reject them as brutal exaggerations or Jesuitical refinements, if they came from the political opponent or the professed sage.

But the removal of prejudice by the double process of exposing the evil consequences of violence and creating sympathy for ideals that previously gave offence, is not the only way in which history can train the mind to good citizenship. It should not only remove prejudice, it should breed enthusiasm. The difficulties of the world are much increased by the fact that it is only the extremists whose feelings are passionate. It is a natural but most pernicious error to suppose, that moderate views must be held moderately. The fault of much historical writing is, that it inculcates moderation only by paring down all hope, indignation, and love, to the dead level of a pseudo-scientific analysis, thus often leading to the false conclusion that everybody was equally right or equally wrong. So far from training the mind of the good citizen, the tone of artificial indifference to right and wrong, wisdom and folly, which some modern histories assume, saps mental and moral energy, and increases that dangerous spirit of neutrality and fatalism, which accompanies the greater breadth and tolerance of thought in modern England. Those historians alone reveal the true nature of human affairs, who, while preserving an impartial judgment, emphasise the real nature of what was done foolishly and wrongly, or wisely and well, and show the chart of history, not dull grey, but a patch-work of pieces black and white in various gradation. They alone teach the true political wisdom, since, while refusing to argue from any one case in the past to any one case in the present, they yet enable us to draw unconsciously, from the tale of events gone by, just principles and noble emotions, without which the mind of the politician is a blank sheet, whereon the opportunist and the sciolist can write what quackery they will.

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History does not teach political wisdom alone. To many it is the source of ideas that direct and inspire their lives. With the exception of the few creative and poetic minds, we find men too weak to fly by their own unaided imagination beyond the circle of ideas that govern the world in which they are placed ; they either fall a prey to apathy, convention, and despair, or else adopt with premature fervour the insufficient ideals of the present day. Fortunately, the student of the past knows where to look for the ancient springs of thought and feeling.

History keeps alive the spirit of rest and beauty, so alien from the spirit of our age. Our industrial civilisation has been half redeemed from the uniformity of its outward appearance, at once so vast and squalid, by new knowledge and repentant love of that past upon which it has laid such violent hands, and which, externally at least, it has not mended but marred. The man who carries some history in his heart, has a constant resource against the worry of *ennui*, and an ever-present antidote to visions of ugliness ; beautiful places have for him not only æsthetic beauty, but the beauty of association also. The garden front of St. John's, Oxford, is beautiful to every one ; but, for the lover of history, its outward charm is blent with the intimate feelings of his own mind, with images of that same College as it was during the last siege of Oxford at the end of the Great Civil War. Then, too, it was an oasis of peace, but with a ring of death and fate drawn round its sacred walls. Given over to the sad use of a Court whose days of royalty were numbered, its walks and quadrangles were filled, as the end came near, with men and women learning to accept sorrow as their lot through life, ambitious men abandoning hope of power, wealthy men hardening themselves to embrace poverty, those who had most joy in life preparing to accept death, and lovers to be parted for ever. Imagination sees them strolling through the garden, as the hopeless evenings fall, listening while the distant siege-guns break the silence with ominous iteration. Behind those cannon on the low hills to northward are ranked the inexorable men who come to lay their hands on all this beauty, hoping to change it to strength and sterner virtue. And the curse



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of the victors shall be, not to die, but to live, and almost to lose their awful faith in God, when they see the Restoration, not of the old gaiety that was too gay for them, nor of the old loyalty that was too loyal for them, but of corruption and selfishness that have neither country nor king. The very silence of the garden seems unalterable fate, brooding remorsefully over besiegers and besieged, so stern to destroy each other and permit only the vile to survive. To the reader of history, St. John's College is not mere stone and mortar, tastefully compiled, but an appropriate and mournful witness between those who see it and those by whom it once was seen. And so it is with every ruined castle and ancient church throughout the wide mysterious lands of Europe. Although these sentimental and picturesque imaginings may seem to some to have no very high value, yet not only do they give the mind occupation and rest when these are wanted, but, in cases where the sentiment is good, they cultivate true feelings about human life, its relation to time and circumstance, and to those higher things that are above circumstance and time.

Another undeniable power of history is to present to us antique ideals of life, often so attractive to men's minds that they mould their own thought and conduct upon them, and even join in associations to propagate the old-new idea and to recast society again in the ancient mould, as when, in our own day, they attempt to revive mediæval ideas of religious society, or to rise to the Greek standard of individual life. But outside the circle of these larger influences, history supplies us each with private ideals, only too varied and too numerous for complete realisation. One may aspire to the best peculiar characteristics of a man of Athens or a citizen of Rome ; a Churchman of the twelfth century, or a Reformer of the sixteenth ; a Cavalier of the old school, or a Puritan of the Independent party ; a Radical of the time of Castlereagh, or a public servant of the time of Palmerston. Still more are individual great men the model and inspiration of the smaller. It is difficult to appropriate the essential qualities of these old people under new conditions ; but whatever we study with strong

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loving conception, and admire as a thing good in itself and not merely good for its purpose or its age, we do in some measure absorb.

This presentation of ideals from other ages is perhaps the most important among the educative functions of history ; and it has nothing whatever to do with the study of cause and effect. For this purpose, even more than for the purpose of teaching political wisdom, it is requisite that the events should be both written and read with intellectual passion. Truth itself will be the gainer, for those by whom history was enacted were in their day passionate. Even the diplomatists were alive, although they had trained themselves to wear the mask of courteous apathy like a skin. Mr. William Pitt, the coldest of all the great, who lived, as Coleridge said, on words alone, nevertheless took ill and died after Austerlitz. If men were only the automatic pawns in a game, that game would not be worthy of record. Even your lesson of political wisdom is worth nothing, unless it include the psychology of masses and of individuals ; while the more personal and ethical teachings of history are wholly dependent on the study of men for their own sakes.

If, then, it be true, that one of the objects of history is to convey over to the present its heritage in the ideals of the past, to train character and stimulate effort by the tale of old heroism in its failure and its success, it follows, not only that history must be finely written, but that some periods are of greater importance than others. Though much could be learnt from a real knowledge of any past time, and yet more from a general view of the succession of the ages, it is still true that an epoch in which some portion of mankind, whether by a few men of genius or by common impulse, achieved new and wonderful things, is more important than one in which custom was unchanged and achievement barbarous. Or, even if it be held that all ages are equal in the value of their real content, still we can learn more from those of which a complete and life-like record has been preserved. And the same is true of the history of different lands. If Italy in the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries is more interesting than Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth, Switzerland is more worthy of

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our study than Tyrol, England than Argentina. Age can excel age, race excel race in importance, on the same principle, if not to the same degree, as man can excel man ; and there are few who would deny that (*ceteris paribus*) a biography of Napoleon would be more important than a biography of one of the many generals whom he defeated, or of the potentates whom he deposed. When the study of history was deepened and enlarged in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, men specialised first on what seemed to them the most instructive portions, those ages in which civilisation was at its highest, and of which personal and intimate record had come down from Athens and Rome, from Paris and London. Now that the work of those pioneers is done, we have ample leisure and machinery to work the hidden treasures of all other periods and places. But we need not therefore, in the prospectus of mines of the lower grade, deny that the vein of gold is richest in those that were opened first.

Besides teaching the lessons of political wisdom and spreading the knowledge of past ideals and of great men, history has a third function : to cause us in moments of diviner solitude to feel the Poetry of Time. These epochs we boast of, how they follow hard upon each other, like insects that are born and perish in an instant ! Whence and by what law come these tiny coloured landmarks on the white boundless plains of Eternity ? Whatever be the true thought that the mystery of Time ought to awaken in our souls ; whether humility for our petty and perishable present, set in the vast succession of things past and things to come ; or pride that our planet has been partly freed from the vast Siberian despotism of matter, and that we have rescued a few myriad years from the dumb, blind æons that have passed here and will pass again—whatever be the true reading of the riddle, the nobleness of thought that comes to all who look steadfastly into the eyes of the Sphinx, will be our heritage only if we read such histories as can, by a human and vital presentation of events, lead us to feel that the past was once real as the present, and uncertain as the future. When we have learnt, not from science alone

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but by imagination also, how to see with the mind's eye, then only can we contemplate the past where it stands as chance and valour carved it long ago ; motionless for ever in the pure light of Eternity, though once so hot and living ; beautiful now with all the colours of tragedy, though foul and comic enough once to many of those who wrought it ; ever receding back and back through "the long-drawn funeral aisle and night of time," till, in the far vaults, our vision is broken by chequered darkness, and then closed by utter night ; while the endless past that lies beyond our ken is already irretrievably forgotten, as deeply as we ourselves shall be forgotten, throughout the ages that no thought can count.

In the Temple of Science are two courts. In the outer Court of the Gnomes the industrious millions pass to and fro, coming to fetch the tools that subdue matter to their use ; here metal is forged, and the demons of vapour and of air waft irresistible strength. In the inner Court of the Wise sit Newton and Darwin, and the birth of each sequent form of life is pictured in the ordered galleries of science. But the Temple of History is dedicated to a different worship, where past and present meet in a mystic communion. The industrious masses can here find no tools, and if here also the genesis and development of things are exhibited, it is an imperfect, broken sequence, crossed and recrossed ; because mind is more complex than matter, and because emotion cannot be catalogued. This temple also is built upon the rock foundations of science and of fact ; but beneath its magic dome the texts of wisdom that glimmer on the shadowy walls are unproven and hard to read, for they hint at the infinite, undiscovered laws of the spiritual world. On frieze and floor glow coloured shapes of terror and of beauty ; but their form and hue are different to each new spectator, and the pageant of history fades and shines according as he who looks has power to see.

Sometimes the wanderer in these mazy corridors seems so deeply swallowed up from the outer world, that the present no longer surrounds him at all. Visions of the dead float across doorways and disappear, leaving behind wonder, and desire of knowledge lost and of communion unattainable.

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Tones of prophets, to whom men did not listen, are heard thin and insistent through the vast spaces of time. Now near and lifelike, hot of blood, swarms the living host of the dead ; or some single figure floats apart from the rest into closer fellowship, to tell the secret of courage and of sacrifice. They are gone, they are with us again, now far, now near, like birds under the cliff, these fleeting shapes ; till at moments the Poetry of Time is revealed, and the wanderer feels himself also to be a fleeting shape, passing from death to death—Man the ridiculous, the diabolic, the tender, the fearless, the divine.<sup>1</sup>

I have now mentioned what appear to me to be the three principal objects of history : to teach political wisdom ; to restore our heritage in the ideals of the past and the lives of the noble dead ; and to make us feel the Poetry of Time. Other functions that it now fulfils could perhaps be named, and yet more may be evolved as the centuries go on, unless the ultra-scientific movement cuts short all healthy growth. It is impossible to give a single definition of history, or to state in a few phrases all the uses to which mankind could turn the story of its past. "The study of cause and effect in human affairs" does not cover half the ground, and does not indicate what the use of the enquiry is to be. Another definition, also inadequate, but enclosing a larger and more important field, could be made by altering a word in Ruskin's definition of Poetry. History is "the suggestion, by the narration of fact, of noble grounds for noble emotions."<sup>2</sup> This at least is certain, that to strike out the emotional element from the study of history, is to falsify the past, and to disinherit the present and future.

<sup>1</sup> It would not be right, in dissenting from several of Professor Bury's opinions, to omit mention of the passage in his Inaugural Lecture (pp. 25-30), where he tells us in just and noble language how history should be regarded "sub specie perennitatis." And yet Carlyle is the only historian who, in his ordinary historical works, continually awakens the poetical sense of time and eternity. This is the main reason why, in spite of so many absurdities and inaccuracies, he is, merely as an historian, on a level with Ranke, Mommsen, Gibbon, or any of the sacred band.

<sup>2</sup> *Modern Painters*, III., Chap. I., p. 11. Poetry is "the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for noble emotions."

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Professor Bury is scarcely practical when he suggests that the speculative and artistic treatment of the past can be left to philosophers and novelists.<sup>1</sup> Thackeray has written *Esmond*, and Hegel *The Philosophy of History*; but that is not all we need to know about the reign of Anne, and the procession of the ages. The place of literary history cannot be filled by fiction, for truth is a prime condition of its value; or by metaphysics, for its very essence is that it should be narrative. If, on the other hand, the philosopher and novelist leave their own work to write history proper, they should be made most welcome, for they are at least as likely to succeed as the mere scientist. But they must not expect success as certain, unless they have, combined with art and science, a living insight into the affairs of men long dead, which we call the historical instinct. History can seldom rival the achievements of pure science or pure art in their own lines; but its peculiar merit is to unite several qualities not found together in other branches of letters. If then we deliberately narrow the range of history to science alone, we degrade it from its peerage, to a place of real inferiority.

History is still young. In a few thousand years it may have developed into a study and art, embracing a thousand schools of thought, feeling and opinion, as multiform as the human mind. But the present is a period of extreme danger to its natural growth. For in our age, when the emotional and spiritual qualities of the race are everywhere yielding before scientific method and materialistic commercialism, it will be an added danger to the course of civilisation, if we allow the common ground of history to be enclosed as the preserve of science.

If history has hitherto been written as an art-science by the greatest historians, the burden of proof lies with those who would stop that process in this particular generation. Professor Bury seems to me to have adduced no reasons at all for such a measure. What he has done, is to give

<sup>1</sup> "Though she (*history*) may supply material for literary art or philosophical speculation, she is herself simply a science, no less and on more" (p. 42.)

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a very legitimate defence of the *raison d'être* of the pure scientist.

"The gathering of materials," he writes, "bearing upon minute local events, the collation of MSS. and the registry of their small variations, the patient drudgery in archives of states and municipalities, all the microscopic research that is carried on by armies of toiling students—it may seem like the bearing of mortar and bricks to the site of a building which has hardly been begun, of whose plan the labourers know but little. This work, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, has to be done in faith—in the faith that a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history will tell in the end. The labour is performed for posterity—for remote posterity, and when, with intelligible scepticism, someone asks the use of the accumulation of statistics, the publication of trivial records, the labour expended on minute criticism, the true answer is : 'That is not so much our business as the business of future generations. We are heaping up material and arranging it, according to the best methods we know ; if we draw what conclusions we can for the satisfaction of our own generation, we never forget that our work is to be used by future ages. It is intended for those who follow us rather than for ourselves, and much less for our grandchildren than for generations very remote.'"

This would be a sound defence of the scientific historian, if only he would allow the literary historian the right to work by his side, and to build in our own generation temporary shelters for our own age. While we labour for posterity, we ourselves perish unroofed, exposed to the chill winds of pedantry and the blustering storms of ignorance. The accumulation of material for the builders of the year 5000 is a noble and a wise project—if only in the meanwhile the art of architecture be not lost. But the traditions of that art are put under the ban as an offence to the men who are baking the bricks and wheeling the barrows. So, when remote posterity comes to view the shapeless pile collected for its benefit, men will not know what purpose it was intended to serve ; for they will have forgotten that once there was a design to build therewith a lordly house, in which the mind of man should dwell.

G. M. TREVELYAN

## THE FREE MAN'S WORSHIP

**T**O Dr. Faustus in his study Mephistophilis told the history of the Creation, saying :

"The endless praises of the choirs of angels had begun to grow wearisome ; for, after all, did he not deserve their praise ? Had he not given them endless joy ? Would it not be more amusing to obtain undeserved praise, to be worshipped by beings whom he tortured ? He smiled inwardly, and resolved that the great drama should be performed.

"For countless ages the hot nebula whirled aimlessly through space. At length it began to take shape, the central mass threw off planets, the planets cooled, boiling seas and burning mountains heaved and tossed, from black masses of cloud hot sheets of rain deluged the barely solid crust. And now the first germ of life grew in the depths of the ocean, and developed rapidly in the fructifying warmth into vast forest trees, huge ferns springing from the damp mould, sea monsters breeding, fighting, devouring, and passing away. And from the monsters, as the play unfolded itself, Man was born, with the power of thought, the knowledge of good and evil, and the cruel thirst for worship. And Man saw that all is passing in this mad monstrous world, that all is struggling to snatch, at any cost, a few brief moments of life before Death's inexorable decree. And Man said : 'There is a hidden purpose, could we but fathom it, and the purpose is good ; for we must reverence something, and in the visible world there is nothing worthy of reverence.' And Man stood aside from the struggle, resolving that God intended harmony to come out of chaos by human efforts. And when he followed the instincts, which God had transmitted to him from his ancestry of beasts of prey, he called it Sin, and asked God to forgive him. But he doubted whether he could be justly forgiven, until he invented a divine Plan by which God's wrath was to have been appeased. And, seeing the present was bad, he made it yet worse, that thereby the future might be better. And he gave God thanks for the strength that enabled him to forego even the joys that were possible. And God smiled ; and when he saw that man had become perfect in renunciation and worship, he sent another sun through the sky, which crashed into Man's sun ; and all returned again to nebula."

"'Yes,' he murmured, 'it was a good play, I will have it performed again.'"

Such, in outline, but even more purposeless, more void of meaning, is the world which Science presents for our



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belief. Amid such a world, if anywhere, our ideals henceforward must find a home. That Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the *débris* of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

How, in such an alien and inhuman world, can so powerless a creature as Man preserve his aspirations untarnished? A strange mystery it is that Nature, omnipotent but blind, in the revolutions of her secular hurrying through the abysses of space, has brought forth at last a child, subject still to her power, but gifted with sight, with knowledge of good and evil, with the capacity of judging all the works of his unthinking Mother. In spite of Death, the mark and seal of the parental control, Man is yet free, during his brief years, to examine, to criticise, to know, and in imagination to create. To him alone, in the world with which he is acquainted, this freedom belongs; and in this lies his superiority to the resistless forces that control his outward life.

The savage, like ourselves, feels the oppression of his impotence before the powers of Nature; but, having in himself nothing that he respects more than Power, he is willing to prostrate himself before his gods, without inquiring whether they are worthy of his worship. Pathetic and very terrible is the long history of cruelty and torture, of degradation and human sacrifice, endured in the hope of placating the jealous gods: surely, the trembling believer

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thinks, when what is most precious has been freely given, their lust for blood must be appeased, and more will not be required. The religion of Moloch—as such creeds may be generically called—is in essence the cringing submission of the slave, who dare not, even in his heart, allow the thought that his master deserves no adulation. Since the independence of ideals is not yet acknowledged, Power may be freely worshipped, and receive an unlimited respect, despite its wanton infliction of pain.

But gradually, as morality grows bolder, the claim of the ideal world begins to be felt; and worship, if it is not to cease, must be given to gods of another kind than those created by the savage. Some, though they feel the demands of the ideal, will still consciously reject them, still urging that naked Power is worthy of worship. Such is the attitude inculcated in God's answer to Job out of the whirlwind: the divine power and knowledge are paraded, but of the divine goodness there is no hint. Such, also, is the attitude of those who, in our own day, base their morality upon the struggle for survival, maintaining that the survivors are necessarily the fittest. But others, not content with an answer so repugnant to the moral sense, will adopt the position which we have become accustomed to regard as specially religious, maintaining that, in some hidden manner, the world of fact is really harmonious with the world of ideals. Thus Man creates God, all-powerful and all-good, the mystic unity of what is and what should be.

But the world of fact, after all, is not good; and, in submitting our judgment to it, there is an element of slavishness, from which our thoughts must be purged. For in all things it is well to exalt the dignity of Man, by freeing him, as far as possible, from the tyranny of non-human Power. When we have realised that Power is largely bad, that man, with his knowledge of good and evil, is but a helpless atom in a world which has no such knowledge, the choice is again presented to us: Shall we worship Force, or shall we worship Goodness? Shall our God exist and be evil, or shall he be recognised as the creation of our own conscience?

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The answer to this question is very momentous, and affects profoundly our whole morality. The worship of Force, to which Carlyle and Nietzsche and the creed of Militarism have accustomed us, is the result of failure to maintain our own ideals against a hostile universe : it is itself a prostrate submission to evil, a sacrifice of our best to Moloch. If strength indeed is to be respected, let us respect rather the strength of those who refuse that false "recognition of facts" which fails to recognise that facts are often bad. Let us admit that, in the world we know, there are many things that would be better otherwise, and that the ideals to which we do and must adhere are not realised in the realm of matter. Let us preserve our respect for truth, for beauty, for the ideal of perfection which life does not permit us to attain, though none of those things meet with the approval of the unconscious universe. If power is bad, as it seems to be, let us reject it from our hearts. In this lies Man's true freedom : in determination to worship only the God created by our own love of the good, to respect only the heaven which inspires the insight of our best moments. In action, in desire, we must submit perpetually to the tyranny of outside forces ; but in thought, in aspiration, we are free, free from our fellow-men, free from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl, free even, while we live, from the tyranny of death. Let us learn, then, that energy of faith which enables us to live constantly in the vision of the good ; and let us descend, in action, into the world of fact, with that vision always before us.

When first the opposition of fact and ideal grows fully visible, a spirit of fiery revolt, of fierce hatred of the gods, seems necessary to the assertion of freedom. To defy with Promethean constancy a hostile universe, to keep its evil always in view, always actively hated, to refuse no pain that the malice of Power can invent, appears to be the duty of all who will not bow before the inevitable. But indignation is still a bondage, for it compels our thoughts to be occupied with an evil world ; and in the fierceness of desire from which rebellion springs, there is a kind of self-assertion which it is necessary for the wise to overcome.

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Indignation is a submission of our thoughts, but not of our desires ; the Stoic freedom in which wisdom consists is found in the submission of our desires, but not of our thoughts. From the submission of our desires springs the virtue of resignation ; from the freedom of our thoughts springs the whole world of art and philosophy, and the vision of beauty by which, at last, we half reconquer the reluctant world. But the vision of beauty is possible only to unfettered contemplation, to thoughts not weighted by the load of eager wishes ; and thus Freedom comes only to those who no longer ask of life that it shall yield them any of those personal goods that are subject to the mutations of Time.

Although the necessity of renunciation is evidence of the existence of evil, yet Christianity, in preaching it, has shown a wisdom exceeding that of the Promethean philosophy of rebellion. It must be admitted that, of the things we desire, some, though they prove impossible, are yet real goods ; others, however, as ardently longed for, do not form part of a fully purified ideal. The belief that what must be renounced is bad, though sometimes false, is far less often false than untamed passion supposes ; and the creed of religion, by providing a reason for proving that it is never false, has been the means of purifying our hopes by the discovery of many austere and priceless truths.

But there is in resignation a further good element : even real goods, when they are unattainable, ought not to be fretfully desired. To every man comes, sooner or later, the great renunciation. For the young, there is nothing unattainable ; a good thing desired with the whole force of a passionate will, and yet impossible, is to them not credible. Yet, by death, by illness, by poverty, or by the voice of duty, we must learn, each one of us, that the world was not made for us, and that, however beautiful may be the things we crave, Fate may nevertheless forbid them. It is the part of courage, when misfortune comes, to bear without repining the ruin of our hopes, to turn away our thoughts from vain regrets. This degree of submission to power is not only just and right : it is the very gate of wisdom.

But passive renunciation is not the whole of wisdom ;

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for not by renunciation alone can we build a temple for the worship of our own ideals. Haunting foreshadowings of the temple appear in the realm of imagination, in music, in architecture, in the untroubled kingdom of reason, and in the golden sunset magic of limpid lyrics, where beauty shines and glows, remote from the touch of sorrow, remote from the fear of change, remote from the failures and disenchantments of the world of fact. In the contemplation of these things the vision of heaven will shape itself in our hearts, giving at once a touchstone to judge the world about us, and an inspiration by which to fashion to our needs whatever is not incapable of serving as a stone in the sacred shrine. At times of such inspiration we seem to hear the strange, deep music of an invisible sea, beating ceaselessly upon an unknown shore. Could we but stand on that shore, we feel, another vision of life might be ours, wider, freer, than the narrow valley in which our private life is prisoned.

Except for those rare spirits that are born without sin, there is a cavern of darkness to be traversed before that ocean can be seen. The gate of the cavern is despair, and its floor is paved with the gravestones of abandoned hopes. There Self must die; there the eagerness, the greed, of untamed desire must be slain, for only so can the soul be freed from the empire of Fate. But out of the cavern the Gate of Renunciation leads again to the daylight of wisdom, by whose radiance a new insight, a new joy, a new tenderness, shine forth to gladden the pilgrim's heart.

When, without the bitterness of impotent rebellion, we have learnt both to resign ourselves to the outward rule of Fate, and to recognise that the non-human world is unworthy of our worship, it becomes possible at last so to transform and re-fashion the unconscious universe, so to transmute it in the crucible of imagination, that a new image of shining gold replaces the old idol of clay. In all the multiform facts of the world—in the visual shapes of trees and mountains and clouds, in the events of the life of man, even in the very omnipotence of Death—the insight of creative idealism can find the reflection of a beauty which its own

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thoughts first made. In this way mind asserts its subtle mastery over the thoughtless forces of nature. The more evil the material with which it deals, the more thwarting to untrained desire, the greater is its achievement in inducing the reluctant rock to yield up its hidden treasures, the prouder its victory in compelling the opposing forces to swell the pageant of its triumph. Of all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest, the most triumphant; for it builds its shining citadel in the very centre of the enemy's country, on the very summit or his highest mountain; from its impregnable watch-towers, his camps and arsenals, his columns and forts, are all revealed; within its walls the free life continues, while the legions of Death and Pain and Despair, and all the servile captains of tyrant Fate, afford the burghers of that dauntless city new spectacles of beauty. Happy those sacred ramparts, thrice happy the dwellers on that all-seeing eminence. Honour to those brave warriors who, through countless ages of warfare, have preserved for us the priceless heritage of liberty, and have kept undefiled by sacrilegious invaders the home or the unsubdued.

But the beauty of Tragedy does but make visible a quality which, in more or less obvious shapes, is present always and everywhere in life. In the spectacle of Death, in the endurance of intolerable pain, and in the irrevocableness of a vanished past, there is a sacredness, an overpowering awe, a feeling of the vastness, the depth, the inexhaustible mystery of existence, in which, as by some strange marriage of pain, the sufferer is bound to the world by bonds of sorrow. In these moments of insight, we lose all eagerness of temporary desire, all struggling and striving for petty ends, all care for the little trivial things that, to a superficial view, make up the common life of day by day; we see, surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour; from the great night without, a chill blast breaks in upon our refuge; all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul, which must struggle alone, with what of courage it can command, against the whole

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weight of a universe that cares nothing for its hopes and fears. Victory, in this struggle with the powers of darkness, is the true baptism into the glorious company of heroes, the true initiation into the overmastering beauty of human existence. From that awful encounter of the soul with the outer world, renunciation, wisdom, and charity are born ; and with their birth a new life begins. Those who have passed through that valley of darkness emerge at last into a country of unearthly beauty, where the air is calm, and the pale sun coldly illumines a frosty landscape ; and there the deep-toned pæan of freedom vibrates in the soul that has conquered fear. To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be—Death and change, the irrevocableness of the past, and the powerlessness of man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity—to feel these things and know them is to conquer them.

This is the reason why the Past has such magical power. The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of late autumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still glow against the sky in golden glory. The Past does not change or strive ; like Duncan, after life's fitful fever it sleeps well ; what was eager and grasping, what was petty and transitory, has faded away, the things that were beautiful and eternal shine out of it like stars in the night. Its beauty, to a soul not worthy of it, is unendurable ; but to a soul which has conquered Fate it is the key of religion.

The life of man, viewed outwardly, is but a small thing in comparison with the forces of Nature. The slave is doomed to worship Time and Fate and Death, because they are greater than anything he finds in himself, and because all his thoughts are of things which they devour. But, great as they are, to think of them greatly, to feel their passionless splendour, is greater still. And such thought makes us free men ; we no longer bow before the inevitable in Oriental subjection, but we absorb it, and make it a part of ourselves. To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things—this is emancipation, and

## THE FREE MAN'S WORSHIP

this is the free man's worship. And this liberation is effected by a contemplation of Fate ; for Fate itself is subdued by the mind which leaves nothing to be purged by the purifying fire of Time.

United with his fellow-men by the strongest of all ties, the tie of a common doom, the free man finds that a new vision is with him always, shedding over every daily task the golden light of love. The life of man is a long march through the night, surrounded by invisible foes, tortured by weariness and pain, towards a goal that few can hope to reach, and where none may tarry long. One by one, as they march, our comrades vanish from our sight, seized by the silent orders of omnipotent Death. Very brief is the time in which we can help them, in which their happiness or misery is decided. Be it ours to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen failing courage, to instil faith in hours of despair. Let us not weigh in grudging scales their merits and demerits, but let us think only of their need—of the sorrows, the difficulties, perhaps the blindnesses, that make the misery of their lives ; let us remember that they are fellow-sufferers in the same darkness, actors in the same tragedy with ourselves. And so, when their day is over, when their good and their evil have become eternal by the immortality of the past, be it ours to feel that, where they suffered, where they failed, no deed of ours was the cause ; but wherever a spark of the divine fire kindled in their hearts, we were ready with encouragement, with sympathy, with brave words in which high courage glowed.

Brief and powerless is man's life ; on him and all his race the slow sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way ; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day ; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built ; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton



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tyranny that rules his outward life ; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

## “INFINITE TORMENT OF FLIES.”—

*Tennyson*

**T**HE last few years of the nineteenth, and the first few years of the present century, are marked in the annals of medicine by a great increase in our knowledge of certain parasitic diseases, and, above all, in our knowledge of the agency by which the parasites causing the diseases are conveyed from host to host.

Chief amongst these agencies, in carrying the disease-causing organisms from infected to uninfected animals, are the insects, and, amongst the insects, above all the flies. Flies, *e.g.*, the common house-fly (*Musca domestica*), can carry about with them the bacillus of anthrax, and, if brought into contact with a wounded surface, may thus set up an outbreak of woolsorter's disease. Flies, ants, and other even more objectionable insects, are not only capable of disseminating the plague-bacillus from man to man, and possibly from rat to man, but they themselves fall victims to the disease, and perish in great numbers. They are active agents in the spread of cholera and of enteric fever, and are accused of conveying the inflammatory matter of Egyptian ophthalmia, and of the “sore-eye,” so common in Florida, from one human being to another.

The diseases already mentioned are caused by bacteria. But flies also play a part in the conveyance of a large number of organisms which are not bacteria, but which, nevertheless, cause disease, and cause it on the largest scale.

Of all the twenty-two orders into which the modern entomologist divides the class INSECTA, that of the DIPTERA, or true flies, is perhaps the easiest to recognise, for it is characterised by one very obvious feature, the presence of the fore-wings only. The hind wings are replaced by a

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pair of small stalked, club-shaped "balancers," which are readily visible in some kinds of fly, *e.g.*, the Daddy-long-legs, but in others are by no means conspicuous. Thus it is an easy matter to determine whether an insect be a fly or not. To determine what particular kind of fly it be is, however, a very different affair. At present some forty thousand species of DIPTERA are known, and have been more or less completely described or figured; and Mr. D. Sharp estimates that this number is "only a tithe of what are still unknown to science." Further, the group has been rather neglected. Flies, speaking generally, are neither attractive in their appearance, nor engaging in their habits; and it is a cause for no astonishment that entomologists have preferred to work at other groups.

In considering the part played by flies in disseminating diseases not caused by bacteria, we can neglect all but a very few families, those flies which suck blood having alone any interest in this connection.

From the point of view of the physician, by far the most important of these families is the CULICIDÆ. The genus *Culex*, from which it takes its name, includes not only our commonest gnat, often seen in swarms on summer evenings, but some hundred and thirty other species. Members of this genus convey from man to man the *Filaria nocturna*, one of the causes of the widely-spread disease Filariasis. In patients suffering from this disease, minute embryonic round-worms swarm in the blood vessels of the skin during the hours of darkness. Between six and seven in the evening they begin to appear in the superficial blood-vessels, and they increase in number till midnight, when they may occur in such numbers, that five or six hundred may be counted in a single drop of blood. After midnight, the swarms begin to lessen, and, by breakfast time, about eight or nine in the morning, except for a few strayed revellers, they have disappeared from the superficial circulations, and are hidden away in the larger blood-vessels and in the lungs.

In spite of their incredible numbers, these minute larval worms, shaped something like a needle pointed at each end, seem to cause little harm. In might be thought that they would traverse the walls of the blood-vessels, and cause

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trouble in the surrounding tissues ; but this is prevented by a curious device. It is well known that, like insects, round-worms from time to time cast their skins, and the young larvæ in the blood cast theirs, but do not escape from the inside of this winding-sheet ; and thus, though they actively wriggle and coil and uncoil their bodies, their progress is as small, and their struggles as little effective, as are those of a man in a strait waistcoat.

The causes of the periodicity of the appearance of these round-worms in the superficial blood-vessels are not completely understood, but they appear to have more relation with the usual sleeping hours of humanity than with day and night. In individuals who sleep by day and work by night, the *Filaria nocturna* is found in the blood-vessels of the skin during the day. Thus, whilst between 5 p.m. and 7 or 8 a.m. the vessels of the skin of Cox the Hatter would be well peopled by the round-worms, they would only come to the surface in Box the Printer during the day-time, whilst he was sleeping in the lodgings of Mrs. Bouncer.

One reason of the normal appearance of the creatures in the blood at night is undoubtedly connected with the habits of its second host, the gnat or mosquito. Two species are accused of carrying the *Filaria* from man to man—*Culex fatigans* and *Anopheles nigerrimus*. Sucked up with the blood, the round-worms pass into the stomach of the insect. Here they appear to become violently excited, and rush from one end to the other of their enveloping sheath, until they succeed in breaking through it. When free, they pierce the walls of the stomach of the mosquito, and come to rest in the great thoracic muscles. Here the *Filarias* rest for some two or three weeks, growing considerably and developing a mouth and alimentary canal ; thence, when they are sufficiently developed, they make their way to the proboscis of the mosquito. Here they lie in couples ; and it would be interesting to determine whether these couples are male and female. Exactly how they effect their exit from the mosquito and their entrance into man, has not yet been accurately observed ; but presumably it is during the process of biting. Once inside man, they work their way to the lymphatics, and very soon the female begins to pour into the lymph a stream of young embryos,

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which reach the blood-vessels through the thoracic duct. It is these adults which are the source of all the trouble. They are of considerable size, three or four inches in length ; and their presence, by blocking the channels of the lymphatics, gives rise to a wide range of disease, of which elephantiasis is the most pronounced form.

The parasite which causes malaria is a much more lowly organised animal than the *Filaria*. It too is conveyed by an insect, and, as far as we know, by one genus of mosquito only, the *Anopheles*. The malarial parasite lives in the blood-cells of man, but at a certain period it breaks up into spores which escape into the fluid of the blood, and it is at this moment that the sufferer feels the access of fever. The presence and growth within the blood-cells results in the destruction of the latter, a very serious thing to the patient if the organisms be at all numerous. If the spores be sucked up by an *Anopheles*, they undergo a complex change, and ultimately reproduce an incredible number of minute spores or sporozoites, each capable of infecting man again, if it can but win entrance into his body.

Under normal circumstances, for each *Filaria* larva which enters a mosquito one *Filaria* issues forth, longer, it is true, and more highly developed, but not much changed. The malaria-parasite undergoes, in its passage through the body of the *Anopheles*, many and varied phases of its life-history. As the Frenchman said of the pork, which goes into one end of the machine in the Chicago meat-factories as live pig, and comes out at the other in the form of sausages, "il est diablement changé en route." The mosquito is as truly a host of the malarial parasite as man, and is as necessary for its full development as is man. Judging by the number and extent of the lesions in the insect's body, it must suffer far more than man, and it is undoubtedly killed at times, and perhaps fairly frequently, by the parasite.

Whoever has watched under a lens the process of "biting," as carried on by a mosquito, must have observed the fleshy proboscis (*labium*) terminating in a couple of lobes. The labium is grooved like a gutter, and in the groove lie five piercing stylets, and a second groove or

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*labrum*. It is along this labrum that the blood is sucked. Between the paired lobes of the labium, and guided by them (as a billiard cue may be guided by two fingers), a bundle of five extremely fine stylets sinks slowly through the epidermis, cutting into the skin as easily as a paper-knife into a soft cheese. Four of these stylets are toothed, but the single median one is shaped like a two-edged sword. Along its centre, where it is thickest, runs an extremely minute groove, only visible under a high power of the microscope. Down this groove flows the saliva, charged with the spores or germs of the malaria-causing parasite. Through this minute groove has flowed the fluid which, it is no exaggeration to say, has changed the face of continents and profoundly affected the fate of nations.

It is an interesting fact that, amongst the *CULICIDÆ*, it is the female alone that bites. The mouth-parts of the male are weaker, and seem unable to pierce the skin. It has been suggested that a meal of blood is necessary for the developement of the eggs ; but the evidence for this is not conclusive. There must be millions and millions of mosquitos in sparsely inhabited or uninhabited districts, in Africa, in Finland, in Northern Asia and America, which never have the chance of sucking blood ; and it is impossible to believe that these millions do not lay eggs.

The female is undoubtedly greedy. If undisturbed, she simply gorges herself until every joint of her chitinous armour is stretched to the cracking point. At times even, like Baron Munchausen's horse after his adventure with the Portcullis, what she takes in at one end runs out at the other. But she never ceases sucking. The great majority of individuals, however, can never taste blood, and subsist mainly on vegetable juices. In captivity they cannot last longer than five days without food and drink ; but they can be kept alive for weeks on a diet of bananas, pineapples, and other juicy fruits.

*Anopheles* is often conveyed great distances by the wind, or in railway trains or ships, but of itself it does not fly far ; about five or six hundred yards—some authorities place it much lower—is its limit. Beyond this distance they do not voluntarily stray from their breeding places. They lay their eggs, as is well known, in standing water, and

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here three out of the four stages in their life-history—the egg, the larva, and the pupa—are passed through. The larva and the pupa hang on to the surface-film of the water by means of certain suspensory hairs, and by their breathing apparatus. Anything which prevents the breathing tubes reaching the air ensures the death of the larva and pupa. Hence the use of paraffin on the pools or breeding places. It, or any other oily fluid, spreads as a thin layer over the surface of the pools and puddles, and clogs the respiratory pores; and the larvæ or pupa soon die of suffocation.

A considerable degree of success has attended the efforts of the sanitary authorities, largely at the instigation of Major Ross, all over the world, to diminish the mosquito-plague. It is, of course, equally important to try and destroy the parasite in man by means of quinine. This is, however, a matter of very great difficulty. In Africa and in the East, nearly all native children are infected with malaria, though they suffer little, and gradually acquire a high degree of immunity. Still, they are always a source of infection; and Europeans living in malarious districts should always place their dwellings to the windward of the native settlements. Knowing the cause, we can now guard against malaria; mosquito-nets and wire windows and doors are a sufficient check on the access of *Anopheles* to man. If they could only be kept permanently apart, we might hope for the disappearance of the parasite from our fauna. In relieving man from the pest, all lovers of animals will rejoice that we are also relieving the probably far more acute sufferings of one of the most delicate and beautiful insects that we know.

Another elegant little gnat, *Stegomyia fasciata*, closely allied to *Culex*, with which, until recently, it was placed, is the cause of the spread of that most fatal of epidemic diseases, the yellow fever. Like the *Culex*, but unlike the *Anopheles*, *Stegomyia* has a hump-backed outline, and its larva has a long respiratory tube at an angle to its body, from which it hangs suspended from the surface-film of its watery home. It is a very widely distributed creature; it girdles the earth between the tropics, and is said to live well on ship-board. It breeds in almost any standing fresh

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water, provided it be not brackish. The female is said to be most active during the warmer hours of the day, from noon till three or so, and in some of the West Indies it is known as the "day-mosquito."

The organism which causes yellow fever has yet to be found. It seems that it is not a bacterium, and that it lives in the blood of man. It evidently passes through a definite series of changes in the mosquito; for freshly infected mosquitos do not at once convey the disease. After biting an infected person, it takes twelve days for the unknown organism to develop in the *Stegomyia*, before it is ready for a change of host. The mosquitos are then capable of inoculating man with the disease for nearly two months. The period during which a man may infect the mosquito, should it bite him, is far shorter, and extends only over the first three days of the illness.

Very careful search has hitherto failed to reveal the presence of the parasite of yellow fever. By its works alone can it be judged. It seems that, like the germ of rinderpest and of foot-and-mouth disease, it is ultra-microscopic; and our highest lenses fail to resolve it. From the course of the disease, and the nature of its host, it will probably prove to be something like the organism which causes malaria. The means of warring against *Anopheles* and *Culex* are equally applicable in the case of *Stegomyia*, but, since the last-named flies by day, they are more difficult to carry out, and more irksome to endure. By the intelligent application of these preventive measures, the Americans, who first firmly established the mosquito-theory of this disease, have freed Havana for the first time from yellow fever, and have materially reduced the amount of malaria.

King Solomon sent to Tarshish for gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks, and, at the present day, people mostly go to Africa for gold, diamonds, ivory, and game. These are the baits that draw them in. Of the great obstacles, however, which have for generations succeeded in keeping that great continent, except at the fringes, comparatively free from immigrants, three, and these by no means the least important, are insignificant members of the order Diptera. We have considered the case of *Culex* and *Anopheles*, the third fly we have now to do with is the



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Tse-tse fly (*Glossina*),<sup>1</sup> which communicates a fatal disease to cattle and domesticated animals of all kinds.

The members of the genus *Glossina* are unattractive insects, a little larger than our common house-fly, with a sober brownish or brownish-grey coloration.<sup>2</sup> When at rest, the two wings are completely superimposed, like the blades of a shut pair of scissors ; and this feature readily serves to distinguish the genus from that of all other blood-sucking flies, and is of great use in discriminating between the Tse-tse, and the somewhat nearly allied *Stomoxys* and *Hæmatopota*.

The Tse-tse flies rapidly and directly to the object it seeks, and must have a keen sense of smell, or sight, or both, making straight for its prey, and being most persistent in its attacks. The buzzing which it produces when flying is peculiar, and easily recognised again when once heard. After feeding, the fly emits a higher note, a fact recalling the observation of Dr. Nuttall and the present writer on the note of *Anopheles*, in which animal they observed that "the larger the meal the higher the note." The Tse-tse does not settle lightly and imperceptibly on the sufferer as the *CULICIDÆ* do, nor does it alight slowly and circumspectly, after the manner of the horse-flies, but it comes down with a bump, square on its legs. Like the mosquito, the tse-tse is greedy, and sucks voraciously. The abdomen becomes almost spherical, and of a crimson red, and, in the course of a few seconds, the fly has exchanged the meagre proportions of a Don Quixote for the ampler circumference of a Sancho Panza. There is a good deal of discrepancy between the reports of the various sufferers as to the pain of the bite. No doubt different persons are very differently affected, and suffer to very varying degrees. Unlike so many of the blood-sucking Diptera, in which the habit is confined to the females, both sexes of *Glossina* attack warm-blooded creatures.

The fly always seems to choose a very inaccessible portion of the body to operate on, between the shoulders in man, or on the back and belly in cattle and horses, even inside the nostrils in the latter, or on the forehead in dogs. According to Lt.-Colonel D. Bruce, R.A.M.C., to whom we

<sup>1</sup> [There are, at least, seven species of the genus ; perhaps the best known is *Glossina morsitans*, the species originally described by Westwood.]

<sup>2</sup> E. E. Austen, *A Monograph of the Tse-tse-flies*. London, 1903.

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owe so much of our knowledge of this fly and its evil work, the female does not lay eggs, but is viviparous, and produces a large active yellow larva, which immediately crawls away to some secluded crevice, and straightway turns into a hard, black pupa, from which the imago emerges in some six weeks. Thus two stages, the egg and the larva, both peculiarly liable to destruction, are practically skipped in the Tse-tse, at any rate in some species. On the other hand, this advantage is probably to a great extent counterbalanced by the smallness of the number of the larvæ produced, compared with the number of the eggs laid by the oviparous Diptera.

The genera of the CULICIDÆ which we have considered are found practically all over the world, but the genus *Glossina* is fortunately confined to Africa. From the admirable map of the geographical distribution of the fly compiled by Mr. Austen, we gather that its northern limit corresponds with a line drawn from the Gambia, through Lake Chad to Somaliland, somewhere about the 13th parallel of north latitude. Its southern limit is about on a level with the northern limit of Zululand. The Tse-tse is not, of course, found everywhere within this area; and, though it has probably escaped observation in many districts, it seems clear that it is very sporadically distributed. Mr. Austen further thinks that it may occur outside the boundary above laid down; and suggests that the great mortality amongst the horses in the Abyssinian campaign against King Theodore may have been caused by it.

Even where the Tse-tse is found, it is not uniformly distributed, but occurs in certain localities only. These form the much dreaded "fly-belts." The normal prey of the fly is undoubtedly the big game of Africa. But they are not the only factor in its distribution. The nature of the land also plays a part. There are the usual discrepancies in the accounts of travellers, especially of African travellers, in the exact localities the *Glossina* affects; but most writers agree that the Tse-tse is not found in the open veldt. It must have cover. Warm, moist, steamy hollows, containing water and clothed with forest growth, are the haunts chosen. Even within the

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fly-belt there are oases, due perhaps to an absence of shrubs or trees, where no flies are.

The Tse-tse fly belongs to the family MUSCIDÆ, the true flies, a very large family, which also includes our house-fly, blue-bottle fly, etc. These flies, unlike *Anopheles* and *Culex*, are day-flies, and begin to disappear at or about sunset, a fact noted centuries ago by Dante :

“Nel tempo che colui, che il mondo schiara,  
La faccia sua a noi tien meno ascosa,  
Come la mosca cede alla zanzara.”<sup>1</sup>

The practical disappearance as the temperature drops has enabled the South African traveller to traverse the fly-belts with impunity during the cooler hours of the night. At nightfall the Tse-tse seems to retire to rest amongst the shrubs and undergrowth ; but, if the weather be warm, it may sit up late ; and some experienced travellers refrain from entering a fly-belt, especially on a summer's night, until the temperature has considerably fallen.

The sickness and death of the cattle bitten by the Tse-tse was formerly attributed to some specific poison secreted by the fly, and injected during the process of biting. It is now, largely owing to the researches of Colonel Bruce, known to be due to the inoculation of the beasts with a minute parasitic organism conveyed from host to host by the fly. The disease is known as “Nagana,” and the organism that causes it is a species of *Trypanosoma*, a flagellate Protozoon or unicellular organism, which moves by means of the lashing of a minute, whip-like process. These parasites live, not as does the malaria-parasite, in the blood cells, but in the fluid of the blood. The particular species of *Trypanosoma* which causes Nagana does not attack man, and some goats and donkeys seem also immune ; but, with these exceptions, all domesticated animals suffer, and in a great percentage of cases the disease terminates in death. Just as the native children in Africa form the source of the supply of the malarial parasite without appearing to suffer much, so the big game of the country abound in *Trypanosoma* without appearing to be any the worse. Under a more natural condition of things than at present obtains in South

<sup>1</sup> *Inferno*, xxvi. 26—28.

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Africa, the big game formed the natural prey of the Tse-tse ; and, indeed, so dependent is the fly on the antelopes, etc., that, in places where the game has been exterminated, the fly has also disappeared. It is from the big game that the disease has spread. In their bodies the harmful effect of the parasite has, through countless generations, become attenuated ; but it leaps into full activity again as soon as the *Trypanosoma* wins its way into the body of any introduced cattle, horse, or domesticated animal.

The Report of Colonel Bruce, which has just been issued, shows that the Sleeping-Sickness which devastates Central Africa, from the West Coast to the East, is also conveyed by a species of Tse-tse fly. The severity of the disease, which always terminates fatally, is shown by the fact that in a single island—Ruvuma—the population has recently been reduced by it from 22,000 to 8,000, whilst whole districts have been almost depopulated. The disease is caused by the presence of a second species of *Trypanosoma* in the blood, and in the cerebro-spinal fluid. The existence of this parasite has now been proved in all the cases recently investigated. From the similarity of the parasite to that causing the cattle disease of South Africa, the idea at once arose that the *Trypanosoma* was conveyed from man to man by a biting insect. Along the lake shores a species of Tse-tse (*G. palpalis*) abounds ; and it was noticed that if the fly, having fed off a sleeping-sickness patient, bit a monkey, the monkey became infected. Further, flies which were captured in a sleeping-sickness district were also capable of conveying the disease to healthy monkeys. The proof that sleeping-sickness is due to a *Trypanosoma* present in the cerebro-spinal fluid of the patient, and that it is conveyed from man to man by *Glossina palpalis*, seems now complete. Fortunately, like its congener, *G. palpalis* is confined to certain districts. The knowledge of these, and of the habits of this species of fly, will suggest preventive measures ; and the brilliant research of Colonel Bruce and his colleagues, Captain Grieg and Dr. Nabarro, may yet save the much-tried African Continent from the most fatal of recent diseases.

ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY

## FROM TENANT TO OWNER

### A REVIEW OF THE IRISH LAND SYSTEM

**I**T would not be easy to exaggerate the importance to the British people of a correct understanding of the legislative changes made by them, during the last half century, in the land system of Ireland. These changes first took the form of improvements in tenure, and then of State facilities for turning tenancy into ownership. They are so extensive, and involve such novel principles, that they amount to a revolution. But it is a revolution not yet complete ; and it is not too early for statesmen to consider what steps should be taken when further imminent problems come up for solution. Many owners of estates in the South and West of Ireland will be willing to sell their lands to the tenants on the terms of the latest Act ; but many who hold better estates in more favoured parts of Ireland will refuse to do so ; and Parliament may be asked, in the near future, to pass further measures which will induce or compel these reluctant owners to sell also. Neither is it unlikely that the new owners will seek, through their Parliamentary representatives, to improve farming as a trade by some fiscal changes as to imported food, which would better enable them to pay their instalments ; and it is probable that there are tenants and labourers in Great Britain who may desire to compare the Irish Acts with the laws of England, Wales, or Scotland. I only mention these political questions, not to consider them, or take part in them, but to show the importance of the subject to my readers. To assist those interested, I propose to give a rapid, and I trust an impartial sketch, of

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these modern legislative changes, calling attention to some of the principles involved, and some of the results which may be expected.

### SYSTEM BEFORE THE FAMINE

It will suffice to remind the reader, that the Irish Land Laws were based, like the English, on the shire system. From the time when King John constituted his twelve counties in Leinster and Munster, the rest of Ireland, for the greater part, remained, during three centuries, out of the limits of shire ground. "Therefore," says Sir John Davies, "it was impossible that the Common Law of England could be executed in these territories, for the law could not be executed where the King's writ did not and could not run, but only where there was a county and a sheriff, or other ministers of the law, to serve and return the King's writs." The counties were from time to time extended, and the close of the Plantation of Ulster, or of the reign of James I., is generally accepted as the date when the conquest was complete, and the laws of the two countries were assimilated. The uprisings of 1641 and 1688, and the consequent campaigns of Cromwell and William III., prevented the normal development of the English laws; but the lay reader will be safe, for our present purpose, in assuming the practical identity in principle of the English and Irish Land Laws (save that there was no copyhold in Ireland) during the period from the Revolution under William III. to the famine in 1846 and 1847—say 150 years. Differences in details are, of course, numerous, as long periods sometimes elapsed before an English Act was extended, with the necessary modifications, to Ireland; but the legislation was generally on the same lines. The differences were more numerous in the laws of landlord and tenant, and less in the other branches of real property law and in equity. Wills and settlements, powers and appointments, conveyances and leases, were much the same as in England; so that the English barristers who were sent over to fill the Irish Lord Chancellorship found little inconvenience in their office, after the sea passage.

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The chief landlords consisted of the great nobles and gentlemen, English and Irish, who held generally under Letters Patent from the Crown ; of the Bishops and other Ecclesiastical Corporations of the United Church of England and Ireland ; and of Trinity College, Dublin, the Irish Society and its connected London Companies, and the corporate bodies of Irish cities and towns. These managed their estates by agents, or by sub-letting parts to middlemen. The latter held large tracts under every form of tenure, from the perpetual grant, and lease for lives or years renewable for ever, down to short terms of years ; and they frequently sub-let on the terms that, as often as they got a new lease under their covenant for perpetual renewal, they would grant a similar renewal to the under-lessee. At the bottom of all was the occupier, who generally held as a tenant from year to year under a verbal tenancy, though on some estates he held under a lease. The yearly tenancy could, of course, be put an end to by six months' notice to quit. Sub-letting and sub-division without consent were generally prohibited in the shorter leases, or by statute ; but, nevertheless, the practice went on, and the population grew by leaps and bounds, until it reached 6,800,000 in 1821, 7,767,000 in 1831, 8,175,000 in 1841.

There were in 1841 no less than 691,000 farms exceeding one acre in extent, and nearly one half of these were under five acres each, whereas the number of proprietors in fee was estimated at only 8,000. The greater middlemen had sub-let in so many cases to lesser middlemen, that it often happened that a series of two, three, or even four or five landlords, intervened between the fee simple proprietor and the occupying yearly tenant. There were, as there still are, a very large number of landless labourers, who hired from a yearly tenant, for the season, as much potato ground as they could gather manure for (this is one form of a letting in "con-acre"), and who got from the middleman a licence to cut turf, also limited to the season. The prices charged for these lettings of turt and con-acre would now be thought exorbitant. The reader who desires to study this period in detail will find abundant material in the report of the Devon Commission in 1845,

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and in the Parliamentary Debates of 1845 and following years.

From 1825 to 1845 was a time of agitation and reform, as in England ; but it only concerns us to note that tithes in kind were abolished in 1832, and a tithe-rent charge substituted for the composition in 1838. The tithe-owner lost about one-fourth of what he was entitled to, but he was compensated by having the other three-fourths secured on the first perpetual estate, or on what the statute defined as an "equivalent" interest. The landlord who paid the new charge added it to the rent and collected it from his tenant, who in turn collected it from the tenant below him, until, at last, it was paid as rent by the occupier originally liable for the tithe. These owners of tithe-rent charge, and the large number of middlemen, form a principal difficulty in every scheme of land purchase, and the reader may expect to hear of them again.

It only remains to add, that the occupier paid the whole of the Grand Jury Cess, which was the tax levied for the making and repair of roads and bridges, and to compensate malicious injuries ; and, except in the case of the smaller holdings, he also paid half the poor rate.

## FROM THE FAMINE TO 1860

Upon this Land System came the famine of 1846 and 1847. It was estimated by the then Marquis of Lansdowne, that the loss of potatoes and oats had been equivalent to the destruction of 1,500,000 arable acres, or, in money, to £16,000,000. And after the famine came the typhus fever, the emigration, and the Rebellion. The loss of rents to the landlords was proportionately heavy, and the loss continued long after the famine had ceased, as it was impossible to ask rents in full from tenants so broken in health and resources. The calamity may be read in the figures of the census of 1851, when the population had fallen to 6,574,000, and in that of 1861, when it had further fallen to 5,798,000. Public and private charity did their utmost to mitigate this overwhelming disaster ; but we are only concerned with the laws which were passed by



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the legislature, in the hope and belief that it was putting the country on a sound economic basis for the future.

“The survival of the fittest” is a stern doctrine, when applied to the human subject; and it comes with peculiar harshness from prosperous people, in robust health, addressed to the sickly and impoverished. But the jurist and political economist were then supreme in Parliament, and these were confident that free trade in land, and the application of strict commercial principles to the estates of both landlord and tenant, offered the only safe way out of the difficulty. The incumbered landlord and the insolvent tenant were both to be got rid of; and enterprising persons, with money, were to take their places. Contracts were henceforth to be performed, and obligations rigorously enforced. To carry these ideas into practice, the numerous and complicated statutes relating to land had to be simplified and consolidated, and, if possible, codified, and the whole legal machinery to be reconstructed and put into good working order. I have heard people speak of the difficulty of understanding the Land Laws of Ireland, but in 1860 they had become simplicity itself.

The broken landlord, with no assets but uncollectable arrears of rent, had borrowed at onerous rates on impaired real or personal security, and the tenant, in like manner, had incurred heavy debts to the shopkeeper and local money-lender; and, as a first step, it seemed above all things necessary to enable these creditors to collect their debts.

In 1850 an Act was passed to amend the law of Judgments, popularly known as the “Judgment Mortgage Act.” The judgment creditor had henceforth merely to make and register an affidavit in the prescribed manner, and this at once operated to transfer to him, as by a deed of mortgage, every particle of estate, actual or potential, which the debtor had in lands of any nature or tenure.

Up to 1851, an Ejectment for non-payment of rent could not be brought against a tenant unless he held under a written contract, so that the vast majority of holdings were exempt from eviction on this account. But in 1851 it was enacted that, when the rent did not exceed £50 a year, an Ejectment could be brought in the Civil Bill

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Court (the Irish County Court) in every case where a year's rent was in arrear ; and this Court also got extended powers for trying Ejectments for holding over after notice to quit or the expiration of a lease. Eviction could scarcely have been made easier. In 1853 and 1856, Common Law Procedure Acts, as in England, greatly simplified the Ejectments and other proceedings to enforce Judgments ; and in 1857 an improved Court of Bankruptcy and Insolvency was established.

From 1848 to 1856 no less than five temporary Acts were passed to facilitate the sale of incumbered estates ; and, by the Landed Estates Court Act of 1858, a permanent Court was created for the sale and transfer of land, incumbered and unincumbered. Any kind of incumbrancer on any kind of estate in land could obtain an order for the sale of that estate ; and the purchaser's title was to be indefeasible.

### THE ACT OF 1860

The reader will have seen how efficient, in ten years, the legal machinery had become. Reformed Civil Bill Courts, reformed Common Law Courts, the invention of the Judgment Mortgage, the establishment of the Landed Estates Court—these gave the creditor almost every power and facility that could be thought of ; but the relation of landlord and tenant was still to be collected from about forty different statutes, and, to crown the work, the Government of Lord Palmerston, with Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, decided in 1860 to pass an Act to consolidate and amend the law of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland. This was a great opportunity for bringing the laws into harmony with the realities of Irish life ; but here we shall find the first cardinal error in our land legislation. The Act is a model of clearness and precision, and the legal mind takes pleasure in it as in a well-drawn conveyance. It repeals thirty-nine old Acts, and, in 105 sections, which any intelligent layman could understand, it codifies the whole law of landlord and tenant.

It enacts that the relation of landlord and tenant shall

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be deemed to be founded on the express or implied contract of the parties, and not upon tenure or service. The Ejectment for non-payment of a year's rent (no demand of payment being necessary) was extended to every kind of tenancy, verbal as well as in writing, and could be brought in the Civil Bill Court where the rent did not exceed £100 a year. Every yearly tenancy could be terminated by a six months' notice to quit ; and Civil Bill Ejectments for holding over might be brought where the rent did not exceed the same annual sum. Decrees in Ejectment, when handed to the sheriff, were to be executed within one fortnight (extended to a month in 1864). If a tenant or undertenant wilfully retained the lands after the tenancy had been put an end to by notice to quit or otherwise, and a written demand of possession had been given, he was thenceforth to be liable to pay a double rent, to be recoverable in the same manner as the original rent.

### ULSTER TENANT RIGHT

There was no provision in the Act restraining unjust or capricious eviction by notice to quit, or providing equitable compensation for improvements or tenant right when the land was taken up. In the south and west of Ireland, and more especially on the estates of embarrassed landlords, the tenant farmers had frequently erected buildings, and made drains and other substantial improvements, at their own expense, with no better security than the verbal yearly tenancy. In such cases there was rarely an express contract about it ; but the work was done with the landlord's permission, and any one can see how inequitable it would have been for a landlord, or the purchaser of his estate, as soon as the tenant's improvement was finished, to serve a six months' notice to quit, and resume possession of the holding, without paying some compensation. In Ulster it had been the general practice for the tenant farmer to erect the farmhouse and buildings, and make the improvements ; and, by the custom of tenant right, the origin of which has not been ascertained with exactness, he was entitled to sell the tenancy, or, on eviction, to be paid the value of it. The

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usages with respect to tenant right varied on the different estates, because the landlords often contributed towards the improvements, and occasionally made them altogether. I cannot better describe these usages than by quoting from the judgment of the late Mr. Blake, Q.C., in *Graham v. The Earl of Erne* (Donnel's *Land Reports*, p. 405).

"Common to all the usages or tenant right customs there are five leading features, which may be termed their essential attributes, viz.: 1st. The right or custom in general of yearly tenants, or those deriving through them, to continue in undisturbed possession as long as they act properly and pay their rents. 2nd. The correlative right of the landlord to raise the rent, so as to give him a just, fair, and full participation in the increased value of the lands, but not so as to extinguish the tenant's interest by imposing a rack rent. 3rd. The usage or custom of the yearly tenants to sell their interests, if they do not wish to continue in possession, or if they become unable to pay their rents. 4th. The correlative right of the landlord to be consulted, and to exercise a potential voice in the approval or disapproval of the proposed assignee, and 5th. The liability of the landlord, if taking land for his own purposes from a tenant, to pay the tenant the fair value of the tenant right."

The transfer of the tenancy was always effected in the landlord's office, by changing the name of the tenant in the books. The buyer and seller attended together; the agent was informed of the intended sale; he accepted the purchaser; the arrears of rent were paid up to date out of the purchase money; and a receipt was given by the agent in the new tenant's name. On the balance being paid over, the possession was changed, and from these acts there resulted a surrender of the old tenancy by operation of law, and the creation of a new tenancy in the purchaser. Slight variations were often made on such occasions in the rent, or as to turf or rights of way.

It is idle to say that the tenant right custom formed no legal part of the contract of tenancy. It was, in fact, a series of stipulations, in favour of the farmer, restraining capricious eviction and protecting the tenant's improvements.

It is difficult to write with patience of the Act of 1860, which in one section declares that the relation of landlord and tenant shall depend upon the contract of the parties, and, in another, authorises the uncontrolled eviction, without compensation, of yearly tenants, in any part of Ireland, by means of a six months' notice to quit. The value of an

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Ulster farmer's interest ran from five to twenty times his rent. It was oftener above twenty than below five years' purchase. The price had been paid in the landlord's office. And yet this statute allowed the immediate service of a notice to quit, and a decree for possession without compensation. It is to the undying credit of the landlords of Ulster, that their legal powers were only in the rarest instances used to infringe the custom.

Purchasers in the Landed Estates Court, however, were advised that they might legally disregard it, and that to allow it to a tenant was a special mark of favour, and a concession, to be given or withheld as they thought fit. It was a common thing to see on a Landed Estates Court advertisement of those days, that the tenants held at very low rents, which could be substantially increased. The buyer through the Court had got an indefeasible title deed, subject only to the tenancies in the schedule ; and he considered it highly imprudent and dangerous to begin his management by acknowledging unconditionally any custom or claim by the tenant which was inconsistent with the law as settled in 1860. The late Marquis of Dufferin, speaking in 1866 in the House of Lords, stated that the amount of property which had then passed through the Landed Estates Court amounted to between £25,000,000 and £30,000,000, representing an income of at least £2,000,000. Some of these purchasers, though they had got good bargains, made use of the notice to quit to consolidate and enlarge the holdings, to square boundaries, to improve the bogs, and to increase their rents.

The tenant farmers in the south and west, who had made improvements with the express or implied sanction of the landlord, also suffered from these proceedings ; but they had no such acknowledged interest as the Ulster tenant.

### THE ACT OF 1870

It is needless to say, that such a land system produced widespread alarm and unrest amongst agricultural tenants. Every case of disputed tenant right or improvements served to show at once the efficiency, and injustice, of this legislation. When introducing the Land Bill of 1870, Mr.

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Gladstone, while complimenting the landlords as a body on their good relations with their tenants, referred to a few exceptional cases, and stated that on some estates notices to quit fell like snowflakes. This was a needless exaggeration, and he did not make it clear that this was the only mode the State had provided for enlarging holdings, developing estates, or raising rents, that land had been rising steadily in annual value from 1850, and that the thing done was the very thing it was intended should be done by the legislation of which I have given an account, and for a part of which he was himself responsible as a Cabinet Minister.

The principal section of the Act of 1870, for the first time, legalised the Ulster tenant right custom and usages corresponding therewith; and the tenant farmer on an estate where the custom applied could henceforth, if disturbed in his holding, file a claim in the Civil Bill Court, and obtain as compensation the full value of his tenant right, and could retain possession until actual payment. To this extent the Act of 1870 rests on the impregnable basis, that the custom was part of the contract of tenancy.

“Whether,” said Mr. Gladstone, the custom “represents the ancient Irish ideas derived from the authority of tribal possession; whether it represents the covenants which were inserted by James I. in the charters granted to the settlers of the country; whether it represents the happy political relations subsisting for the most part in Ulster between the landlords and the occupiers; or whether it represents the payment of insurance for the safety of the incoming tenant;—leaving these questions, we take the Ulster Custom as a matter of fact, we say that it prevails, that it is admitted, that it is recognised by the landlords, and that the consent which Ulster generally has given to the prevalence of this custom, on the part of the landlords, as well as on the part of the tenants, amounts to a virtual covenant between the parties. Viewing it as a covenant, we propose to take it as it is, to convert it into a law, and allow it to be examined into as a question of fact by the Courts which will be constituted. We do not attempt to modify the custom, we do not inquire into its varieties; it is well known to vary within certain limits; we do not attempt to improve it or to qualify it; we leave it to be examined into, and, when it is ascertained as a matter of fact, the Judge will have nothing to do but enforce it.”

These words accurately represent the duty of the Judge under the Act of 1870, when the tenant has been disturbed in his holding, and serves his claim in the County Court for the value of his tenant-right.

The Act of 1870 enacts for the rest of Ireland a series

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of provisions embodying, not completely or exactly, but in general idea, all the main elements of the Ulster custom. Mr. Fortescue, on the second reading of the Bill, said: "We have taken all the elements of the Ulster custom, payment by the predecessor, improvements by the tenant himself, and compensation for dispossession, and translated them, so to speak, into a statutory form for the rest of the country." It will be seen at once, that, while the Ulster custom was legalised in its various forms, as to farms, because it was part of the true contract between the parties, this reason could not be relied on for placing similar obligations on the landlords of the rest of Ireland. The Ulster tenants had, for the most part, bought and paid for their tenant right. The other tenants could, at the most, have expended money on improvements. Some security of tenure was, however, necessary to the comfort and well-being of every farmer, and, instead of enjoying the facilities for getting rid of tenants provided by the Act of 1860, the landlord was now compelled to pay a sum of money for "disturbing" the tenant, and a further sum as compensation for the tenant's improvements. The maximum of the compensation for disturbance is fixed by a sliding scale: seven years' rent for holdings at or under £10 annual valuation, five years' rent for holdings at or under £30 valuation, and so, by stages, four, three, two, and one year's rents were to be paid, the last when the holding was above £100 annual value. In no case was the compensation for disturbance to exceed £250. Of course these were purely arbitrary sums fixed by the statute, but bearing a supposed relation to the prices paid in Ulster for inferior tenant right, where the tenant had made no improvements.

Generally speaking, the service of a notice to quit or any Ejectment founded on it, or a demand of possession, or resumption of the holding or any part of it, was a "disturbance"; but Ejectment for non-payment of rent (except in two special cases) or for breach of a condition against assignment, sub-letting, or bankruptcy or insolvency, was not a "disturbance."

Until the landlord "disturbed" his tenant, the rights of the parties were nearly the same as before the Act, save

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that, in Ulster, the custom was now a part of the contract of tenancy. From the date of the "disturbance," the tenant had a right to hold on till he was paid his compensation.

It must be remembered, that the Act of 1870 only applies to holdings agricultural or pastoral—in popular language, to "farms," and that lettings of demesne lands and town parks are only partly within its provisions. I omit further exceptions, as I have hitherto omitted all reference to leases, which would only be a needless complication for the reader. Later on, I shall say a word or two about leases.

The Bright Clauses of the Land Act of 1870 are the first attempt at a scheme of land purchase, and, so far as they dealt with voluntary sales by the landlord to the tenant, it is to be regretted that they were a total failure. This was undoubtedly due to the fact, that the sales had to be carried out in a manner too careful and costly, and at the expense of the parties ; but the provision that the Board of Works might advance to the purchasing tenant two-thirds of the price, to be repaid by an annuity at the rate of 5 per cent. for thirty-five years, was a most valuable one, and a seed that was afterwards to produce much fruit. A useful clause also directed the Landed Estates Court, on the sale of an estate, so far as was consistent with the interests of the persons concerned, to afford, by the formation of lots, or otherwise, all reasonable facilities to occupying tenants desirous of purchasing their holdings.

### THE ACT OF 1881

The annual value of land had risen with good prices all through the periods of the European and American wars ; and not until about 1876 did any one begin to anticipate any serious fall. Free trade in imports commenced to bring down gradually the prices of everything the Irish farmer produced. In 1878 and 1879 the crops were very inferior in many parts of Ireland, but the scarcity did little to raise prices. It only improved imports. There was undoubted distress in several congested districts. By 1880,



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the Fair Rent and No Rent agitations were becoming general. The first defect in the Act of 1870 was, that it seems never to have contemplated a permanent fall in prices, and that, while it had given every tenant an interest in his holding, it had provided no machinery for adjusting rents. The tenant could not serve a notice of surrender and retain his land, and no landlord now wished to serve a notice to quit for the purpose of raising the rent. How, then, were fair rents to be obtained? The Act of 1870 was also supposed to have given a certain security of tenure; but the landlord could still take up the lands of his yearly tenant on paying the statutory compensation. For a moderate price he could buy up any tenant, and, in some parts of Ireland, could recoup himself when re-letting the lands. Hence the demand for "fixity," as distinguished from an imperfect "security," of tenure. But "fair rents" and "fixity of tenure" appeared to require as a complement the right of "free sale"; and it was demanded that the landlord should take as his tenant any one to whom he could not make reasonable objection. These three things—free sale, fair rents, and fixity of tenure—explain all the tenancy sections of the Act of 1881.

This Act is remarkable to the student of legislation for the number of obligations, purely the creation of the State, which were imposed on the contractual relation of landlord and tenant. It interferes with existing contracts in almost every tenancy section. The reader will see presently, that what is really a perpetual interest has been substituted for the once precarious verbal yearly tenancy, and that a similar interest has been made to spring up in the lessee on the fall of his lease. The benefits conferred on the tenants were of unquestioned advantage, of substantial money value, and well calculated to promote the peace of the country and stop agitation; but no compensation was given for the change of tenure. I know of no other case where the omnipotence of the legislative authority is so strongly asserted. The Act of 1870 was a substantial departure from the Act of 1860; but its main provisions legalised what were really contracts in Ulster, and extended the elements of what was a known custom to the rest of Ire-

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land. But the Act of 1881 is a complete reversal of the declaration in the Act of 1860, that the relation of landlord and tenant should depend on the express or implied contract of the parties. It was henceforth to depend upon the will of the State.

The Act is, of course, limited, like the Act of 1870, to what may be called "farms." The Ulster tenant may sell his holding under the custom; and he and all other yearly tenants may sell their tenancies under the statute, for the best price that can be got, but, except the landlord consents, to one person only; and the landlord can only refuse to accept the purchaser on reasonable grounds, and he is given a right of pre-emption. In case of disputes, the Court is to decide between the parties.

While free sale is authorised, sub-letting and sub-division without consent are, generally speaking, prohibited.

The tenant of any "present" yearly tenancy, or such tenant and the landlord jointly, or the landlord, after having demanded an increase of rent which the tenant had declined to pay, might apply to the Court to have a fair rent fixed between the parties, or the parties could get it fixed by signing a consent in the prescribed manner. However fixed, the judicial rent was to last without alteration for fifteen years, called the "statutory term." No rent was to be payable in respect of the tenant's improvements. The contract of tenancy, when the rent had been fixed, was to imply certain statutory conditions: requiring payment of rent; prohibiting waste, the erection of additional dwellings, sub-division, and sub-letting; and permitting the landlord, or any persons authorised by him, he or they making reasonable amends for any damage, to enter on the holding for the purposes of mining, quarrying, cutting timber or turf, making roads or drains, exercising rights on the sea-shore, hunting, shooting, fishing, or taking game, and for certain similar and subsidiary purposes. Mines and minerals were exclusively reserved to the landlord; and the tenant was not, without consent, to open any house for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

As to fixity of tenure, the present tenant and his

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successors could not be disturbed so long as he or they performed the statutory conditions ; and, in the few cases in which the landlord was authorised to resume the holding, he was bound to pay the fullest compensation. For the benefit of "future tenants," the scale of compensation for disturbance was raised and extended.

As to leases, the somewhat inconsistent position was taken up, that, because these contracts were in writing, and generally sealed, they should not be interfered with like verbal tenancies ; that the script was in some way more sacred ; and accordingly, by section 21, it was enacted that existing leases should remain in force to the same extent as if the Act had not passed ; and that the holdings subject to such leases should be regulated by the lawful provisions contained in them, and not by the provisions of the Act. But the legislature saw no objection to declaring that the tenant under a lease expiring within sixty years, should, at the end of it, if in *bond fide* occupation of the holding, be deemed a present ordinary yearly tenant, and then entitled to have a fair rent fixed. In this manner was the lease turned into what was in reality a perpetual interest.

Land purchase by the tenants was further facilitated by the Act of 1881. The Land Commission was now empowered to lend to the tenant three-fourths of the price, instead of two-thirds ; but the annuity by which the loan was repayable was still kept at the high rate of 5 per cent. per annum for thirty-five years. As it is desirable, however, to conclude in one paper the modifications and improvements in agricultural tenancies, I shall reserve for future consideration the various schemes of land purchase, including the Act of 1903, which has just been passed. The Land Purchase Acts can then be dealt with as an entire system.

### THE ACT OF 1887—LEASES BROKEN

So long as the yearly tenant and the leaseholder had what they contracted for, their position was equal. Each had his land, as he had his cow, according to his bargain. But when the yearly tenant had obtained the benefits of the Act of 1881, the leaseholder on the other side of the hedge

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considered he had a claim against the State, which, having the power to give him the new tenure, had chosen to withhold it till the end of his lease. Even the jurist can see no logical distinction between one kind of legal contract and another ; and the addition of a writing and a wafer to the solemnities of a farmer's bargain, made it no more sacred in his eyes. In actual fact, the lease, with its long series of covenants, was the more onerous contract of the two.

The legislation from 1860 to 1881 had been by one great party in the State ; but the reforms from 1870 were now to be ratified by the other, which carried the Act of 1881 to its conclusion, and on the same lines.

The Act of 1887 dealt with all farmers' leases existing at the passing of the Act of 1881 and expiring within 99 years thereafter, including leases for lives without any term of years, or with a concurrent term not exceeding 99 years, or a reversionary term not exceeding 31 years, and not renewable.

Any such occupying leaseholder, on application to the Court, was to be deemed a present yearly tenant, as if his lease had expired, and his holding was to be subject to all the provisions of the Act of 1881 with respect to yearly tenancies. But his status was not to be changed till an order was made on his application. Then he got a fair rent fixed, with the right of free sale and fixity of tenure, as already explained to the reader.

But he is not quite the same as the tenant under a verbal tenancy. He is still subject to the conditions of his lease, so far as they are applicable to tenancies from year to year. The seals of the lease have been broken, to the extent of accelerating its end, and admitting a yearly tenancy, a statutory term, and those statutory conditions the mere enumeration of which has taken up so many lines ; but the sacred remains of the contract are to be inviolable in perpetuity, or till the passing of another Land Act, so far as they do not conflict with the tenant's new estate. The tenant may still be bound by a covenant in his broken lease to pay a penal rent for breach of another covenant, say for every acre meadowed above a certain proportion ; but a

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covenant against alienation does not bind him, because it would contradict his right to free sale.

### REMAINING LEASES BROKEN (ACT OF 1891)

The occupying farmers who held under very long leases, or leases renewable for ever, or under perpetual grants, were still left to perform their contracts with their landlords. There were not many of them, for such leaseholders were generally middlemen ; but such as there were desired to exchange their tenure for the so-called yearly tenancy of the Act of 1881. This desire was acceded to, but not by directly including such leases in the Act of 1887. By the Redemption of Rent Act 1891, if the occupying farmer holds under one of these long or perpetual leases or grants, at a rent which the Land Commission considers a full agricultural rent, he may apply to the Land Commission to redeem his rent and advance him the money necessary for the purpose ; and if the landlord does not consent in the manner prescribed by the Land Commission, or if, having consented, he causes, in its opinion, unreasonable delay, the redemption will not be made, but the lessee or grantee will be held to be a tenant of a present yearly tenancy under the Acts of 1881 and 1887, and the holding will be subject to the provisions of those Acts.

In other words, if the landlord refuses to sell his estate to the tenant, the latter becomes entitled to an order breaking his lease or perpetual grant ; and obtains a fair rent, fixity of tenure, and the right of free sale, like the shorter leaseholder. But he is still bound by so much of his lease or grant as is not inconsistent with his newly-acquired estate.

By an Act of 1896, the improvements of such a tenant are exempted from rent, as in the case of other leaseholders.

The tenancy portions of the Act of 1896 are far too technical to be understood by the general reader, but they may be shortly described as amendments remedying defects which time and experience had disclosed in the new tenure, and giving the benefit of the Acts to persons who, for one defect or another in their position, were unable previously to get these advantages.

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I have now tried to guide the reader through the labyrinth of the later Irish Land Acts, so far as they are modifications of tenure, without inaccuracy, and with the least possible detail. I have had to pass over much that would be interesting to the legal reader, and also the question whether compensation should have been made for the change of tenure effected by the Acts of 1881, 1887, and 1891, and for the extinction of arrears by the Act of 1882, and the reduction, during three years, of judicial rents under the Act of 1887, and many other subjects, the embers of which still glow under the ashes. I cannot even discuss with the disciples of Sir Henry Maine the abnormal transition of a people from contract to status. This paper is simply an exposition of the laws as they are; and, if I have accomplished anything, my readers will now clearly understand that, in the ten years from 1881 to 1891, the two great parties in the State have created a new form of agricultural tenancy all over Ireland, which may be accurately called a "judicial tenancy," or a "statutory tenancy," and which is so beneficial to the occupier, that it is preferred, not only by the original yearly tenant for whose benefit it was devised, but by the short and long leaseholder, the lessee for lives renewable for ever, and the grantee in perpetuity. It has become, for occupying farmers, the almost universal tenure. It does not depend upon the contract of the parties; it is an invention of the State.

## RESULTS OF THE NEW TENURE

The entire number of rents fixed under all the Acts, by Courts, or by agreements operating as orders, and returned to the Land Commission before the 31st March, 1903, for the first statutory term of fifteen years, was 343,370. The total rental dealt with was £6,955,033, and the aggregate judicial rent fixed in respect thereof was £5,503,536, being an average reduction of 20·8 per cent. over the entire country. The number of cases struck out, withdrawn, or dismissed, was 68,783; so that the total cases disposed of was 412,153. Of course there were many

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informal settlements, which never reached the Land Commission.

Of the above rents fixed, 26,903 were in cases of leases broken under the Act of 1887, and 947 were in cases of long leases and grants broken under the Act of 1891. The rest were cases of yearly tenancies.

The entire number of rents fixed before 31st March, 1903, for the second statutory term of fifteen years, was 90,839. The total rental in these cases for the first statutory term was £1,512,383, and the aggregate judicial rent fixed in respect of the same for the second statutory term, was £1,191,904, an average reduction of first-term rents of 21·1 per cent.

As to the moral and social effect of these Acts upon the tenants, there can be no two opinions. They brought a sense of contentment and security into the remotest cabin. They stimulated small improvements of every kind. They increased the desire for agricultural knowledge, and produced improved methods of farming. The tenant's power of borrowing money at cheaper rates has been greatly increased. Many have borrowed too much, and some have spent money unwisely ; but, if the tenant incurs a debt, he knows that any judgment of the High Court, or a Civil Bill decree for £20, can be turned into a Judgment-Mortgage, and that this may end in the sale of his farm. No matter how great his arrears of rent, he or his mortgagee can always redeem the farm on paying two years' rent and a pound or two for costs. He can no longer be evicted for rent due by his landlord, if the latter is a middleman. He simply becomes the judicial tenant of the superior landlord when the middle interest is forfeited or terminates. If he breaks a statutory condition, he can always be relieved by the Court if the damage is trifling, or if money will compensate for it. His landlord can only resume the holding, or part of it, for building or other special and authorised purposes, on paying him the fullest compensation. During the period from 1881 to 31st March, 1903, 355 applications for resumption were the total number served by all the landlords of Ireland ; and of these only 46 were granted in the twenty-two years. This

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stagnation of enterprise is one of the defects of the new system of tenure. It prevents the landlord investing money on his estate, and limits the farmer's improvements to works suitable to his farm. The tenant cannot erect a second dwelling house on his farm without consent, and, considering the smallness of the holdings at present, and the dangers of further subdivision, it is hard to see how this statutory condition could be dispensed with. He could, however, erect a cottage for a labourer ; but, generally speaking, he has no desire to do so. It has become the fashion lately to exaggerate the defects of this dual ownership, and to ignore the merits of the judicial tenancy ; and in the King's Speech, at the opening of last session, the new tenure was described as "costly and unsatisfactory." There can hardly be a doubt that single ownership is better ; but, apart from such ownership, I am not aware of any general system of tenure in any country more favourable to the tenant. The reader, however, must form his own conclusions on this subject. I hope on a future occasion to explain the Land Purchase System, by which many tenants are becoming the fee simple owners of their holdings.

T. G. OVEREND



## PROTECTION AND SHIPBUILDING

I AM well aware that, in writing on such a subject as the above, I may easily fall into one, if not both, of the following errors : (a) Applying to all trades arguments which, properly speaking, are applicable only to that specially under review ; (b) assuming as likely to be put into force measures which may, after all, be discarded on that full enquiry which is promised. In reference to the former, it must be understood that I am dealing solely with the industry of shipbuilding, with which I am personally connected, and that nothing I say must be taken as applicable to other industries, with the conduct of which I am not so familiar. The aggregate of individual opinion, however, is bound to be the sum of the people's determination so far as regards trade and manufacture ; and I therefore offer no excuse for contributing a portion of their opinion. I must also dissociate myself very strongly from those who have been making this question largely a personal one. I am convinced that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are actuated by honest intentions, however much, to my mind, they may be mistaken ; and we must fight this matter out, not as between personal enemies, but as between men with the same end in view, varying only in method.

Up till now, shipbuilding has enjoyed a greater freedom from competition than most other trades. Owing to our position, surrounded as we are by sea, shipbuilding would seem to naturally have more chance of flourishing here in proportion to our population. So much capital is required to establish large shipbuilding works, that competition is rendered more difficult than in many other trades where less initial outlay is necessary. So much purely manual labour

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has up till now been employed, that trained and physically capable men take a longer time to produce than in other trades, where machine work has formed a larger proportion of the wages bill. But lastly, and most important of all, a steadily increasing scale of scientific attainment has been demanded and furnished, so that we are in a better position relatively, than other trades are said to be, for which foreigners have gradually, by means of original research and high scientific training, produced men whose education has permitted them gradually to undermine our supremacy. Opportunities for such education are made freely by foreign Governments, who face the situation, and recognise that only by great and carefully supervised expenditure of national funds can such opportunities be brought to the door of the poorest. The technical training in our shipbuilding industry, inside, and, which is even more important, outside the yard, has always been of a high order ; and the result proves, to my mind, that an extension of the same to all trades would be of incalculable benefit.

Before considering the effect of any probable change of fiscal policy upon shipbuilding, it may be well just to glance at the trade, and attempt to form a conception of its importance. The centres of the industry are naturally confined to those parts giving easy access to the sea, either by navigable rivers or fairly sheltered coast line. The West of Scotland has, on the River Clyde, one of the main seats of shipbuilding. About forty firms are here situated (mostly making their own engines), employing many thousands of people, with an annual wages bill of several millions. Other districts are the North-East of Scotland, Aberdeen and Dundee ; the East, Kinghorn and Leith ; the North-East coast of England, comprising Newcastle and other ports on the Tyne, Sunderland, the Hartlepoons, Stockton, &c. ; East coast, Hull ; West coast, Barrow-in-Furness ; and South coast, London. In this latter port at one time there was a flourishing trade, which has now, with the exception of specialities, such as light draught and torpedo vessels and warships generally, practically disappeared. It is said, that the distances from the supplies of raw material, and the excessive rates of carriage, render it impossible for London

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employers to compete with those of the other British ports ; but it must be pointed out that Ireland has to import every hundredweight of material used, and yet a flourishing trade is firmly seated in Belfast. To revive the trade of shipbuilding in London, appears, however, to be for the moment hopeless.

The output of the trade will be interesting to readers ; and I have drawn up a Table, abstracted from Lloyd's Registry reports, giving it, with distribution of tonnage

TONNAGE IN GROSS TONS OF VESSELS BUILT IN 11 YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN, WITH ALLOCATION OF OWNERSHIP.

| Year.              | British.   | Colonial. | Austria. | Germany. | France. | Holland. | Russia. |
|--------------------|------------|-----------|----------|----------|---------|----------|---------|
| 1892<br>to<br>1902 | 11,641,777 | 190,679   | 298,669  | 625,555  | 112,999 | 224,013  | 220,917 |
| 1902               | 1,249,605  | 40,966    | 37,905   | 54,658   | 9,787   | 17,817   | 11,680  |

| Year.              | Spain.  | Rest of Europe. | China. | Egypt. | S. America. | Japan.  | Sundries. |
|--------------------|---------|-----------------|--------|--------|-------------|---------|-----------|
| 1892<br>to<br>1902 | 139,391 | 669,349         | 16,510 | 6,442  | 107,079     | 274,365 | 74,639    |
| 1902               | 3,471   | 79,424          | 1,350  | —      | 2,995       | 1,300   | 10,740    |

These figures include war vessels, whose tonnage is reckoned in "displacement," not in "gross," but have been assumed as "gross" for purpose of averaging values. They do not include the many vessels built in Great Britain and shipped abroad in pieces, principally to India.

among various countries. The output is for eleven years, and for 1902 specially. I may mention in passing that the column headed "Colonies" is hardly a fair criterion of the importance of the Colonial and Indian *clientèle* of our ship-builders ; for many Colonial, and almost all our Indian, ocean-going ships are registered in this country, and appear in column 1. No account is taken either of large numbers of steamers and barges shipped in pieces, principally to India. It will be seen at a glance, of what immense importance this trade is, and how dangerous it would be

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to do anything to cause our shipowners to run the risk of paying any more than is absolutely necessary for that tonnage, upon the initial low cost of which depends their power of retaining the huge share of that transport service of the world, which other nations, by means of low wages, poor food, and different conditions of loading, are even now endeavouring to wrest from us.

Glancing at the Table, it will be seen : (a) of what immense importance the trade is, amounting to a total tonnage, including war vessels, of about 14,500,000 tons in the last eleven years ; (b) that at present we are, by however narrow a margin, still able to keep, with a few small exceptions, the provision of British tonnage in our own hands ; and (c) that the building of tonnage for foreign owners is still a matter of considerable importance. The last item represents, of course, an ever-diminishing proportion of foreign total tonnage. Even within the experience of the writer—a matter of not much more than a quarter of a century—foreign nations have enormously extended their shipbuilding plant. I recollect when practically all Austrian and Italian, not to speak of German, Swedish, and Norwegian vessels, were built in this country ; and now all over the Continent, particularly in Germany, shipbuilding yards are springing up and engaging in active operations. I would say that our only serious competitors as to price at present in Europe are Germany and Holland ; and it is to be remarked that both are said to be largely free trade as to shipbuilding materials. Germany does not appear, in steel for shipbuilding, to “dump” much into this country at the cost of her own people. In July of this year the German cost for steel plates in Germany was £5 15s. per ton, less 1½ per cent. ; while in Britain, for home-made steel, we were paying £5 7s. 6d. nett, a difference, as will be seen, of only a few shillings, certainly not enough to pay for “dumping.” France, Russia, Italy, and Austria in Europe, and the United States of America, cannot approach us in cost of building. The last-named country’s steel makers, for example, although probably able to produce steel more cheaply than we can in this country, were charging American shipbuilders, at the

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time when we were paying £5 7s. 6d. per ton for home-made steel, no less than £8 15s. Their steel makers have, of course, been able to keep up the price to this extent owing to the heavy import duties. Any one who takes an interest in the matter can easily trace in the Tables placed at our disposal by Lloyd's, the British Corporation, and the *Bureau Veritas*, the rapid progress made by certain countries in shipbuilding; and I need not remind any one of the fact, that the blue riband of the Atlantic is at present in the hands of Germany, with German-built ships. The struggle is rendered more serious because of the high wages we pay, and gladly pay, to our operatives—so long as we get value from them. I give opposite a Table prepared from statistics received by me from (a) a firm in Scotland, (b) a firm in Germany, and (c) a firm in Belgium, showing the wages earned by various classes of workmen in shipbuilding yards in those countries.

The differences are very striking. One thing will be noticed by a close observer, and that is, that the remuneration of unskilled labour (Class Q), in Scotland and Germany, is not so divergent as the more important portions, viz., the trained or skilled operatives, whose wages form much the larger portion of a ship's bill of costs. I may also mention, that the wages quoted to me by the firm in Scotland are what the men actually earn, not what the rates received would enable them to earn if, from weather and other circumstances, they could be kept constantly employed. So that it may be taken, that the piece-work wages represented in the Table, as paid in Great Britain, are by no means a maximum.

As I have said, up till now we have held pre-eminence, because our men are more skilled and stronger—in fact, worth the extra money; but at present every day sees the adoption of machinery in ship construction, replacing manual labour to an ever-increasing extent, and it naturally follows that the start we have gained is always being further reduced. Many machines at present being adopted can, after a very short time, be as easily and profitably worked by an unskilled as by a skilled operator.

I have endeavoured to show the great importance of our

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COMPARISON OF WAGES IN SHIPBUILDING YARDS.

| Per week.     | Time Work.                  |           |                        |           | Piece Work.            |           |                             |           |
|---------------|-----------------------------|-----------|------------------------|-----------|------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|-----------|
|               | Great Britain.<br>54 Hours. |           | Germany.*<br>60 Hours. |           | Belgium.†<br>60 Hours. |           | Great Britain.<br>54 Hours. |           |
|               | Per week.                   | Per hour. | Per week.              | Per hour. | Per week.              | Per hour. | Per week.                   | Per hour. |
| Class of Men. |                             |           |                        |           |                        |           |                             |           |
| Class A ...   | £ s. d.<br>1 13 5           | d.<br>74  | £ s. d.<br>1 3 8       | d.<br>47  | £ s. d.<br>1 0 0       | d.<br>4   | £ s. d.<br>2 8 0            | d.<br>107 |
| " B ...       | 1 12 4                      | 72        | 1 5 8                  | 51        | 1 7 6                  | 55        | 2 8 5                       | 108       |
| " C ...       | 1 12 4                      | 72        | 1 3 2                  | 46        | 1 0 0                  | 4         | 2 4 11                      | 108       |
| " D ...       | 1 1 5                       | 48        | 1 1 5                  | 43        | —                      | —         | 1 10 5                      | 68        |
| " E ...       | 1 14 7                      | 77        | 1 9 9                  | 6         | 1 7 6                  | 55        | 2 14 0                      | 12        |
| " F ...       | 1 11 7                      | 77        | 1 3 3                  | 46        | 1 0 0                  | 4         | 2 4 6                       | 10        |
| " G ...       | 1 17 1                      | 82        | 1 9 9                  | 6         | 1 5 0                  | 5         | 2 0 5                       | 9         |
| " H ...       | 1 12 9                      | 73        | 1 3 3                  | 46        | 1 10 0                 | 6         | 2 7 3                       | 105       |
| " I ...       | 1 18 6                      | 86        | 1 3 9                  | 47        | —                      | —         | —                           | —         |
| " J ...       | 1 19 4                      | 87        | 1 2 9                  | 45        | 0 16 3                 | 33        | —                           | —         |
| " K ...       | 1 16 0                      | 8         | —                      | —         | 1 10 0                 | 6         | 2 9 4                       | 109       |
| " L ...       | 1 12 6                      | 73        | 1 5 0                  | 5         | 1 5 0                  | 5         | —                           | —         |
| " M ...       | 1 19 10                     | 88        | —                      | —         | 1 10 0                 | 4         | 2 5 0                       | 10        |
| " N ...       | 1 19 7                      | 88        | 1 3 3                  | 46        | 1 0 0                  | 4         | —                           | —         |
| " O ...       | 1 12 1                      | 71        | 1 9 0                  | 58        | 0 18 9                 | 38        | —                           | —         |
| " P ...       | 2 0 3                       | 89        | 1 14 0                 | 68        | —                      | —         | —                           | —         |
| " Q ...       | 0 19 4                      | 43        | 1 0 3                  | 4         | 0 15 0                 | 3         | 1 9 3                       | 65        |

\* In Germany the wages mentioned include Social Taxes paid by the employers, amounting to about a mark per week.

† For simplicity of calculation, the franc is taken at the value of 10d., which rather increases the rate of wages given. Average earnings on piece work are given as from 10 to 20 per cent. more than on time—the higher figure has in all cases been taken.

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trade, and the danger of increasing costs ; and any one holding opinions opposed to mine on *the* question of the day, may very legitimately ask in what direction I scent danger. It is perfectly true, that the utterances of Mr. Chamberlain, the sponsor of enquiry and action, are a little obscure. The benefits to any given trade of the adumbrated proposal are to my mind so problematical, that I trust I am only assisting enquiry by the few notes which I have made.

As far as I can gather, two things only can be taken as certain from Mr. Chamberlain's public utterances, as I have myself listened to them :—(a) Food must be taxed to give an opening for those preferential tariffs which he holds to be indispensable to the continuance of the Empire, from which he assumes must follow an increase in the cost of living of all in the country, varying in intensity in inverse ratio to the amount of their earnings ; and for the earnings of the working classes in our trade, I refer my readers to the Table above. It is true that, since Mr. Chamberlain spoke in the House of Commons, he has spoken in the Constitutional Club, offering, instead of Old Age pensions, reductions of the duties upon tea, tobacco, &c., equivalent to the tax on grain, beef, and other descriptions of food. Had I time and space I think I could prove, certainly to my own satisfaction, that this proposal is self-destructive. (b) No tax will be put on raw material.

(a.) Should the living costs of our operatives increase, and this must, to my mind, be the result of a taxation of food, it goes without saying that one of two things must happen—either their style of living (already none too high) must be reduced to a lower level, or we must increase the wages we pay. Should any great benefit be proved to be certain to arise to other trades from the increase of living costs, it might be well worth the sacrifice ; but, speaking for my own trade, and from my own knowledge, no such chance exists. We already build every ship, broadly speaking, required for our Colonies and India. Nothing more can be hoped for, as foreign nations would certainly not allow their own yards to be thrown out of existence for the purpose of giving us more work ; and, even if all our other trades gained much through Mr. Chamberlain's pro-

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posals, which is problematical, our supply of labour would be interfered with by the additional demands from protected trades. On the other hand, if we are to increase wages, I think any reader can easily see that competition for foreign orders must be rendered more difficult, and the increased cost of British tonnage will still further handicap owners against cheaply-run foreign ships, which, for example, Holland and Germany can now turn out at almost as low a first cost as we can ourselves. Taking the tonnage of 1902, and striking an average type of ship by assuming certain proportions to be "tramps," "high class passenger steamers," and "light draught passenger and fast Channel boats," &c., the gross shipbuilding wages for this output (see Table, p. 458) would amount to £6,500,000, the gross amount of steel would come to 850,000 tons, and the total cost (including machinery) would amount to about £30,000,000. The gross wages, amounting as they do to about 6½ millions, leave out of account all kinds of manufacture whose finished product enters as raw material into our costs. If we take a tramp of 4,000 tons gross—quite an ordinary size—the wages may total £10,000. A rise in price to the operative of 2s. a week—no extravagant assumption on an average wage of 35s.—would mean an increase of wages to him to meet the additional cost of living of 5·7 per cent., or an increased cost for the tramp steamer of £570. Knowing, as I do, what narrow margins gain or lose contracts, I leave it to my brother shipbuilders to say what this would mean.

(b.) Mr. Chamberlain says he does not mean to recommend an imposition of duties on raw material. The "meaning of this lies in the application of it." What is raw material? To the shipowner it is the ship, our finished product; to the shipbuilder (*inter alia*) the steel plates, which are the finished articles to the steel maker; to the steel maker, the hematite pig, the finished product of the iron maker; and to the iron maker the iron ore, really the only raw material of the lot. If protective duties be put upon our steel, then at once, and without any evil intent whatever, the price of steel here would rise to the cost of same as delivered c.i.f. by the foreign manufacturer, plus the duty; and the handicap which would be placed upon our



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builders would be tantamount to a bounty to our foreign competitors. At the present moment, for certain classes of steel plates required for shipbuilding, there is not sufficient plant in Britain to satisfy the demands of shipbuilders. Work is greatly delayed, and in many cases demands have to be made upon foreign sources, if the work is not to be so seriously delayed as actually to paralyse the whole establishment of some of our more important works. It is a significant saying among doctors, that new remedies bring new diseases; and this saying may be found not inapplicable to the Fiscal Problem.

J. M. DENNY

## THEODOR MOMMSEN

**T**HEODOR MOMMSEN was born in 1817 at Garding, in Schleswig. He entered the University of Kiel in 1838, and graduated as Doctor in Law in 1843. After three years of travel, mainly in Italy, he became Professor of Roman Law at Leipzig. Driven from that post, on account of his liberal opinions, he found shelter, first at Zurich, and then at Breslau. In 1858, at the age of forty-one, he became Professor at Berlin, and settled down permanently in the home at Charlottenburg, where he has just died at the age of eighty-six. His long life was not rich in episode. The record is largely that of books—and of books, large and small, the flow was constant and uninterrupted from 1843 to 1903. But the subjects of nearly all these were somewhat remote from popular interest; and, with the signal exception of the Roman History, none obtained much circulation among the educated public in general.

Yet the impression left by his death was profound; the Press of Europe has been filled with his name, and his funeral at Charlottenburg was, not only in the official sense, a public funeral.

The object then of these few lines is, not to retell the tale of his life, and, still less, to attempt a deliberate estimate of the results which Mommsen achieved in his own field of study; but to try and make the man, and the place he filled in his generation, intelligible. For not only was Mommsen in himself a rare and picturesque personality; he was also in many respects the product of a Germany which seems in danger of vanishing before the advance of manufactures and millionaires.

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We in England are not accustomed to set great store by professors, and we are apt to distrust the academical mind ; we acquiesce rather reluctantly in the supreme importance of ordered and accurate knowledge, and of disciplined intellect. Nor do we habitually look for guidance in national affairs to students and scholars. If such men take to affairs, we think it probably good for them, but probably also not very good for the affairs. And, with our respect for the scholarly life, is usually mingled some feeling of compassion, as for opportunities lost.

Things are otherwise in Germany even now ; they were far otherwise in the Germany of Mommsen's youth and early manhood. There were then, of course, as now, professors, such as Heine laughed at, who were only learned, laborious plodders, chained to their desks, and writing (to quote Mark Pattison), "not a language, but a dialect in use in Prussian bureaux." But opinion in Germany not only respected the student-life, the "vocation of the scholar," as among the highest forms of life ; it also expected the scholar to take a prominent part in shaping and leading the public judgment on matters of moment. That a professor should not merely lecture to his pupils but should, when occasion arose, address the wider audience outside his lecture room, and speak "words to the German people," to which the people listened, seemed only natural and proper. It was, moreover, a task which was rendered easier by the intimate connection which existed between the German Universities and the great middle class of Germany, to which, as a rule, both professors and students belonged. The part played by German professors, and German Universities, in the national life, during the fifty years which followed the battle of Jena, is well known. Fichte among philosophers, and Niebuhr among historians, may be quoted as sufficient examples.

To this Germany Mommsen belonged ; and he linked it with the Imperial Germany of to-day. He perpetuated its best traditions in his simplicity of life, his ceaseless industry, but also in his keen, constant interest in the problems of the day. Hardly less characteristic is the poetic feeling which again and again lightens up the pages of his most severely scientific writings. In all ways he was a worthy

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descendant of the great scholars and teachers, who helped to place Germany in the van of European thought.

But Mommsen was much more than a type. He was a rare combination of qualities not often found together. With an intellect equally capable of mastering and ordering details, and of grasping the larger aspects of a problem, he united a vivid imagination, and, above all, a fiery vivacity and restlessness. No man ever brought, to the work of scientific investigation, a more ardent temper ; and it is this temper, which, if it led him more than once into rash utterance, gave a glow and a warmth even, let us say, to the footnotes in the *Staatsrecht*.

It was in 1844 that Mommsen began his travels in Italy ; and the episode is characteristic of the man, and of the heroic age of German scholarship. He was only twenty-seven, poor and unknown. Yet with the help of a studentship from the Danish Government, a grant from the Berlin Academy, and a few introductions, he undertook, single-handed, a task which would have daunted any one less courageous and indefatigable. He proposed to collate, arrange, and edit the hundreds, or rather, thousands of Latin inscriptions scattered over the area included within the Neapolitan kingdom—some stored in museums or in the notebooks of previous scholars and travellers, others built into modern buildings, or lying neglected on hillsides. The work involved long journeys, often on foot, at a period when, especially in the Regno, travelling was neither easy nor always safe. It meant research in libraries ; and called for infinite patience and acuteness, in correcting erroneous readings, and detecting forgeries. Moreover, the science of epigraphy was in its infancy, and Mommsen had to introduce method where all was chaotic and uncritical before. The results of his labours appeared in the stately *Corpus Inscriptionum Regni Neapolitani*, published in 1852, and dedicated to his “master, patron, and friend,” the Italian scholar Borghesi. The volume, which contains over 7000 inscriptions, was the prototype and model of the great *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*. The preface is worth reading, if only for the vivid impression it gives of Mommsen’s sure grasp of the conditions of the problem,

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and for the enlivening touches of sentiment and, it must be added, of "malice" : as when, for instance, he is denouncing those "notorious thieves," Ligorio, Prattelli, and their like.

The love of Rome and Italy, the birthright of all the best German students, since Winckelmann, never left him ; and it was, perhaps, in Italy, and within the walls of the German Institute, with its memories of Niebuhr and Bunsen, that he was seen at his best. His visits there were events to which everyone looked forward, and for which—so his old friend Wilhelm Henzen, once said in jest—they prepared by going to bed for three days, as the only chance of coping with his restless activity of mind and body.

In 1889 he paid a visit to England, and stayed a few days in Oxford, where, to his great delight, he was quartered in rooms in Exeter College,—“a temporary Fellow of an Oxford college,” as he wrote with pride. The impression he then left on those who met him was just that left by his whole life : an impression of nervous, unresting activity, and inexhaustible vivacity. He was up and in the Bodleian Library by eight o'clock each morning ; the library being opened before the usual time for his especial benefit. There, with one brief interval, he worked till it closed at sunset. From the Bodleian he moved with his books and MSS. to the Radcliffe Camera, from which he had usually to be extracted by force for dinner. At dinner, through the evening, and till late in the night, he ate and drank and talked with unfailing variety and brilliancy,—to find his way to Bodley early the next morning, as fresh and untired as ever. One understood the necessity for the precautions which they took at the Institute.

When the centenary of Gibbon's death was celebrated in 1894, Mommsen was invited by the Committee to come to London and be present at the proceedings. He was also asked to contribute a paper on the great English historian of Rome. He was obliged to decline both invitations, and the letter in which he did so is perhaps characteristic enough to merit insertion here. It is written in forcible, though not perfect English :—

“I feel immensely honoured by the request you have made to me in the name of the Gibbon Committee ; but you must excuse me if I cannot

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accept. I have been obliged to undertake new and very serious tasks for my inscriptions, and it is absolutely impossible for me to leave Berlin this winter. If it were not, I might try to overcome the horror I have always felt for congress-going, and in this instance it would have been compensated by the pleasure of revisiting England, and seeing once more my English friends.

"As for the paper you want me to write, it is not easy for me to say No ; but after long, and too long, consideration I cannot say Yes. Acknowledging in the highest degree the mastery of an unequalled historian, speaking publicly of him, I should be obliged to limit in a certain way my admiration of his work. He has taught us to combine Oriental with Occidental lore ; he has infused in history the essence of large doctrine, and of theology ; his 'solemn sneer' has put its stamp upon those centuries of civilisation rotting and of humanity decaying into civil and ecclesiastical despotism. But his researches are not equal to his great views : he has read up more than a historian should. A first rate writer, he is not a plodder. This must be said, and will be said ; but you understand that such saying would not become this festival, and would come with a bad grace from me."

This letter may serve to introduce a few words on Mommsen's attitude towards this country. Those who knew him personally, had ample proof of his loyalty to his English friends, and of his cordial interest in the researches of British scholars. In particular, he highly appreciated, and was always ready to assist, the work done by such men as Professor W. M. Ramsay, in that department of "learned roving" which he considered to be the one for which our national qualities specially fitted us. He was greatly pleased when the University of Oxford proposed to confer upon him the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law : an offer which only the conditions attached to his own German Doctorate prevented him from accepting. He was still more deeply touched by the present of books given to him by a number of friends and admirers in this country, after the destruction by fire of his own library. Nor did he ever lose his old admiration for England, as the country which, in the first half of the nineteenth century, appeared to him, as she did to German Liberals generally, to represent the cause of intellectual and political freedom, as against Continental despotism. Much of the bitterness which he displayed in recent years, was unquestionably due to the keen sense of disappointment with which he saw us, as he imagined, deserting the old paths, and crossing over to the side of the big battalions. And when his nervous, highly-strung temperament was stirred, his

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fiery penmanship, as fiery in 1900 as it had been fifty years before, swept away all the restraints of prudence and consideration. Of his real convictions, the *Appeal to the English*, printed in the October number of this Review, is evidence ; and, as such, has been cordially welcomed by all Englishmen.

H. F. PELHAM

## THE NEAR EAST : A PLAN

THE nation awakened last autumn to the necessity for action in Macedonia. It is not yet time for it to resume its slumbers. The Austro-Russian scheme contains little promise for the future, for the insurgents have refused to be satisfied with it, rightly believing that it provides no effective guarantee for good government. Winter at present moderates the active struggle, but there is little hope that the lull will last. Sooner or later, possibly as soon as the snows melt, the Powers will have to face a fresh outburst of insurrection and massacre. Then, if the remnant of the Christian population is to be saved, our passive sympathy must be prepared to quicken into action, armed with some definite proposal as a weapon for diplomacy and agitation. Given a knowledge of the proportionate values of the political factors involved, it is not difficult to decide what the general nature of such a proposal should be. The Austro-Russian scheme of November is a useful illustration by way of contrast.

No measure of reform has any chance of adoption or success, unless it fulfils three essential conditions. It must convince the insurgents that it is an effective guarantee of decent government. It must meet the wishes of Russia. It must be acceptable at Yildiz—after a reasonable amount of pressure.

(1) Failure to satisfy the first condition means continued insurrection, with its incidents of massacre, torture, and outrage. The insurgents know well what is the necessary minimum of reform, if life in Macedonia is to become tolerable ; and they will accept no less. The substance of their demand is: some measure of decentralisation, combined with some amount of foreign control over the



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executive. For they are convinced, as every independent enquirer is convinced, that no scheme of reform which does not embody this principle can be a permanent remedy for the abuses of Turkish rule—extortionate taxation, arbitrary punishment, burning, outrage, torture, and murder, at the hands of masters of alien race and creed. All these are the natural fruits of the Turkish system of administration. Theoretically, the Government of Macedonia is a beautiful structure, designed upon approved French models by the Laws of the Vilayets of 1867, 1868, and 1871. The country is divided and subdivided into Vilayets, Sanjaks, Kazas, and Nahies. For each division and subdivision there is, theoretically, a council containing a small representative element, which shares the executive power with the executive officer. Certain officials and ten per cent. of the gendarmerie, must, theoretically, be Christians. Practically, government begins and ends with the Sultan, whose policy it is to centralise all power in his own hands, in order to facilitate his schemes of extortion and repression. The councils have either never met, or are completely insignificant. The appointments of Christian officials have been burlesque; and no Christians have ventured to enter the gendarmerie. Turkish officials constitute the whole executive; and every official of any importance has his private wire, and his secret instructions, from Yildiz. This is the root of all evil. Yildiz and the Stambouli gang control every detail, and direct the actions of inferior and superior alike, generally in a contradictory sense, so that organised government is impossible. Insubordination, espionage, and the promotion of dissensions between race and race, are the machinery of administration. The process is directed from Constantinople; and, amid the confusion, the Sultan rules.

A similar personal and detailed interference by the Sultan in financial matters is a still more fundamental cause of the miseries of Macedonia. The manner in which taxes are collected, by soldiers and zaptiehs (gendarmes) acting for irresponsible farmers, is only the secondary cause of the brutal and illegal extortion which has slowly driven the province to insurrection. The primary cause is the dependence of the provincial exchequers. For, owing to

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the immediate subservience in which Yildiz keeps the defterdars (provincial treasurers) and the whole financial administration, there is no certainty or finality in taxation. Funds are needed for Yildiz, or a blank exchequer-draft, with which a debtor has been paid, is filled in for a Macedonian vilayet. It is useless for the defterdar to protest that his district has already paid its legal contribution; his inferiors have their independent orders, and, if he hesitates to act upon his, will put theirs in force without his permission. So the soldiers go round again; a village or two gets another squeeze; and gradually the people are reduced to a level of poverty from which violence alone can exact more taxes.

Decentralisation is the keystone of the reforms which will be effective to uproot these evils. The essential change is, that the provincial government should be separated in some degree from the central; for, unless the local executive is protected from interference, every reform introduced can be counteracted by influences emanating from Yildiz. Failure to provide for this essential sterilises the last Austro-Russian scheme, as it has sterilised all previous reforms. Under this scheme, the powers given to the assessors and their dragomans are purely advisory: they remain outside the administrative machine, without means of enforcing their recommendations, save by the slow and clumsy process of diplomatic pressure through the ambassadors. The whole executive power is retained in the hands of Turkish officials, who are left unprotected and completely subordinate to Yildiz. The Sultan, in consequence, can have no difficulty in meeting and counteracting every suggestion for reform, as it is made. For, without the co-operation of the officials, the assessors' suggestions, though formally adopted, cannot be put in force; and the officials, from highest to lowest, remain the Sultan's creatures. Under these conditions, the other provisions of the scheme can be no more than pious wishes. The task before the Powers is, not to invent particular measures for alleviating the lot of the Macedonians, but to bring about a state of affairs in which such measures will be enforceable. This can only be done, by interposing an

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independent force, making for good government, as a buffer between the Sultan and the province.

(2) Decentralisation is necessary ; but the necessity of Russian support places a limit to the process. Since the treaty of S. Stefano, Russian policy in the Balkans has changed. Bulgaria has developed a vigorous national existence, and begins to show considerable power of resistance to outside pressure. The object of Russia is, therefore, no longer to strengthen Bulgaria, but rather to maintain the *status quo*. For Russian influence in the Balkans depends upon the benefits Russia has to confer : so that, if Bulgaria obtains the extensions of territory which she desires, that influence must fade. Now the largest and most vigorous part of the population of Macedonia, a Slavonic race of Bulgarian type, has developed a true Nationalist feeling, and begins to look towards Sofia as its racial headquarters. Russia has good reason to fear that, under the influence of this feeling, Macedonia, should the bonds which tie her to the Turkish Empire be materially loosened, would soon follow in the footsteps of Eastern Roumelia. In pursuit of her present policy, therefore, she will probably reject any proposals involving, for Macedonia, partition, independence, or autonomy as complete as that granted to Eastern Roumelia in 1879. To satisfy Russia at the present moment, the decentralising scheme must leave Macedonia stably retained within the Turkish Empire, with no new elements in her administrative system likely to lead to disruption. In view of this last consideration, the scheme must not propose to graft upon Macedonia any system of democratic government. For, east of Vienna, it is the function of the Opposition to conspire ; and the maintainers of the *status quo* fear that, should any real power be entrusted to representative institutions, the disaffected would soon make government impossible, and bring about secession, or their own suppression.

(3) No reform offending against certain susceptibilities of Yildiz could be enforced without a war with Turkey, a possibility which, probably, no Power is at present prepared to face. This is another restraining influence, limiting the possible degree of provincial autonomy. The Sultan will

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yield again and again ; but he will struggle desperately against any measure seriously affecting his prestige with his own people. He fears greatly for his own person ; and he knows that if the national vanity should be outraged, if the Stambouli mob and the 40,000 devout Mussulmans quartered round Yildiz should suspect that they were betrayed to the Giaour, his crown and his life would pay the price. But the Turkish race is a military organisation. Military occupation is the only rule it understands. It cares little about details of administration in the Roumelian provinces ; the salient fact is their occupation by Turkish troops. The result of this outlook upon life is, that the nation will endure, and, consequently, the Sultan will sooner or later peaceably accept, any measure except the withdrawal of the regular forces from Macedonia. Nor is it advisable, for the sake of the Macedonians, that they should be withdrawn, provided that they are collected together from the countryside into the principal towns, especially along the Albanian border. Experience shows that, in garrison, Turkish regulars are well behaved towards the country-people ; and a more powerful force than a newly-enrolled Christian gendarmerie is necessary, to restrain the untameable Albanians on the one side, and the barbarous Pomaks of the Rhodope on the other.

With such conditions and limitations, it is impossible to apply abstract principles to the construction of a reformed administration. The structure must be built up with awkward angles and dangerous arches, adapting itself to the jumble of conflicting interests which have to serve as its foundations. But the skeleton of a scheme possessing all the essential features enumerated above is to be found in the first of Lord Lansdowne's alternative suggestions, amplified by the provisions of the Lebanon Réglement of 1864. The principal features of that Réglement are :—

(a) A Christian Governor, appointed for a term by the Ambassadors of the Powers, as the autocratic head of the executive, irremovable by the Sultan, and the sole channel of communication between him and the Province ;

(b) A representative administrative Council, charged with

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the supervision of finance, and a complete system of representative local self-government (by religious communities);

(c) The following important provision :—

“The Porte reserves the right to raise, through the Governor, annual taxes of from 3,500 to 7,000 bourses, according to circumstances, upon which the expenses of the local administration and public works are to be a first charge. . . . The Imperial Treasury is to provide for any deficit in the accounts of the Local Administration.”

By the adoption of this system, all real power being placed in the hands of a practically independent Governor, the baneful influence of Yildiz would be destroyed. At the same time, experience has shewn that this is no disruptive *régime*; and the retention of Turkish troops in garrison under the Governor's command, would be a further guarantee of stability. Reasons have been given why democratic government in Macedonia would be unacceptable at present in certain quarters. The latter part of the second of the above provisions should, therefore, be replaced by the less democratic system of administration provided by the Laws of the Vilayets, already nominally the law of the land. When the province is cut free from central influence, there is no reason why the machinery instituted by those Laws, with a small increase in the proportion of the representative elements upon the Councils, and a large increase in the number of appointments tenable by Christians, should not provide an effective system for good administration, and a convenient safety-valve for new-born aspirations after self-government. The third provision, when it is combined with the first, is amply sufficient to terminate such financial abuses as those which have been described. The proof of this assertion is that, since 1864, the Lebanon has paid nothing to the Imperial Treasury, but, on the contrary, has been in receipt of an annual subsidy to meet its deficit.

Armed with some such proposals as these, a compromise between conflicting interests, but effective for the central purpose of reform, we should take our place in the Concert of Europe with a good hope of effecting a final settlement of the Macedonian question.

There is good reason to believe, that any Western

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Power, or combination of Western Powers, which would press some further scheme of reform, could, by doing so, force the hand of Austria and Russia. No nation that values its influence in the Balkans can allow itself to be surpassed by another in reforming zeal. Russia must know that her friends in Servia and Bulgaria would fast fall away, were she to dash the hopes which would be raised in those countries, if one or more of the Western Powers were to take a fresh initiative—if, for instance, they were to urge the adoption of the Lebanon constitution as the programme of the Concert. Probably it is only necessary that the suggestion should be made and published, for the Eastern Powers to be driven automatically forward. Perhaps the mere appearance of a strong public opinion in England, in favour of the scheme, would be enough ; for, since 1876, an English public meeting has been an appearance upon the political horizon, anxiously watched for and noted in the Near East.

Recent experience confirms this probability. As soon as Lord Lansdowne's Note was published last October, Austria and Russia, abandoning a position which they had till then declared to be final, at once put themselves on a level with the new forward movement, by adopting one of the two alternatives suggested in the British Note. Russia at the same time made a fresh bid for the leadership among Macedonian benefactors, by subscribing a large sum for relief work.

But, if these expectations should be falsified, and, after the fresh proposal had been made, either Austria or Russia should hang back, still the matter would not end there. The natural consequence in diplomacy of such a state of affairs would be the calling of a Conference, similar to that of 1877, to consider the conflicting opinions—a Conference which, once met, would not separate without effecting some settlement of the question.

England is too sceptical as to her power to aid Macedonia. She can perhaps do more than she hopes, with less trouble than she fears.

E. HILTON YOUNG

## RED HANRAHAN

### I

HANRAHAN, the hedge schoolmaster, that was tall and strong and red-haired, came into the barn where some of the men of the village were sitting on Samhain Eve. It had been a dwelling-house, and when the man that owned it had built a better one, he had put the two rooms together, and kept them for a place where he could store one thing or another. There was a fire on the old hearth, and there were dip candles stuck in bottles, and there was a black quart bottle upon some boards that had been put across two barrels to make a table. Most of the men were sitting beside the fire, and one of them was singing a long wandering song about a Munster man and a Connaught man who were quarrelling about their two provinces. Hanrahan went to the man of the house and said, "I got your message"; but when he had said that he stopped, for an old mountainy man that had a shirt and trousers of unbleached flannel, and that was sitting by himself near the door, was looking at him, and moving an old pack of cards about in his hands, and muttering.

"Don't mind that one," said the man of the house; "he is only some stranger come in awhile ago, and we bade him welcome, it being Samhain night; but I think he is not in his right wits. Listen to him now, and you will hear what he is saying."

They listened then, and they could hear the old man muttering to himself as he turned the cards: "Diamonds and Hearts, courage and pleasure; Spades and Clubs, knowledge and power."

"That is the kind of talk he has been going on with for the last hour," said the man of the house; and Hanrahan turned his eyes from the mountainy man as if he did not like to be looking at him. "I got your message," he said then. "He is in the barn with his three first cousins from Kilchriest," the woman said: "and there are some of the neighbours with them."

"It is my cousin over there is wanting to see you," said the man

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of the house, and he called over a young frieze-coated man, who was listening to the song, and said : "This is Red Hanrahan you have the message for."

"It is a kind message, indeed," said the young man, "for it comes from your sweetheart, Mary Lavelle."

"How would you get a message from her, and what do you know of her?"

"I don't know her indeed, but I was in Loughrea yesterday, and a neighbour of hers that had some dealings with me said she bade him send word to you, if he met any one from this side in the market, that her mother has died from her, and that if you have a mind yet to join with herself, she is willing to keep her word to you."

"I will go to her, indeed," said Hanrahan.

"And she bade you make no delay ; for if she has not a man in the house before the month is out, it is likely the little bit of land will be given to another."

When Hanrahan heard that, he stood up from the bench he had sat down on. "I will make no delay, indeed," he said ; "there is a full moon, and if I get as far as Kilchrist to-night, I will reach to her before the setting of the sun to-morrow."

When the others heard that, some of them began to laugh at him for being in such haste to go to his sweetheart ; and one asked him if he would leave his school in the old lime-kiln, where he was giving the children such good learning. But he said the children would be glad enough in the morning to find the place empty, and no one to keep them at their task ; and as for his school he could set it up again in any place, having, as he had, his little inkpot hanging from his neck by a chain, and his big Virgil and his Primer in the skirt of his coat. Some of them asked him to drink a glass before he went ; and a young man caught hold of his coat and said he must not leave them without singing the song he had made in praise of Venus and of Mary Lavelle. He drank a glass of whisky, but he said he would not stop, but would set out on his journey.

"There's time enough, Red Hanrahan," said the man of the house. "It will be time enough for you to give up sport when you are after your marriage, and it might be a long time before we will see you again."

"I will not stop," said Hanrahan ; "my mind would be on the roads all the time bringing me to the woman that sent for me, and she lonesome and watching till I come."

Some of the others came about him, pressing him that had been such a pleasant comrade, so full of songs and every kind of tricks and fun, not to leave them till the night would be over ; but he refused them all, and shook them off, and went to the door. But,



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as he put his foot over the threshold, the strange old man stood up and put his hand, that was thin and withered like a bird's claw, on Hanrahan's hand, and he said : " It is not Hanrahan, the learned man and the great songmaker, that should go out from a gathering like this, on a Samhain night. And stop here now," he said, " and play a hand with me ; and here is an old pack of cards has done its work many a night before this, and, old as it is, there has been much of the riches of the world lost and won over it." One of the young men said : " It isn't much of the riches of the world has stopped with yourself, old man " ; and he looked at the old man's bare feet, and they all laughed. But Hanrahan did not laugh, but he sat down very quietly, without a word. Then one of them said : " So you will stop with us after all, Hanrahan ? " ; and the old man said : " He will stop indeed ; did you not hear me asking him ? "

They all looked at the old man then, as if wondering where he came from. " It is far I am come," he said, " through France I have gone, and through Spain, and to Loch Greine of the hidden mouth, and none have refused me anything." And then he was silent, and nobody liked to question him ; and they began to play. There were six men at the boards playing, and the others were looking on behind. They played two or three games for nothing, and then the old man took a fourpenny bit, worn very thin and smooth, out from his pocket, and he called to the rest to put something on the game. Then they all put down something on the boards, and, little as it was, it looked much from the way it was shoved from one to another, first one man winning it and then his neighbour. And sometimes the luck would go against a man, and he would have nothing left, and then one or another would lend him something, and he would pay it back again out of his winnings, for neither good nor bad luck stopped long with any one. And once Hanrahan said, like a man would say in a dream : " It is time for me to be going the road " ; but just then a good card came to him, and he played it out, and all the money began to come to him. And once he thought of Mary Lavelle, and he sighed, and that time his luck went from him, and he forgot her again. But at last the luck went to the old man and it stayed with him, and all they had flowed into him, and he began to laugh little laughs to himself, and to sing over and over to himself : " Diamonds and Hearts, courage and pleasure," and so on, as if it was a verse of a song. And after a while any one looking at the men, and seeing the way their bodies were rocking to and fro, and the way they kept their eyes on the old man's hands, would think they had drink taken, or that the whole store they had in the world was put on the cards ; but that was not so, for the quart bottle had not been stirred since

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the game began, and was nearly full yet, and all that was on the game was a few sixpenny-bits and shillings, and maybe a handful of coppers.

"You are good men to win and good men to lose," said the old man, "you have play in your hearts, you have play in your hearts." He began then to shuffle the cards and to mix them, very quick and fast, till at last they could not see them to be cards at all, but you would think him to be making rings of fire in the air, as little lads would make them with whirling a lighted stick; and then it seemed to them that all the room was dark, and they could see nothing but his hands and the cards. And, all in a minute, a hare made a leap out from between his hands, and whether it was one of the cards that took that shape, or whether it was made out of nothing in the palms of his hands, nobody knew; but there it was running on the floor of the barn, as quick as any hare that ever lived. Some looked at the hare, but more kept their eyes on the old man; and, while they were looking at him, a hound made a leap out between his hands, the same way as the hare did, and after that another hound and another, till there was a whole pack of them following the hare round and round the barn. The players were all standing up now, with their backs to the boards, shrinking back from the hounds, and nearly deafened with the great noise of their yelping; but, as quick as the hounds were, they could not overtake the hare, but it went round and round, till at last it seemed as if a blast of wind burst open the barn door, and the hare doubled and made a leap over the boards where the men had been playing, and went out at the door and away through the night, and the hounds over the board and through the door after it. Then the old man called out: "Follow the hounds, follow the hounds, and it is a great hunt you will see to-night"; and he went out after them. But, used as the men were to go hunting after hares, and ready as they were for any sport, they were in dread to go out into the night, and it was only Hanrahan that rose up and that said: "I will follow, I will follow on." "You had best stop here, Hanrahan," the young man that was nearest him said, "for you might be going into some great danger." But Hanrahan said: "I will see fair play, I will see fair play"; and he went stumbling out at the door like a man in a dream, and the door shut after him as he went out.

He thought he saw the old man in front of him, though it was only his own shadow that the full moon cast on the road before him; but he could hear the hounds crying after the hare over the wide green fields of Granagh, and he followed them very fast, for there was nothing to stop him. And after a while he came to smaller fields that had little walls of loose stones around them, and he threw

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the stones down as he crossed them, and did not wait to put them up again, and he passed by the place where the river rises at Ballylee, and he could hear the hounds going before him up towards the head of the river. Soon he found it harder to run, for it was uphill he was going, and clouds came over the moon, and it was not easy for him to see his way ; and once he left the path to make a short cut, but his foot slipped into a boghole and he had to come back to it. And how long he was going he did not know, or what way he went, but at last he was up on the bare mountain, with nothing but the rough heather about him ; and he could neither hear the hounds nor any other thing. But their cry began to come to him again, at first far off and then very near ; and when it came quite close to him it went up all of a sudden into the air, and there was the sound of hunting over his head, and then it went away northward till he could hear nothing more at all. " That's not fair," he said, " that's not fair."

And he could walk no longer ; but sat down on the heather, where he was in the heart of Slieve Echtge. For all the strength had gone from him with the dint of the long journey he had made.

And after a while he took notice that there was a door close to him and a light coming from it ; and he wondered that, so close as it was, he had not seen it before. And he rose up, and, tired as he was, he went in at the door. And although it was night time outside, it was daylight he found within, and presently he met with an old man that had been gathering summer thyme and yellow flag-flowers, and it seemed as if all the sweet smells of the summer were with them, and he said : " It is a long time you have been coming to us, Hanrahan, the learned man and the great songmaker." And with that he brought him into a very big shining house ; and every grand thing Hanrahan had ever heard of, and every colour he had ever seen, were in it. There was a high place at the end of the house, and on it there was sitting in a high chair a woman the most beautiful the world ever saw, having a long pale face and flowers about it ; but she had the tired look of one that had been a long time waiting. And there were sitting, on the step below her chair, four grey old women ; and the one of them was holding a great cauldron in her lap, and another a great stone on her knees, and, heavy as it was, it seemed light to her, and another of them had a very long spear that was made of pointed wood, and the last of them had a sword that was without a scabbard. And Hanrahan stood looking at them all for a long time, but none of them spoke any word to him or looked at him at all. And he had it in his mind to ask who that woman in the chair was, that was like a queen, and what it was she was waiting for ; but, ready as he was with his

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tongue and afraid of no person, he was in dread now to speak to so beautiful a woman and in so grand a place. And then he thought to ask what were the four things the four grey old women were holding like great treasures ; but he could not think of the right words to bring out. And then the first of the old women rose up, holding the cauldron between her two hands, and she said : "Pleasure" ; and Hanrahan said no word. And then the second old woman rose up with the stone in her hands, and she said : "Power" ; and the third old woman rose up with the spear in her hand, and she said : "Courage" ; and the last of the old women rose up, having the sword in her hands, and she said : "Knowledge." And everyone, after she had spoken, waited as if for Hanrahan to question her ; but he said nothing at all. And then the four old women went out of the door, taking their four treasures with them ; and, as they went out, one of them said : "He has no wish for us" ; and another said : "He is weak, he is weak" ; and another said : "He is afraid" ; and the last said : "His wits are gone from him." And then they all said : "Echtge, daughter of the Silver Hand, must stay in her sleep. It is a pity, it is a great pity." And then the woman that was like a queen gave a very sad sigh, and it seemed to Hanrahan as if the sigh had the sound in it of hidden streams ; and if the place he was in had been ten times grander and more shining than it was, he could not have hindered sleep from coming on him, and he staggered like a drunken man, and lay down there and then.

When Hanrahan awoke, the sun was shining on his face, but there was white frost on the ground around him, and there was ice on the edge of the stream he was lying by, and that was the same that runs through Daire-caol and Druim-da-rod. He knew, by the shape of the hills, and by the shining of Loch Greine in the distance, that he was upon one of the hills of Slieve Echtge ; but he was not sure how he came there, for all that had happened in the barn had gone from him, and all of his journey but the soreness of his feet and the stiffness in his bones.

## II

It was a year after that, there were men of the village of Cap-paghtagle sitting by the fire in a house by the roadside, and Red Hanrahan, that was now very thin and worn, and his hair very long and wild, came to the half-door, and asked leave to come in and rest himself ; and they bid him welcome because it was Samhain night. He sat down with them, and they gave him a glass of whisky out of a quart bottle, and they saw the little inkpot hanging about his neck,

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and knew he was a scholar, and asked for stories about the Greeks. He took the Virgil out of the big pocket of his coat, but the cover was very black and swollen with the wet, and the page when he opened it was very yellow. But that was no great matter, for he looked at it like a man that had never learned to read. Some young man that was there began to laugh at him then, and to ask why did he carry so heavy a book with him when he was not able to read it. It vexed Hanrahan to hear that, and he put the Virgil back in his pocket, and asked if they had a pack of cards among them, for cards were better than books. When they brought out the cards, he took them and began to shuffle them ; and, while he was doing that, something seemed to come into his mind, and he put his hand over his face like one that is trying to remember, and he said : "Was I ever here before, or where was I on a night like this?" And then of a sudden he stood up, and let the cards fall to the floor, and he said : "Who was it brought me a message from Mary Lavelle?" "We never saw you before now, and we never heard of Mary Lavelle," said the man of the house. "And who is she?" he said, "and what is it you are talking about?"

"It was this night a year ago, I was in a barn, and there were men playing cards, and there was money on the table, they were pushing it from one to another here and there . . . and I got a message, and I was going out the door to look for my sweetheart that wanted me, Mary Lavelle . . ." And then Hanrahan called out very loud : "Where have I been since then? Where was I for the whole year?"

"It is hard to say where you might have been in that time," said the oldest of the men, "or what part of the world you may have travelled ; and it is like enough you have the dust of many roads on your feet. For there are many go wandering and forgetting like that," he said, "when once they have been given the touch."

"That is true," said another of the men. "I knew a woman went wandering like that through the length of seven years. She came back after, and she told her friends she had often been glad enough to eat the food that was put in the pig's trough. And it is best for you to go to the priest now," he said, "and let him take off you whatever may have been put upon you."

"It is to my sweetheart I will go, to Mary Lavelle," said Hanrahan ; "it is too long I have delayed ; how do I know what might have happened her in the length of a year?"

He was going out of the door then, but they all told him it was best for him to stop the night, and to get strength for the journey ; and indeed he wanted that, for he was very weak ; and

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when they gave him food, he eat it like a man that had never seen food before, and one of them said : "He is eating as if he had been treading on the hungry-grass."

It was in the white light of the morning he set out, and the time seemed long to him till he could get to Mary Lavelle's house. But when he got to it he found the door broken, and the thatch dropping from the roof, and no living person to be seen. And, when he asked the neighbours what had happened her, all they could say was that she had been put out of the house, and had married some labouring man, and they had gone away looking for work to London, or Liverpool, or some big place. And whether she found a worse place or a better he never knew, but anyway he never met with her or with news of her again.

W. B. YEATS

## MR. BURDEN

### CHAPTER III

**T**HE M'Korio Delta lies, as its name suggests, at the mouth of the M'Korio river. This protracted and beneficent stream was first seen on the 10th July, 1863, by the noble-hearted Garry, who, coming across it in the rainy season, and mistaking the character of the waterway, christened it "Lake Coburg." He crossed it, and pursued his way without discovering his error.

It was next visited (unless we accept the very doubtful story of Van Arlst two years before) by the intrepid Matherson in 1867. Matherson had the misfortune to cross it in the middle of the dry season, and was wholly unaware of its importance. On his historic map, which is still preserved by the Royal Geographical Society in Burlington Gardens, the spot is marked with the words—"pools here"; and there is a marginal reference to a carrier, recently converted to Christianity, but devoured in this neighbourhood by a crocodile.

After this unhappy event, several travellers appeared in succession in the M'Korio valley, and completed the work of discovery. Each entered after incredible exertions through the Kuru gorge; each descended the river to its mouth, bearing his life in his hands; and each published a book upon his return to England. Bayley Pasha in 1876, the indomitable Higgs in the same year, poor Lord Charles Hampton in 1878—79, and "Hell or Glory" Powell, in 1880, achieved the exploration of the country. These, together with a few doubtful continental claimants to similar honours, were the Pioneers. Sir Henry Jeorz signed the first treaty with the Noyo of Naya in 1882, thereby overriding the previous arrangement which that potentate had made with some German adventurer. Next year a similar footing was obtained in the town of Saràka and the surrounding district by the genius of Captain Ronald, who deposed and exiled the Alemami, forbade polygamy, put down the slave trade with a rigorous hand, publicly burnt the Sacred Umbrella,

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and was on the point of executing a Belgian botanist, when news of him reached England, and he was suddenly recalled by the Secretary of State for War, a personal friend who had long mourned him as dead.

Ronald was given an excellent post, and has since enjoyed all that public repute and a wealthy marriage can afford ; but the error of his recall was the beginning of a series of official blunders, which all but forfeited the fruit of so much private heroism.

So long as Mr. Gladstone continued by his marvellous personal influence to concentrate English opinion upon parochial matters, the valley of the M'Korio remained upon the map as British territory ; it was taken by our neighbours and rivals to be in some vague way attached to the British Empire, the Portuguese claim to the settlement at the mouth of the river was tamely submitted to arbitration, upheld, and finally bought out for the monstrous sum of eighty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-six pounds. A few stations scattered along the eleven hundred miles of the stream, each occupied by a mere handful of troops,—these and the missionary enterprise peculiar to our race alone maintained the prestige of Great Britain.

With the great national movement of 1886, this dangerous and unworthy state of affairs came to an end. A Government which comprehended the meaning of the word Imperial proceeded to the partition of Africa. So far as the M'Korio was concerned, that partition was marked by a majestic simplicity. The whole of the right bank was recognised as falling within the sphere of influence of the French, with whose acknowledged possessions in Africa these districts ultimately merged. The whole of the left bank, right up-country as far as the Cameroons, was similarly adjudged to Germany. We retained for our portion no useless shadowy sovereignty over the immense spaces of the interior, but the solid and tangible possession of the Delta, and the coast provinces upon either side. The future may yet show that we there established our power over one of the most valuable territories of the earth.

This Delta has a frontage upon the sea of some 145 miles. It is contained between two main branches of the river, which meet at a distance of about ninety miles from the coast ; but, as is nearly always the case in such formations, the M'Korio finds its way to the ocean by a very great number of smaller channels.

By no means the whole of this triangular space is permanently under water. There are several considerable islands of firm earth, sufficient to afford sustenance to a sparse but combative tribe, which is split up into some five or six distinct families, but is known to the surrounding natives under the collective name of the "Yaba."



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The reduction of these, our fellow citizens, "half devil and half child," would probably have proved too heavy a task for any troops save those who had been trained in our own magnificent and permanent school of colonial warfare. As it was, a short campaign sufficed to establish that *Pax* which the commander in his despatches magnificently termed *Britannica*. Before the month of December, 1887, the army was able to re-embark upon the *Princess Beatrice*; its task was accomplished.

The rising of 1888 was more difficult to deal with, and that of 1889 (which may be regarded as one with the disturbances of 1890) put the local resources of our power to a very severe strain. Three officers, seven white non-commissioned officers, and no less than 120 native troops perished of fever before order could be finally restored.

The rebellion of 1891 was a small matter, purposely exaggerated by an unpatriotic Opposition, and by the jealousy or ignorance of the Continental Press; indeed for three full years no military operations were necessary, and even the armed disaffection which appeared in 1894, could hardly be dignified with the name of a rising, while the obscure movement of 1897, of which we heard so much in this country, appears to have been little more than an outbreak of inter-tribal skirmishing, which it was our easy duty to suppress.

The general upheaval which began in January, 1900, was a far more serious matter. The temporary difficulties which we were then experiencing in the south of the African Continent were not without their re-echo in the central north, and, ludicrous as it seems, the Yaba may have thought, in company with more serious competitors, that a term had come to our national mission. They were undeceived. Difficult as it was to spare men, a sharp campaign, lasting into the first months of 1901, and unfortunately neglected in the noise of greater events, finally pacified the country. At the same moment the Delta was formally annexed, and a Governor appointed.

With the rebellion of 1902 it is not my purpose to deal. The event is too near us in time to permit of a judicial estimate, and, moreover, the events with which this chronicle has to deal date from an accident prior to this last campaign. That accident was the presence upon this coast of Mr. I. Z. Barnett.

It is time that I presented to my readers a clearer picture of the remarkable man with whom so much of these pages is concerned.

It may seem an impertinence in me to do so. His name is familiar enough to the whole world for such a description to seem superfluous. It must be remembered, however, that I have

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frequently come into personal contact with his genius, that he was for some months the financial guide of the dear friend whose record I desire to establish, and that he would—had that friend's weakness permitted it—have remained his guide to the end. Indeed the just description of this great Builder of Empires is a duty which I owe, not only to the memory of Mr. Burden, but to Mr. Barnett himself; he has furnished me with many of the materials of this work, and he will be the first, not only to endorse, but to applaud my confidences.

Mr. Barnett's offices in Broad Street are well known to every one in the City. Under the name of the M'Korio Delta Development Co. they are, as Mr. Barnett has himself admirably put it in the *Brittanic Review*, "a household word." They occupy, of course, Nos. 73, 75, 77, 79, and 81, of Golden Square House. It is not so generally known that, under the business of the "British and Levantine," they stretch over Nos. 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, and 99, of the same building. Five rooms of the ground floor (under the name of "Bury & Co.") and a considerable part of the basement devoted to the Twentieth Century Wine Company, are in the same hands.

But this position was not immediately reached. The brain and the manhood which were capable of such an achievement merit a brief biography, were it only to show by what virtues of steadfastness and application our country has come to stand where she does.

Mr. Barnett was born at Frankfurt-on-Main somewhere between June, 1840, and March, 1845. In youth he must have been strikingly handsome. A photograph taken at Mayence in 1863 shows us a mass of dark, crisp hair, long and luminous eyes, betraying a singular depth and power, full and somewhat sensuous lips, comprising between them a mouth of immense tenacity, a broad high forehead of a startling paleness, and a nose of that firm arched type which is invariably associated with organising ability and dominant precision. The great mass of the cheeks appears to betray some strong potentiality for emotion; but it is especially the attitude of the whole figure that indicates the mind within.

The young man is shown supported by a small pilaster in the German manner of the period. The right hand is thrust negligently into the pocket of the trousers, the left grasps in fingers of a certain obesity a book which we believe to be an English Bible. . . . But there is something else . . . something which a written description can hardly convey, but which carries one away as one gazes at the magnificent coloured enlargement which hangs to-day in the hall of Mr. Barnett's house in Pont Street. . . . It is

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an impression, a conviction rather, that this man is in some inscrutable way linked with the fate of England. Such an assertion in cold print means little : made in the presence of the man or his emblem, it has the force of prophecy.

To-day the figure and the face are changed. Forty years do not pass without leaving their mark, even upon the captains of our strenuous epoch. An increasing stoutness—the hereditary enemy of his family—has affected the gait and figure of Mr. I. Z. Barnett. His once luxuriant black curls are fallen. His head is surrounded by a short ring of reverend grey hairs : still crisp however, and still admirably barbered. The clean shaven face of the Mayence photograph now boasts the whiskers of later middle age, that meet above the mouth in a manner luxuriant, but quaintly foreign still. The chin is heavier and more rumpled, and the whole face softer and more drooping. Failing eyesight, coupled with a keen sensitiveness as to his dignity, has compelled Mr. Barnett to the use of plain gold eye-glasses held by a single tape. These, with a couple of rings upon the left hand, a heavy signet, a bunch of curious old family seals at his watch-chain, some large onyx pin or other, a well chosen stud, and two cuff-links of Russian opals, comprise the whole of his ornament. In dress, however, he is careful and even scrupulous : a habit that goes with the excessive personal respect which is his only, and a most forgivable, weakness. In colour he has affected the maroon : in pattern a quiet check ; and he is careful to hide the ungainly join between the trouser and the boot by a pair of snowy spats. Gloves he rarely wears. His hat is modish.

His philosophy and manner are perhaps of greater import. Himself an agnostic, he has ever extended his religious sympathies beyond the narrow boundary of creed. His outlook is frank, and, if tedious at times, yet always genial and always helpful in intention. His deeper conviction is best shown by the expression he invariably uses upon completing the complicated formulæ of some legal document. "My word," he will say upon such occasions, "is as good as my bond." At some considerable distance one would have recognised the man who had succeeded and who had deserved success.

But that success had not come easily. Indeed, until the last magnificent piece of daring upon the M'Korio, it could not be said to have come permanently at all.

His birth was a continual drawback ; the change of name necessary to his career in England was another ; the slight accent which he retained throughout his career, a third. We are a conservative, a jealous people ; and it is with difficulty that we will admit

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the genius of an alien, even when that genius flatters or would enrich us.

That Mr. Barnett should suffer from such a prejudice, was in his case a peculiar hardship. His mother, the daughter of an Englishman settled in Lisbon, was related in some way to Admiral Hutton. His father, though technically a German, was one to whom our fullest sympathy should extend. A patriot and idealist of the noblest type, he saw in the occupation of Frankfort in 1866 the advent at once of militarism and of foreign rule. He determined to abandon a town still dear to him, but intolerable since it supported an oppressor. Too just, however, to enforce this decision upon his two sons, he gave them the choice : he that remained should continue the business, subject to a half-charge upon all discount and advances, the other might accompany him to Freedom and to England. David elected, with reluctance, to accept the Prussian domination ; Mr. I. Z. Barnett, the younger son, departed with his father to this country, to the no small delight of his mother, who intended, if possible, upon their arrival, to renew the family ties with Admiral Hutton.

This legitimate purpose she did not live to fulfil. She died soon after her establishment in London, and her husband did not long survive her.

Mr. Barnett has often pointed out to me the little room in the Adelphi where began his long and difficult struggle with fortune. He spent little, he lived laboriously ; within ten years he had accumulated sufficient capital to devise and launch the Haymarket Bank. The scheme of this strong adventure, risked by a comparatively poor man, yet in the early thirties, should be enough to stamp the genius of its creator. The Bank depended upon a principle which, had it but proved successful, would have revolutionised the financial world. All depositors were paid interest yearly upon the average of their current accounts at the rate of eight per cent. At first it was difficult to persuade a public wedded, wherever money was concerned, to formal routine ; but when, at the end of the first year, the eight per cent. was duly paid (for Mr. Barnett would accept no more than his original capital could meet) timidity gave place to enthusiasm. For eighteen months the institution increased as though by magic ; if ever the ordinary operations of the bank failed, on occasion, to earn the stipulated interest, fresh depositors could always be depended on to furnish funds necessary for a temporary advance.

No limit threatened the expansion of the business, till a venomous article, inspired perhaps wholly by political hatred, suggested that the interest already paid could only come out of the new deposits daily furnished to the concern. A pause followed this abominable insinuation (the scoundrel had not the courage to set it down for a

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fact), and, within twenty-four hours, the Haymarket Bank was ruined.

Had Mr. Barnett alone suffered by this underhand attack, he would have felt it less ; he was still a young man, and might retrieve his own fortunes. But the thought of decent middle-class ladies, of poor and struggling clergymen, ruined, not through his fault, but because they had trusted too thoroughly in him, was more than he could bear. I have often heard him speak of those painful days, and he has never failed to point out that the same hands which wantonly destroyed the Haymarket Bank are responsible for the pestilent Little-Englandism which would (if it could) drag him down from the great place he holds to-day. The same spite that blasted the high promise of his ambitions in pure finance, would—had it the power—wither that climax of applied finance which is but another word for Imperial Endeavour ; but the M'Korio Delta and all it means are now beyond the power of such enemies.

For years Mr. Barnett lay silent and obscure under the stigma of this failure. He visited Vienna, Constantinople, and Calcutta ; he was concerned with the Anatolian Railway extension ; it failed, and he again withdrew. Passing through Cairo, he enjoyed the simple hospitality of the devout Harburys, and learnt in that secluded household a peace he had not yet known. He attached the younger Harbury to himself, and set out with a higher heart to retrieve his fortunes. He was instrumental in procuring a very necessary sum of money for the Vidame de Valognes : that nobleman, with the careless generosity of his rank, disbursed a considerable portion of his new found wealth upon a yacht, wherein, overcoming a senseless and unchristian repugnance, he took his benefactor for a short cruise upon the African coast.

It was in these circumstances that Mr. I. Z. Barnett, a few short years since, first set eyes upon the land he was to render famous.

They were anchored off the western mouth of the M'Korio. The morning was intensely hot, without a breath of wind. The trees that marked the swampy edge of the Delta shimmered in a kind of mirage, and, to the left, on the high land some three miles away, a few white dots marked the settlement and the Governor's house.

How often has not Mr. Barnett told the story ! His idle curiosity, the two days' shooting his host and he took in the marshes, the slight fever, the British flag at morning, and then suddenly, an inspiration wholly new, the vision of what this place was to be !

The yacht was welcome to sail without him—he was closeted day after day with officials, with such travellers as were waiting for

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the English mail ; he travelled ; in a fashion he surveyed ; he even obtained an interview with the Governor, who, sceptical as he was, has recently admitted how impressed he was with the enthusiasm of this strange man. He was convinced—he knew not how, it was a kind of faith—he was convinced of the presence of gold. He saw, in a vision, the banks dyked, the marshes drained, a province immensely fertile, teeming with wealth, standing at the door of the vast M’Korio valley, the very key of Africa : and all that for England !

He stayed as long as his health would permit, with Harbury, meeting the native chiefs, questioning old hunters, obtaining options, and using such legitimate influence as lay in his power with the local telegraph agents. Almost bereft of capital, he yet secured some few concessions (for they were thought worthless) ; he so disposed them that their sites commanded the rest. Above all, he learnt that the paltry trade of the place, its reputation in the City, and in some sense its economic future, were in the hands of two men, two friends, a shipowner and an importer of hardware. He learnt that of all men they were most contemptuous of the M’Korio, that the shipowner was thought to know it more thoroughly than any other man, and was not to be persuaded of its destiny. That the merchant, who had never visited it, had for years driven so weak a trade as to give him the smallest opinion of its chances ; that they were both old men, hard in routine, and difficult. He learnt their names. The shipowner was a Mr. Abbott, the name of Mr. Abbott’s friend, the hardware merchant, was Burden.

He learnt that without them nothing could be done : this he learnt thoroughly.

He returned to England, and for one year after another he perfected his plans.

I trust I shall not be found to intrude upon the plan of this simple story, if I admit here a moral consideration which affects me most powerfully as I approach the entry of my friend, Mr. Burden, upon the scene of the M’Korio.

Those who will deny the working of a conscious Providence in human affairs, are led into their errors through an inability to grasp the complexity of the world around them. They would have each good deed immediately rewarded, and rewarded after its own kind ; they would have every evil punished in some direct and manifest way, forgetting that such a punishment would not complete the episode, but would itself originate a chain of further effects.

It is not thus that immanent Justice informs and balances the lives of men.

But if we observe a group of human activities for any length of

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time, we discover a network of reactions in which is soon manifest an astonishing unity of design. This charity, that heroism will bear, far off and in some wholly unexpected portion of the scheme, a fruit which is also its compensation ; such and such a piece of cruelty or weakness, seemingly unrequited, may be traced through a succession of consequences, ever creating of itself its own retribution, until at last it has paid, just where the payment was most needed, the full debt incurred to whatever governs the world.

This novel and illuminating thought, for which I am indebted to Dr. M'Manus's *Persecution of the Irish Protestants*, has thrown a religious light over all the chief experiences of my life. The learned divine exemplifies his philosophy by references to James II. and the history of his own romantic Belfast. I prove its truth by a consideration of the only considerable political movement with which I have been brought into touch—I mean the Development of the M'Korio Delta.

Mr. Barnett, meeting Mr. Harbury years ago in his father's quiet Oriental vicarage, had recognised his talents, and had attached him to his fortunes. It was an accident, but an accident of kindness.

Mr. Burden, my friend, acquired long ago, with little thought of gain, the control of such small trade as could be driven with the naked and debased aborigines of a fetid African river. It barely affected the considerable profits of his business ; he gave it little thought. It was an accident, but that accident had in it a vein, however slight, of patriotic motive, destined in time to yield, even in this life, a thousandfold.

Mrs. Burden had ever desired that Cosmo should be sent to the university. Before his fifth birthday, she had discovered in her child aptitudes of no common order. His father had nourished a secret design to put him at once from school into the business ; during his wife's last illness he abandoned his own will, and promised her that the boy should enjoy the advantages she implored. That also was an active, if a slight, example of self-denial and of love.

Lastly, and most especially, Mr. Harbury, by one fine act of enlightened good nature, had bound in gratitude the reserved and somewhat difficult affections of the lad upon whom so much depended.

For observe how great an issue lay in these little things. What man, save Mr. Barnett, had understood, or could understand, the full meaning of the M'Korio ? What chances had any vision of his against the opposition of all that limited, moneyed, hard "good sense" with which Mr. Burden despised the wealth latent in his own field of action ? And Mr. Burden's voice in this matter would certainly lead the City. What ambassador could have been

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found to persuade a merchant of Mr. Burden's kind that there underlay the future of a great province, in a character which could not but have affected him as alien, and perhaps as repulsive?

Cosmo alone could bridge that gulf. His lethargy, if I may use the term, would have proved an insuperable obstacle, and all that he had heard from his young associates of "honour" would have confused his judgment, had not that closer tie been created in a few predestined hours by Mr. Harbury's trained, courteous, and ready heart.

Each of us to-day, in whatever way we have intermixed with that Imperial adventure as shareholders or plain citizens; as preachers, journalists, or perhaps in some sweet womanly way; every soldier who has returned without stain from the Delta; every administrator of every grade, nay, every private secretary to every salaried official upon the M'Korio, owes something to that half-hour, when so considerable a sum as £1,250 was lent without any kind of fee or troublesome inquiry, at a nominal rate of fifteen per cent., to rescue a fellow being from unrest.

How truly does not "E. M. G." put it, in a verse the sense of which I shall always retain, though many of its words escape me:—

*Let others . . . . .  
. . . . . or play the meaner part ;  
But the little seed of one good deed  
Can . . . . .*

I remember no more than the last word, which is "*heart*."

## CHAPTER IV

In every tragedy connected with old age, the hardening which is the curse of age appears.

Mr. Burden at this moment presented a picture which is the more vivid in my memory from the suddenness with which it was extinguished. I desire to describe him as accurately as I may, for the sake of that posterity which must learn, not only what his virtues were, but also in what way, and through what weakness, he failed upon the chief occasion of his life. It is a lesson of the highest moment.

Tall, erect, somewhat pompous, but withal very active in his carriage, he carried all the remains of a strong manhood. Of his face I can only say, that it was typical of his class : square, with a large firm mouth kept closely shut, and carrying, from long habit, an



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affectation of purpose and determination which was far from the habitual tenour of his mind. His hair was quite white but abundant, he parted it with care upon the left side, and brushed it up clear from his forehead, as befitted his sure sense of what was manly in such things. His eyebrows were contracted into a slight mechanical frown, acquired perhaps in the habit of attention, but certainly expressing no anxiety, nor even any particular keenness in bargaining. His hands were remarkably steadfast, his gestures firm and sure. I have heard it said, with a colonial exaggeration, that to see him open his umbrella was to comprehend England from the Reform Bill to Home Rule. The young gentleman who composed this facile epigram, a student with a nasal accent and weak in every organ, was born and bred in Port Elizabeth, to which distant centre of African loyalty he has returned. Let me forget him, and continue the description of my friend.

Mr. Burden's eyes, of a pale grey, were alight with so singular an honesty as to border upon ignorance of the world. He had, perhaps, never in his life deceived a human being. His business, founded upon ample capital, demanding no credit, existing as a wholesale resource for the trade, and independent of advertisement, never required of him to lie, to cheat, to gamble, or to destroy another's wealth. Its expansion had been automatic; if his success had raised in him any evil, it was certainly nothing worse than a slight tincture of pride.

Of his patriotism I fear to speak, lest I should destroy by too violent a praise the impression I desire to produce. It was abundant, it was like a perennial spring; it was the deepest thing in the man. I am certain that, had England been in danger, he would cheerfully have sacrificed his fortune. He had known nothing but his country, his very religion was in some odd way muddled up with her vices, her spirit: the peculiar beauties of her landscapes, the less obvious effects of her towns. Indeed he would have died for her. . . perhaps in a sense he *did* die for her. . . his name, manner and habit of life seemed to me, who knew him, to be always England, England.

With all this there was a failing, which neither I nor even those who were in more daily intimacy with him, could hope to eradicate. The national life, to which he was so deeply attached, had stood still with him for many years.

Let me not be misunderstood. He had followed with a certain eagerness the development of England and of the Empire. He was an assiduous reader of *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Gleam*, *The Orb*, *The Globe*, *The Times*, and *The Meteor*; he received *The Spectator*, *The Economist*, *The Doctrinaire*, upon every Saturday morning, and occasionally looked at them; and, when he went abroad, as was his custom, during the month of August, he was careful to make such

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arrangements as caused these standard organs of opinion to reach him not later than the following Tuesday.

The mere facts, therefore, he knew. He was gratified, and occasionally enthusiastic, over the expansion of our dominion. He had a grasp of the various stages by which the jealousy of foreign nations had been stilled, and their competition annulled. He had appreciated in latter years the decline of English commerce, the ruin of our agriculture, and the upbuilding of a Greater Britain beyond the seas.

All the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race he had seen as clearly as the humblest clerk ; he had received it with as religious an emotion as had the poorest and most vulgar of our electorate.

Nevertheless, all this had been for him but a pageant. He had never comprehended the great change in the method of thought, which this new fact in the life of the world involved. He was like a man who, hearing of this or that catastrophe, of this or that triumph, suffers and glories as in a thing apart : a thing read, or seen upon the stage. He never really got it into his mind that *he* was an actor in the drama ; that *he*, as a citizen, was making the new world.

It is a paradox, but a paradox ever present in our contemporary life ; we owe to it the extreme reluctance with which each new and necessary idea is accepted by a people born, after all, to Empire. It is in our blood.

Mr. Burden's dissociation from the underlying philosophy or his time went deeper still. He would have maintained, in a kind of abstract way, that the connection between finance and politics was dangerous—it is difficult to say whether he saw that it was necessary. At any rate he dreaded and avoided that necessity. He would have admitted that a Cabinet drawn from the ranks of rich men was a purer and better government than one formed upon the less stable models of democratic notions ; but, in some vague way, he must have thought of their wealth as exclusively territorial, for he would not only have expressed, but would have felt, a very genuine horror at hearing that a Cabinet minister had held, or had been given, such and such shares in a company connected with our Imperial development.

When he was asked, as I once asked him, how a man could be rich and not mixed up with the principal source of modern wealth in England, he met me with a simple affirmation : he said, that any one in office should sell whatever shares he had possessed in such concerns. He refused to follow the logical consequences of his creed.

It was precisely upon this point that a greater, though perhaps not a more lovable mind, a mind more necessary to England,

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though not perhaps more English, found the principal difficulty of contact. Mr. Barnett knew that the M'Korio Delta was the touchstone of the future of England. I do not pretend that his only motive lay there. His motives were largely economic. But, at any rate, the fulfilment of his own legitimate ambition demanded that he should persuade English opinion of what the M'Korio Delta was.

As I have repeatedly pointed out, there was not at that time in the City any name whose influence would have a more immediate effect towards converting the investor than that of Mr. Burden; and yet every avenue of Mr. Burden's mind was closed to such methods of approach as Mr. Barnett comprehended. He could not offer shares; and that sharp imaginative power which would have turned the present condition of the M'Korio Delta into the great province that it must be in the future, he knew that Mr. Burden did not and could not possess.

The very circumstances by which Mr. Burden came to be the sole arbiter (as it were) of the English M'Korian trade, made Mr. Barnett's approach the more difficult.

Charles Abbott, who by a curious anachronism remains to this day the chief proprietor of the Abbott Line of steamers, had (and has) about him something of the explosive radicalism which was often to be discovered in the older sort of English officials and business men—the men who helped, in their unconscious way, to build that which we now direct to such astounding destinies. For the new Empire he had a shallow, but a curiously robust contempt. He loved things as he had seen them—as they were; for dreams, for anticipations, he had as profound a contempt as for debt. He had never owed any man a farthing; he had never done business with the future. In feature he was red and a little over-eager, in gestures abrupt and strong; but his violence was balanced by a deep and powerful voice which possessed a strange power of persuasion, especially over men less hearty than himself.

Such a man had not founded his fleet of ships to deal with niggers. He had developed it upon the South American trade. A Government subsidy had persuaded him to touch once a month at the M'Korio. He had travelled there once in person, and had carried away nothing but an added contempt for the policy that could deal with such things. Through this unsympathetic channel had Mr. Burden been introduced to the Delta.

Mr. Abbott, though ten years Mr. Burden's junior, had been, almost from boyhood, his most intimate friend; it was an intimacy born of perpetual daily association, meals in common, and a long life spent with few other opportunities for expansion than that afforded by each other's society. When he returned to Europe, he

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suggested to Mr. Burden—with no great enthusiasm—that there was some little dealing to be had with the aborigines of that marsh, in goods of the sort that Mr. Burden handled. Iron rings, of a sort known to the trade as “Large Nines,” were in that district not only a rarity, but an object of political necessity. Long the symbol of authority upon the heads of the chiefs, they had been manufactured with infinite pains, or imported at considerable expense from the neighbouring Sultanate of Botu. Our excellent English article, cheaper, more reliable, and more accurately made, soon settled the competition of these rivals. It was impossible, indeed, to accept in exchange the valuable slaves which had formerly found their way to the Sultanate; but considerable quantities of ivory were obtainable for many years in exchange for a gross of these goods, and Mr. Burden had the advantage, not only of securing such a profit as was due to his initiative and skill, but of knowing that, indirectly through his efforts, the slave trade had dwindled in a part of Africa where it had seemed inseparable from the soil.

It was not to be expected that this state of things should last for ever. Oligarchic as was the nature of M’Korian society, the number of chiefs was limited; and a religious awe forbade the possession by any one of more than a certain number of these sacred symbols. Moreover, a German firm, whose name escapes me, had so far interfered with the old monopoly, as to offer the rings at a price which made it difficult for the original trade to subsist in English hands. But Mr. Burden’s profits were soon supplemented from other sources. Guns, of a simple sort, and a kind of sword, were introduced, and (a very remarkable example of the ingenuity of a client in Birmingham) fine chain armour replaced the leathern jackets which the natives of the Protectorate had hitherto worn in battle.

But, though Mr. Burden had become the sole importer, though his advice and that of Mr. Abbott often controlled the decision of the Government in the local affairs of the M’Korio, and though his name was attached to all the few traditions of the settlement, yet the trade was very small, and, such as it was, it was dwindling. In Mr. Burden’s considerable business, the total of this petty offshoot did not amount to one-twentieth at the most, it rarely represented a profit of £400—more commonly less than £300 in a year; and thus, to his natural compliance with Charles Abbott’s judgment, was added a personal experience which made of the Delta something mean and paltry in his imagination.

Nevertheless, as this relation will show, Mr. Burden’s view was shaken and broken down—at last, of course, by the intervention of Cosmo. That intervention, necessary as it was in its moment, would

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not alone have sufficed, though without it nothing could finally have been done.

The ground had first to be prepared for the whole public, and for Mr. Burden as a part of that public ; and the instrument of this preparation was the power which—a full year before he had met Mr. Burden's son—Mr. Barnett had begun to exercise over the Press.

There is a kind of rash political indignation which we all come across, and to which some of us are attracted. There are men who hate the successful or the rich, but whose hatred is not quite dishonest, though it is wildly unjust. They see conspiracies upon every side ; they scowl at every new fortune ; but they do so in good faith, for they are haunted by a nightmare of Cosmopolitan Finance, pitiless, destructive of all national ideals, obscene, and eating out the heart of our European tradition. I need hardly say, that this kind of hatred was roused against Mr. Barnett, and gained an especial strength from the attitude which the great papers took towards what was known to be his scheme—and yet at that moment Mr. Barnett, had the world known it, was comparatively poor. He had not, certainly, a free capital of ten thousand pounds, beyond what was locked up in his various properties and adventures.

The particular charge made against Mr. Barnett was that he had “bought the Press”—or at least the London Press. Of general and vaguer charges there were many, but they are incapable of proof, and I shall not concern myself with them. With his relations towards the Press I am well acquainted, and, though it is not my business to defend Mr. Barnett, yet I am so convinced that this kind of indignation proceeds only from ignorance of the machinery of the modern world, that it is incumbent upon me to show quite clearly how false the accusation was.

The men who made it (a salutary fear of the law of libel forbade them as a rule to put it into print), the men who made it, I say, had no other ground than this : they saw that the M'Korio Delta was in the air ; they heard the name upon every side ; they knew that Mr. Barnett would necessarily grow rich upon its development ; they saw the Press almost unanimous in its demand for that development ; and they jumped to the false conclusion which I have indicated, because their vision had been warped by an uncontrolled and ill-balanced anger against social inequality.

Mr. Barnett had not bought the Press ; the Press is not to be bought. That Mr. Barnett had an influence with the Press, and a legitimate influence, I will not deny ; but, when I have described that influence, I think my thesis will be proved.

Let us consider first what papers Mr. Barnett owned. Here is

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the list. He was proprietor of *Baby's Lisplings*, *Boy's Chatter*, *The Young Girl*, and *The English Country Side*. For some months, in the interval between the bankruptcy of Sir Charles Binsted and the formation of the Agricultural Union, he had also been proprietor of the *Farmer's Friend*. It is incredible that he should have made such purchases with any object of hoodwinking public opinion. He could only have made them as an investment. The very names of the papers are sufficient proof of this.

Beyond these he was proprietor of *The Chelsea Review*. *The Chelsea Review* was a losing property ; he had been compelled to assume direction of it in payment of a debt, and he was occupied, at the date of which I speak, in building it up into something of its former importance. He was also part owner, but only part owner, of the rival *Holborn Review* ; and the editor, who had been for some time his private secretary, has assured me that Mr. Barnett's name was hardly mentioned in the office. I am confident that he took no interest whatsoever in the *Holborn Review*, save as a financial venture. My readers have but to turn to a file, to see that arguments upon both sides were admitted to its pages, and that the M'Korio Delta, even at the height of its fame, rarely afforded matter for more than one article in each issue.

Lest I should be accused of concealing anything that might militate against my contention, I will mention the fact that Mr. Barnett did own the majority of the shares of the Twentieth Century Syndicate. Now the Twentieth Century Syndicate, it is true, finances the Railton Group ; but Mr. Barnett himself had nothing to do with that Group. It is interested in *The Patriot*, *The Britisher*, *The Hammer*, and the two evening papers, *England* and *The Boss*. No one who is acquainted with the nature of modern finance can believe, for a moment, that so indirect a relation would give Mr. Barnett the least voice in the management of these sheets.

Whether Mr. Barnett held shares in the London and General Publishing Co. at any one time, it is not easy to determine. These shares fluctuated considerably, and, if one may say so without disrespect to so honoured a name as that of the Duke of Essex, the chairman of the Company, they were something of a gambling stock. They were perpetually changing hands ; and the motive of their acquisition, whether by Mr. Barnett or by any one else, cannot have been other than that of a speculative game.

Over the great dailies he had absolutely no control whatsoever. A good deal of capital was made by his opponents out of the fact that Mr. Jefferson, the owner and editor of *The Gazette*, was connected with Mr. Barnett in the old business of the Haymarket Bank ; but, if that is to be taken as an evidence of corruption, or even

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of undue influence, no one would be safe from such an accusation. A man in his position is naturally acquainted, often intimate, with the leading men of his time. The editor of *The Doctrinaire*—a man wholly above suspicion—was proud of his intimate friendship; and he naturally had relations as a host upon more than one occasion with the two proprietors of *The Nation*, and with the editors or owners of most of the other great dailies. But Mr. Barnett had no monopoly in such acquaintances or friendships; most of our great financiers could have boasted of the same.

It is time that I should turn from the ungrateful task of defending a man against a calumny that should never have been made, to describing the real literary services which Mr. Barnett rendered to his adopted country, and to the Empire, in connection with its colonial policy; and nowhere were these services more apparent than in the interest he took in the careers of the more brilliant young journalists. Let me cite the case of Mr. Powler.

Mr. Powler had been among the first to see the advantage of reversing our fiscal policy. As long ago as 1898, just after taking his degree, he had written a powerful defence of Protection which had earned him his Fellowship. He was poor, and the whole weight of his genius might have been lost for years to England, had not Mr. Barnett appointed him to the editorship of *The Chelsea Review*, just before the outbreak of the war in South Africa. No one is ignorant of the effect of that appointment.

Long after the war was over, but a full year before any mention of the M'Korio Delta had been publicly made, the editor of *The Doctrinaire*—a man wholly above suspicion—wrote to Mr. Barnett, and asked him if he could recommend a young man to sub-edit that great weekly journal, during his own temporary enforced absence upon a shooting party in Scotland. I know from Mr. Powler himself what passed. Mr. Barnett came in person to the office of *The Chelsea Review*, climbed to the third storey—no small sacrifice in a man of his temperament and figure—and begged Mr. Powler to accept the post.

"It is better paid," he said, "and a bigger place altogether than anything that I could offer you herein." Then he added, with a smile: "You know the advice that I always give to you young men."

It was in vain that Mr. Powler (so he himself assures me) pleaded to remain in the service of a man whom he could not but regard as the builder of a new world. He knew that Mr. Barnett was making a great sacrifice in permitting him to go, and it was only after a generous dispute that the older man had his way.

Mr. Powler took with him to *The Doctrinaire* Mr. Heinrich

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Rallé, and, between them, they gave a life and a meaning to *The Doctrinaire*, which recalled the great days of John Hardy and the successful strenuous battle in favour of the Unification of Italy in the 'sixties. When the editor of *The Doctrinaire* returned from Scotland, he found the beginnings of a fortune ; and it seems to me not unnatural that he should, under the circumstances, have permitted something of a new policy to appear in his pages, or that he should have been drawn towards Mr. Barnett with a sentiment approaching to affection.

Talent of this kind is rare in modern journalism. The proprietors of *The Nation* demanded and obtained the services of Mr. Henry W. Rallé. I will not enter into the somewhat heated difference that arose between *The Doctrinaire* and *The Nation* relative to this matter. I will content myself with saying that Mr. H. Walter Raleigh infused a new life into the latter paper, erased from its outer cover the phrase "An Hebdomadal Journal," permitted the insertion of illustrations, and, in the general tone he imparted to its articles, made it what it had never been before : a vigorous ally of all that makes for the larger life of England. It was from this occasion that Mr. Barnett's friendship with Mr. Jenkins, proprietor of *The Nation*, dated ; and it is a singular example of his tact and power for detail, that, during the four or five years which have since elapsed, in all the multitude of dinners that either had eaten under Mr. Barnett's roof, Mr. Walter Raleigh and the Editor of *The Doctrinaire* have never met.

I will not weary my readers with the story of the founding of *Criticism* ; of the resuscitation of the old *Orb*, or of that vigorous off-shoot of Colonial enterprise, the London edition of the *M'Korio Times*. It is enough to say that, in all this mass of ephemeral literature, the last journal alone was directly founded by Mr. Barnett ; and, as it dealt principally with the City, it had but little effect upon the general current of opinion.

But all this intellectual movement was instinct with the spirit of England.

There are political forces that seem formless : very vague, and viewless as great currents of air may be, but they are as irresistible.

Through England and the English some such force had long been stirring. All these young men had felt it ; all were bound, as by a kind of fate, to express it. It coloured their writing upon every topic. It troubled their view of the future ; it compelled them to continual appeals. For long that vague and natural thing, that impulse, had wandered in vagaries, thinking that now here, now there, it had found the substance which it should inspire, the



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matter which it was destined to make live. So all great movements begin.

At last, and not long after the advent into English journalism of that younger life and keener enthusiasm which I have just described, a true and permanent object absorbed its energies ; and, if one may use the phrase, the nation and her servants had found their mission.

The full meaning of the M'Korio Delta had appeared. . . . The universal chorus moulded and formed the opinion of England. I will not say that it decided Mr. Burden ; he had also to consider things which the public knew nothing about, but which to him were daily and practical matters : the statistics, the present value of this place.

Nevertheless, the unanimity of whatever was powerful in the Press affected him and troubled him. It seemed to him as though there were two M'Korio's : the abandoned bog of his account books . . . and, visionary, yet as real as his faith in England, another.

To him, so troubled and in balance, came the appeal of his son Cosmo.

*(To be continued.)*

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ANY Englishman who has discussed with American friends the working of representative government in the United States and the United Kingdom, will have noticed that, however careful he may have been to avoid national self-complacency, he is almost certain to have produced an impression of unreasonable optimism. Again and again I have been told, that the explanation of our English good fortune in avoiding certain admitted evils of American politics, is to be found, not in the intellectual or moral superiority of individual Englishmen over individual Americans, nor in any superiority of the English over the American constitution, but simply in the fact that democracy in England is new and incomplete, and in America is fully developed. "You are still," one hears, "in the honeymoon of democracy," or: "Your democracy is still controlled by an aristocratic tradition which must, after a few more general elections, inevitably disappear."

Our blindness in refusing to recognise this necessary relation of cause and effect, used especially to irritate the late Mr. E. L. Godkin. As early as September 1878 he wrote, in the *New York Nation*, with reference to the controversy on the introduction of the "Caucus" into England, of our "assurance that the circumstances that have led to failure elsewhere have" in our case "been eliminated from the problem." Even *The Times*, of about the same date, warned us that "there is no magic in the English nature, to keep us free from the evils to which politics in the United States have succumbed."

M. Ostrogorski, whose book on *Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties* lately appeared in an English translation, has expanded this analogy in two large volumes. From 1885 to 1900, he devoted himself to a minute comparative study of the working of extra-Parliamentary party-organisations in England and in the United States. Like Mr. Charles Booth, he interviewed innumerable paid and unpaid organisers, and one is conscious throughout his book, as in Mr. Booth's book on religious influences in London, of the almost excessive readiness with which weary and

<sup>1</sup> *Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties*. By M. Ostrogorski, Macmillan & Co. 2 vols.

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disillusioned manufacturers of enthusiasm unburden themselves, under the hypnotic suggestion of an obviously impartial stranger.

Most Englishmen know at least the outlines of what M. Ostrogorski has to tell about America—the shameless crimes of the “bosses” who control the party “machines,” the intermittent struggles of the “good citizens,” and the paradox by which a great nation, the individual members of which have, on the average, more intelligence and more kindness than the members of any nation in the world, submit to a system of government, which, in much of its local administration, and in some features even of its central control, sins daily against the political ideals to which the whole nation passionately clings.

English politicians are familiar with the less exciting story of our own party-organisations, the pretence that the local “associations” contain between them the whole body of the electors, the shifts by which the “federations” try to heal, or hide, even the most serious divergence of opinion among their members, the difficulties with regard to the collection and control of party-funds. We have watched the process by which the public feeling, which has been excited on behalf of each party as a permanent entity, is represented as an imperative national mandate for all the momentary compromises of the year’s programme. Liberals at least understand the “social methods” of the Primrose League, and Conservatives the intellectual shortcomings of the Liberal Caucuses. But even the most experienced politician who works through M. Ostrogorski’s history of English parties in the nineteenth century, will find new matter for thought.

In M. Ostrogorski there is nothing of the anti-democratic tendency of so many writers on the party system, of Mr. Lecky, for instance, or Sir Henry Maine. He is a democrat and a friend of man, who still “finds a fountain of youth” in “the sentiments which inspired the men of 1848;” and his position as a continental Liberal enables him to write without either the English impulse to treat America merely as an awful warning, or the American tendency to resent English criticism.

Students of political science may be advised to begin the book with the “conclusion” at the end of the second volume. By seeing the deductions which M. Ostrogorski himself draws from his fifteen years’ work, they will be better able to follow the arrangement of evidence in the earlier chapters, and to make that allowance which is necessary in every book, however carefully scientific may be its method, for the author’s point of view. Briefly, M. Ostrogorski’s main conclusion is, that the diseases of nineteenth century democracy, fully developed in America, and inevitable, unless present tendencies

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are checked, in England, are due to the increasing submission of the individual citizen to permanent party organisations, with their ideal of discipline and "regularity." Democracies, he believes, are only healthy when the ideal of political organisation is, not discipline but freedom, and when the typical form of organisation is that, for instance, of the Anti-Corn Law League, an association appealing to the independent judgment of individuals, on a single point of policy, competing with, but not absorbing other organisations, and disappearing at the moment of victory.

In his hope that the present tendency of political evolution may be reversed in both countries, M. Ostrogorski relies in the main on the intellectual changes which must result from a recognition of the evils which he describes ; but he also proposes certain changes in the form of government, such as Proportional Representation, Second Ballot, Administrative Committees of Parliament, and individual, instead of joint responsibility, of Ministers. By which reforms the power of permanent parties may, he thinks, be diminished, and the freedom of the individual voter and representative may be increased.

M. Ostrogorski, it will be seen, is not content with the mere arrangement of facts, after the manner of the historical school. He shows, indeed, in his introductory history of the Utilitarian movement, that Adam Smith, and Bentham, and James Mill, were enabled to influence their time, not so much by their learning, or even by the practical advantages offered by their proposals, as by their philosophy, by that explanation of the mind of man and of the universe from which their disciples drew strength and confidence, even when fighting an apparently hopeless battle. He criticises the logical incoherence and mechanical quality of much of that philosophy, and indicates a philosophy of his own, more nearly identical with that of John Stuart Mill after the revolt from his father's teaching, and at the stage when *Liberty* and *Representative Government* were written, than he himself would perhaps be willing to admit. In his determination, however, not to lose faith and hope, one feels that M. Ostrogorski has kept his philosophy apart from his experience. After hundreds of pages showing how ignorant and passionate men are, and how easily their opinions can be formed and exploited by any one who will take the trouble to surround them with crude illusions, he is still able to use the words "free reason," "individual conscience," in an almost religious sense. "Moral liberty," he admits, "which consists in thinking and acting as free reason dictates, has yet to be achieved." But, he adds, "men must be taught to use their judgment and to act independently." If men would but aim at "reason and liberty and a double dose of reason and liberty," if "inward liberty" were enabled to assert itself through

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"outward liberty," if the "principle of free union" were substituted for the idea of the "general will," "Rousseau's whole fabric rises anew . . . , not a social contract, but social contracts which follow each other in an indefinite succession."

Now it is this failure to analyse the conception of "free reason" which seems to me to be the main defect of the book, a defect which renders futile much of the work, not only of M. Ostrogorski, but also of many others who, in England and America, are attempting to re-state the problem, and to re-form the machinery, of democracy. The men who made the revolutions from 1776 to 1848, and who brought it about that Western Europe and America are now living under systems of representative government, saw, in their moments of imaginative exaltation, an assemblage of really "free," "equal," and "rational" citizens. They conceived, consciously or unconsciously, of all men as spectators from equally favoured seats of a single stage, on which the drama of the world was being played. Each man, if he trusted to his reason and was not blinded by fear or custom, could (they thought) draw for himself the plain conclusion from what he saw, and act upon it. Under a system of representative government, the policy of the whole State would be the simple resultant of the political action of the individual citizens. Whether "free reason" so conceived was a "natural right," or a duty, or even the automatic and necessary working of the association of ideas, was disputed among the prophets; but the dispute made little difference, either to the political institutions which were to be founded, or to the temper of mind in which they were to be approached.

Since that time, the whole trend of modern science has made "free" the most difficult of all words to use in any exact sense. Darwin, and the biologists and psychologists who have written since Darwin, have made it also difficult to use the word "reason," of any state of human consciousness, without narrow and careful definition. Above all, experience has forced us to recognise, that the "reasoning" of the citizens of great nations deals, not with a single world seen by all of them with equal clearness, but with views and memories and imaginations of things, so varied as to constitute a million different worlds.

From this ruin of the original intellectual basis of our existing polity, there seem to be rising two tendencies of thought, or rather two new forms of old tendencies. One dwells on the irrational, the subconscious, the passionate, as the really significant quality of mankind; and preaches, or hints, that it is there that the purposes of the supernatural are revealed. Disraeli, with his marvellously clever adaptations and anticipations of other men's convictions,

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foreshadowed this when he said, in a passage quoted by M. Ostrogorski, which might have been written by Mr. Mallock or Mr. Kidd :

“We are not indebted to the Reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the land-marks of human action and human progress. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions, never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham. The surest means to elevate the character of a people is to appeal to their affections.”

To this class of thinkers it makes little difference whether in any given polity there are many voters, or few, or none. Czar and Kaiser, President and Premier, the leaders of Churches and parties, democratic or hierarchical, all can rule by the same appeal to imagination and affection.

But, just as the plea for the irrational takes a new form in each century, so may the plea for the rational. There are thinkers who rely as absolutely as M. Ostrogorski himself upon reason—the painful process of conscious inference from consciously co-ordinated premises—as the ultimate guide in politics. They would claim perhaps for themselves the name of “scientific,” not as advocating a habit of confident and easy deduction from the “few simple principles” of the “classical” or any other Political Economy or Political Philosophy, but as hoping in statecraft for some of the success which has attended Bacon’s “ministration and interpretation of Nature” in the natural sciences. They would, however, probably incur M. Ostrogorski’s charge of “forgetfulness of the best traditions, and contempt for the noblest ideals” of the nineteenth century. They would never ask the citizen who is to use reason in politics to take “a double dose” of “liberty.” They might even say to him : “It is a small matter whether your reason is “free” or not, or indeed whether the word “freedom” means anything at all or not. Your duty is, to secure that your conclusions, and the conclusions of those whom you can influence, free or unfree, shall be right ; and on that you must concentrate every fibre of your being.” In fact they are followers of Carlyle, with the important difference, that they do not expect either to become or to discover heroes, who form right conclusions because it is their nature to, and who are therefore excepted from the necessity of being corrected by their neighbours. To such politicians, it would appear to be one of the most serious evils that can afflict a State, that the citizens should value the mere sensation of freedom, as the religious of the East value the sensation of reverie. When Mr. Barrie’s Tammas Haggart said : “Burns is an immoral writer. I have’na read him myself, but such is my opeenion,” he was enjoying such a consciousness of intellectual liberty. They on the other hand would hold

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that "freedom," in so far as it means anything in a State where all are responsible, is like that happiness which comes best to those who strive for something else.

The circumstances and history of English political life have made it easier for most Englishmen, than it is for most Americans, to think so of "reason"; not as a divine gift which acquires supernatural efficiency when made "free" by an act of the moral will, but as a difficult process, whose success depends on time, and discipline, and organisation. M. Ostrogorski's neglect of this fact is, I believe, the most serious omission in his estimate of the analogous development of democracy in England and America. He does not see, that it is possible to contend that what he would consider an aristocratic element in English democratic government, may be a growing and not a declining force.

The majority of the people of England accepted democracy by successive stages during the nineteenth century, without being converted to the typical forms of contemporary democratic thought, without becoming "democrats" at all, in the continental or American sense. A striking illustration of this may be seen in the fact, that, in 1867, the most important of all the steps towards democracy was taken by a Tory Government, which protested all the while its opposition to "democratic" principles. And this apparent anomaly has been increased rather than diminished by the whole course of English political history since 1867. During the last forty years, for instance, the power and independence of the English Civil Service has steadily grown, and has received more and more support from public opinion. The Cabinet has gained in strength against the House of Commons. The development of world-politics, and of the urgency of imperial problems, during the last twenty years, has had its effect. The average English voter is dimly aware, that the question whether his decisions on Indian affairs are "free" or not, is of small importance to the inhabitants of India, who are, however, deeply concerned in the question whether they are wise or not. Most Englishmen would no more desire the power and responsibility of telegraphing orders for a reform of Indian taxation, than the power of telegraphing a line of attack to a General at the front. These and other kindred facts have helped to create and preserve certain undemocratic and yet not irrational habits among English politicians, which M. Ostrogorski seems entirely to fail to understand. The influence, for example, of the two "Front Benches" upon the decisions of the Liberal and Conservative Federations, seems to him to be purely pernicious. If the delegates do not insist on giving full publicity to their spontaneous and unbiassed opinion, what can, he asks, be the justification of their

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presence at the Federation meetings ; unless indeed they are merely thinking of the petty social privileges that are the "spoils" in England of political victory ? That men who are about to take a decision from which serious practical results must follow, should desire private consultation with those whose opportunities of knowledge are greater, and whose public responsibility will be heavier, is, he almost implies, a sin against "free reason."

English politics do, it is true, notoriously suffer from snobbery and prejudice, from the "sporting instinct" which glorifies party for its own sake, and from the mere mental inertia which follows a leader in order to avoid the trouble of thought. And yet, much of that which M. Ostrogorski describes as an obvious proof of the degradation of English politics, seems to point vaguely at a not unworthy ideal. That men should make compromises between opinion and loyalty, between self-confidence and self-distrust, may be not only not inconsistent with democracy, but necessary to its continued existence. M. Ostrogorski describes, for instance, at great length, the relations of Joseph Cowen with the politicians of Newcastle. Joseph Cowen was a man after M. Ostrogorski's own heart, a pupil of Mazzini's, a worshipper of "free reason." The Newcastle Association is called "merciless," "a sort of Holy Inquisition," "intolerant and intractable." And yet there is a point of view from which the whole story is simply the description of a growing difference of opinion between perfectly honest men, who bore with one another for a long time, and then parted.

The world is now one place, and the influences which have affected the present English political character, have not been confined to England. The United States have their world-politics, their imperialism, and the half-hearted beginnings of a bureaucracy. One sees in America, and hears in England, something of the growing intellectual authority of the American universities, of the decay, perhaps, of the purely individualist forms of American Christianity, and of a slight but perceptible weakening in the dogma of the verbal inspiration of the Declaration of Independence. President Roosevelt is showing, and is being encouraged to show, in time of peace, something of the forcible initiative which President Lincoln showed in time of war. Much evidence could be found in favour of the contention that, for good or for evil, present tendencies make rather towards the Anglicisation of American democracy, than towards the Americanisation of English democracy. But such a development, though it has been largely unconscious with us, must necessarily, if it occurs at all, be fully conscious on the other side of the Atlantic. It will have to fight against the dominant habits of American thought. Peter Stirling, the hero of perhaps the ablest American political



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novel, describes to the girl he is to marry the ignorance of his constituents, and the moral imperfection of many of those whom they send to party Conventions and elsewhere. She asks: "Can't you make the men do what you want, so as to have them choose only the best men?" He answers: "If I had the actual power I would not, because I would not dare to become responsible for so much, and because a Government of the 'best' men is not an American Government." It is to be feared that many Americans in the future may endure all the agonies of religious doubt before they "dare to become responsible for so much."

This distinction between the conception of "free reason," which M. Ostrogorski and so many democratic reformers have inherited from the "men of 1848" and of 1776, and which may, perhaps, be called the "Baconian" conception of political reasoning (to avoid the question-begging epithet of "scientific"), will be clearer if it is used to criticise the reforms in machinery advocated by M. Ostrogorski. Those who aim primarily at "freedom," and those who aim primarily at "rightness," are likely, not only to advocate different habits of mind, but also to form different views of practical problems. Take first the plan of Proportional Representation, either as Hare introduced it, or in the modified form approved by M. Ostrogorski. Undoubtedly it makes the citizen more "free." The Imperialist teetotaler, the High Church Land Nationaliser, has much more liberty of choice in a long or considerable list of candidates, than in a single-member constituency with two, or perhaps three, candidates. But is he more likely to be right? That depends, in the first place, on whether the ordinary citizen can or will, either during the contest or before the contest, acquire a really clear conception of the personality of the various candidates, and of the causes which they advocate.

M. Ostrogorski sees that this question is crucial when one is dealing with the Illinois "blanket ballot," which he describes as containing 148 names, or with the "Philadelphia blanket" which I saw in 1896, and which must have contained many more. But he does not indicate an opinion as to the maximum number of candidates between whom the elector can properly distinguish. I have fought three contested elections for the London School Board, under that elementary adaptation of the "Proportional Representation" scheme called the "cumulative vote," which was introduced, largely owing to the great authority of John Stuart Mill, into the Education Act of 1870. In my division there were only five seats to be filled. And yet it was abundantly clear, that not only does the ordinary voter in a large city know almost nothing about the candidates at the beginning of such a contest, but that it is quite impossible to teach

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him during the election, except by evading the Act, and either issuing a complete party "ticket," or dividing the constituency into single-member wards, in each of which the elector is asked to "plump" for a party candidate on each side. This difficulty was so well recognised throughout England, that, when the cumulative vote was abolished by the Act of 1902, hardly a single voice was raised in its favour.

Perhaps, if I understand M. Ostrogorski aright, he would answer, that the elector has had a sufficient opportunity to give a "free" vote, if he realises the personality and opinions of the one candidate for whom he votes. It is not necessary that he should know much of the others. If M. Ostrogorski had ever fought an election under his own system, he would see the objection to this. Merely as a matter of scientific interest, a candidate is bound to be dissatisfied with any arrangement which prevents the electors from getting a clear conception of himself as well as of his competitors.

A "Baconian" democrat would try to found his electoral system, not on any conception of what the voter ought to be, but upon as exact an estimate as he can form of what the voter is, and can in the near future become. He would economise most carefully the small supply of public spirit and political knowledge. He would look upon an election as a process by which opinion is created as well as ascertained. The English jury-system, for instance, by which the average man is enabled to give tolerable decisions on difficult questions of fact, has reached its present measure of success, because it is now carried on under rules which aim at securing that the jurymen shall not only be free to give a conscientious verdict, but enabled and indeed schooled to give a well-founded verdict. At first the essential part of a trial in the old "County Court" was a free "presentment" by the "men of the county" of cases, knowledge of which they had acquired for themselves. Afterwards, the "jury of presentment" became a mere form, and responsibility was concentrated on a "petty jury," who now try one case at a time under circumstances which compel them to listen, while facts of guarded relevance are repeated and analysed and re-repeated before them.

It is from this point of view—the need for the creation of right opinions rather than the mere collection of free opinions—that one must also approach M. Ostrogorski's main thesis, that temporary "single-question" associations ought to take the place, both in the constituencies and in Parliament, of the existing parties, each of which now attempts to put forward a programme, or at least a policy, for all pending questions, and to secure as far as may be its own permanence. The knowledge, observation, and tact, which make up the intellectual equipment of an effective politician, can

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only be produced in those who have the necessary natural qualities, by a training not unlike that required in other arts. If we drop the word "freedom," with its metaphysical associations, and use the more neutral word "originality," it is easy to accept the statement, that no politician in his youth is likely to be any more really "original" than a young painter or writer. If he follows his own impulses he will at first adopt, consciously or unconsciously, the ideas of others. If he is idle or capricious, he will never get any further. If, by steady self-discipline or by the following of others, he masters his ideas, instead of being mastered by them, he becomes "original" or "free"; and others will imitate him. The moral qualities also of the politician—industry, sympathy, and the like—must be made as well as born; and imitation and discipline are here too the great formative forces. The Law is the only school-master to bring men to grace.

Even the Anti-Corn-Law League—M. Ostrogorski's ideal political association—had a permanent effect as a school of politics for its members, which was as important as its temporary effect as an instrument for presenting certain arguments on a single point to the English electorate. It taught men to work, to speak, to write, and to think; and created and maintained the conviction that the effort of learning was worth while. The young Leaguer, toiling in a Manchester Committee Room with Bright's last peroration still ringing in his ears, never asked himself whether he was "free" or not. Above all, the Anti-Corn-Law League taught its members, whether simple associates, or organisers, or leaders, the supreme lesson of political life, that the power and knowledge and training, which enable men to form well-founded opinions for themselves in politics, are rare, and that the possession of them involves a corresponding responsibility. He who, at a great price, has obtained this freedom, if he is content, whether as a representative or a member of a party association, or as a simple voter, merely to hold right opinions and give right votes, shows, as Burke said, "an innoxious and ineffectual character that . . . falls miserably short of the mark of public duty."

Reforms such as the Second Ballot, or State payment of registration expenses, are still needed in England to prevent party discipline from being thought of as a good in itself, and political organisation being controlled by rich or corrupt subscribers. The Legislature must continue the already long series of Corrupt Practices Acts, in order, by their increasing ingenuity, to secure voters and organisers against the successive inventions of sinister interests. Such questions as the method of appointing officials, or the levying of revenue by direct or indirect taxation, must be considered, not only in the light

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of their immediate effects, but also with reference to their secondary influence on the motives which lead men to join or to subscribe to political bodies. We are only at the beginning of the science of the diseases of democracy, and the art of curing them. But assuredly the question is not settled by M. Ostrogorski's thesis, that organisations with a single and temporary purpose are good, and those with a general and permanent purpose are bad. Single-question associations, indeed, not only those which are started to promote the interest of a class, but those which in their origin aim conscientiously at the general good, may outgrow their vigour long before they have succeeded, and may as easily become schools of "organised hypocrisy" as parties with a history of centuries behind them.

M. Ostrogorski again, while he mentions the difficulty of creating a strong executive government on a basis of single-question associations, hardly realises the importance of this objection. Political force, though, to use M. Ostrogorski's terms, it may be "analysed" into separate opinions, must be "synthetised" into action; and action is made successful, not by the moral quality of the motives of the actors, but by the relation of each thing done, whether it is the passage of a law or an executive decision, to the whole nature of things. Therefore, if the "subtlety of man's intellect" is to succeed in its struggle with the "subtlety of nature," a far finer intellectual synthesis is required than would be provided by casual majorities, brought about by the shifting alliances of one-idea'd parliamentary groups.

The decisions taken by English Party Cabinets often look foolish enough when seen in the back-light of the event. Not all Cabinet Ministers are men of first-class abilities or wide sympathies. But they are all stimulated by the long tradition of Cabinet Government to open to each other their innermost thoughts and fears, trained, however imperfectly, to submit to the reproofs and warnings of officials, and called upon, by every incident in their position, to face day by day that anguish of thought which must, for men who can realise the interests at stake, precede irrevocable action. Never, since the French Convention Government of 1793, has a civilised nation repeated the experiment of forming a constitution, without insisting on the effective responsibility of an organised executive Government.

Perhaps the most serious danger to English democracy is suggested rather by the rigid orthodoxy of the German social-democrats, than, as M. Ostrogorski argues, by the changing programmes and unchanging machinery of the American Republicans and Democrats, or the English Whigs and Tories. It may be in "scientific socialism" that a really scientific English

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social movement will find its chief obstacle. But it is noticeable that, so far, every attempt to build up a party in England on the unquestioning acceptance of a single form of economic analysis has failed, and that in Germany the leaders whom the Social Democratic movement has brought forward seem to be learning intellectual patience and elasticity from their experience of leadership.

It will still be contended, that this "Baconian" view of political relations, however desirable it may be in itself, is an impossible ideal in a democracy. The ordinary man does, it will be said, know whether he is giving a "free" vote, in accordance with his conscience, or whether he is submitting to some corrupting or intimidating influence. He can even tell whether the candidate for whom he votes is orthodox or not, as judged by their common creed. But such a complicated process as an examination of himself, to learn whether his opinions have any foundation in knowledge, or whether, at each election, or on each question, he ought to lead or follow, is, it will be said, for the ordinary man, unthinkable.

It is true that, wherever there is a majority of ignorant and indifferent "voting cattle," rich or poor, political danger must exist. But, for those in all classes who on any theory of democracy should lead, that ideal of a patient and tolerant party loyalty in the pursuit of a public end which Burke set forth, is no more impossible than the conception of the "free reason" of the individual, or the rigid orthodoxy of a political church. Concrete man is a complicated being ; it is only abstract man in a book who is simple. It would require a long treatise even to outline the hesitations and resolutions, the vague undertones of moral principle and personal suggestion, which go to the process by which even two or three honest and single-hearted men do actually make up their minds in council on the choosing of a delegate, or the passing of an amendment.

Deeper things than the urgency of foreign policy or the need of a strong executive are helping to create for the twentieth century an intellectual ideal, very different from the glorious mirage of unconditioned liberty. The inhabitant of a modern city knows that it is only by the patient service and mastery of natural forces that he is kept alive ; he knows, however dimly, of the uncounted ages of the newly discovered past, with their revelation of inexorable law. Something new in the religious atmosphere of his Church, in the mental atmosphere even of the journal which he reads, helps him towards understanding that saying of Aristotle : "In the house the master is bound, and the slave is free."

GRAHAM WALLAS

## OTHER REVIEWS

### THE BLOWITZ MEMOIRS <sup>1</sup>

THE famous Paris correspondent of *The Times* has been so long before the public, and his origin has always been enveloped in such mystery, that readers will turn with curiosity to the first chapter of this book. There, a great disappointment awaits them. With an irony apt to whet the appetite of the inquisitive, M. de Blowitz begins thus :—

“My origin, infancy, and youth have been narrated so often that no one will, I hope, find fault with me if, in my turn, I myself give an account of them.”

But then, whilst professing to dispose of “fantastic tales,” he leads the reader into a maze of self-contradictions.

It has frequently been stated, without his gainsaying it, that “Blowitz’s” real name was “Oppen”—a well known Jewish name shortened from Oppenheimer—and that from his native village of Blowitz, in Bohemia (then a part of Germany) he assumed, in France, the designation “de Blowitz.” Now, from the highly gifted Hebrew race, so many men eminent in science, literature, poetry, and art have come, since the days of Maimonides, Jehuda Halevi, and Spinoza, that those can only be pitied who look down upon Jews, or who, being of that descent, will not avow it.

However, in this posthumous work, M. de Blowitz asserts that he was born at the Château of Blowsky (Blowitz), near Pilsna (Pilsen), and baptised as a Catholic ; so that he “did not have time to become a Jew.” Ironically he adds :—“I regret it, moreover—for Israel !” Yet he gives the name of his father as “Marc Oppen de Blowitz” ; and here we come, both in the forename and in the family name, upon Jewish characteristics. Strangely enough, he says that the facts concerning his birth and baptism :

“have been affirmed to me so often by my mother, repeated by the venerable

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\* *My Memoirs*. By Henri Stephan de Blowitz. London : Edward Arnold. 1903.

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arch-priest, and denied by the doctor, that finally I am absolutely persuaded that they are true."

Why the denial by the doctor should be taken as a proof of the truth of the alleged facts, passes understanding. A priest sometimes stretches a point in such cases.

The father is called a "Seigneur." It might have been worth while to give the German title, if "fantastic tales" were to be disposed of. In spite of young Oppers's noble birth, he avows :—

"I never went to school, much less to any University. I read and worked but little. I walked a great deal."

When he was fifteen, his father decided he should travel with a tutor.

"I started out one morning on foot, and was soon lost in the distance en route for unknown parts."

The name of the tutor is not mentioned. Five years these travels lasted ; yet not a single town he visited in Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland, is referred to.

On his return, when he was "just twenty years of age," Blowitz found his father financially ruined. "I shall start to-morrow for France, and from there go to America!" he exclaimed. At Havre he meets a Count "Kolowrath"; so he spells the name of the well-known Kolowrat family, though he says that the Count, who had known him from youth, became his fast friend. This meeting took place in January, 1846; and, with "Kolowrath," he starts back for Paris, where "serious events were then taking place"—namely, the overthrow of Louis Philippe. What, then, had become of 1846 and 1847? A strange arithmetical problem.

The young man who had never been to school, presently gives a lecture in French at a *soirée* of M. de Falloux. Falloux was the author of the Jesuitical Law on Public Instruction, whom I remember very well from the time when I was a diplomatic envoy at Paris. A gentleman who was to speak on "Literature in Germany and Provence" having failed to appear, Mr. Oppers-Blowitz asked Falloux :—

"Will you let me try? I know very little about Provence—or, to speak frankly, I don't know anything at all—but I am very well up in German literature, and I will do my utmost not to bore your guests. 'Agreed!' said Falloux. Five minutes later, with plenty of assurance, I was discussing German literature and its connection with the literature of Provence. I compared, quoted, and analysed examples."

This, without any knowledge, before an audience of Frenchmen

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known to be fastidious as to pronunciation, and among whom men from Provence may have been present ! On the strength of this lecture, the author obtained a professorship, when Falloux became Minister. It would be difficult to beat such miracles in ordinary life. Unpleasant as it is to point out these extraordinary assertions, many a reader will ask himself whether they do not shed a strange light on the author's subsequent career and statements.

Of miracles properly speaking, in the sense of the Roman Church, there are some wonderful specimens in this book. Of Leo XIII. Blowitz speaks, as of "a voluntary captive who had sacrificed the incomparable joy of liberty for the sake of defending the rights committed to his care." The rights of a Pretender to universal dominion, who denied to the Italian nation the right to possess its own natural capital !

When the Roman Pontiff, at an audience which lasted a long hour, held out his hand, M. de Blowitz "bent over it with respectful emotion." He was not allowed to "write all that the Holy Father said to me ; a solemn promise which I made, has sealed my lips for ever." Truly a strange reversal of rôles ; Blowitz acting as the Father Confessor bound to eternal secrecy, and the Pope as the penitent who pours his confessions into the ear of the distinguished journalist.

Now and then, M. de Blowitz even rose to a higher plane. This comes out on the occasion of the famous hat-trick, by which he secured early news from the Berlin Congress. A young man had been recommended to him, who had emigrated because his brother, through gambling and various shady doings, had disgraced himself. This young man, who, nevertheless, "dearly loved that brother," was, by roundabout means, got by Blowitz into a situation with a foreign statesman at the Berlin Congress. "In Paris," Blowitz writes, "the fish talk ; in Berlin the parrots are dumb." To correct so unpromising an outlook, the agreement came to between him and the young man was this. Every day, the young secretary had to insert notes about the Congress in his hat-lining, and leave that hat at the *Kaiserhof*, where both he and Blowitz resided. Having taken his meals, the young man went away with Blowitz's hat. Next day, hats were again exchanged ; and so on. At the hotel, the two, of course, apparently did not know each other. The scheme worked exceedingly well.

In two pages preceding this narrative, M. de Blowitz, by way of theological forewords, speaks grandiloquently of his "belief in the constant intervention of a Supreme Power, directing not only our destiny in general, but such actions of ours as influence our destiny." The planets and all kinds of men noted in history, from Moses,



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Confucius, and Mohammed, down to Boulanger, are mentioned in that highly religious premiss, and then he says :—

“By virtue of this theory, it will be easily understood that I have always endeavoured to divine the intentions and designs of the Supreme Will which directs us. I have always sought *not to thwart that ubiquitous guidance*, but to enter on the path which it seemed to point to me.”

In this way, he explains that the young man “was destined to assist me in the accomplishment of the task devolving on me in Berlin.” Very kind of both that they did not thwart the ubiquitous guidance, but made convenient use of the hats.

Here and there, the clever journalist thinks it necessary to assert that a man of his calling has no other duty than the interest of the paper he serves. Opinions will differ. *The Times* was certainly entitled to use his early news. But as to Blowitz's procedure, which, for many years, he kept a secret, it was of the kind which the French call *friser le code* ; at least, the code of journalistic honour.

Through his cunning device, he leapt into notoriety. On other, though minor, occasions, he often showed himself also well-informed. His correspondence was, unfortunately, marred by a bombastic, pretentious, utterly un-English style. Though his intention generally was, to serve his adopted country—as, for instance, in the “War Scare of 1875”—he earned small thanks. The Paris Press often heaped upon him the most incredible insults. When, during the Dreyfus affair (which, however, he does not mention ! ) he naturally took the side of the persecuted victim, insults grew even fiercer. Then he was usually called “de Blowitz, né Oppen” ; and his Jewish origin was shamefully thrown into his face.

The famous “War Scare” I hold to have been unduly exaggerated. I say so from close investigation at the time. Evidently—as Blowitz suggests—Bismarck was the originator of the alarming rumour, from a wish to foil Moltke. The two had been, since 1870—71, at loggerheads, and scarcely on speaking terms. Now, in 1875, things had come in France very near to a Royalist State-stroke. The election of Marshal MacMahon, the confidant of the Monarchists, made the crisis a most threatening one. The sudden increase of the French army, by the creation of Fourth Battalions, pointed to a military plot. An attempt was to be made, so it seemed, at a recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, as a means of inducing France to accept a monarchical restoration on the morrow after the *coup d'état*.

War being thus an imminent likelihood, Moltke, as the military head responsible for the security of Germany, approached

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William I. in confidence. This came to the knowledge of Bismarck. Furious at being passed over, he hastened to inform the French ambassador, Viscount de Gontaut-Biron, in an underhand way, through Herr von Radowitz; but in a purposely exaggerated manner. As to the idea that Moltke wanted to march straight up to Paris, and "if need be, destroy it (!)", the assertion has only to be stated to mark its absurdity. Gortschakoff afterwards artfully took occasion, for the purpose of ingratiating himself with France, to declare that "peace is henceforth assured." This, I believe, is the real truth.

Several statesmen and diplomatists, such as the Duc Decazes, Count Münster, and others, from whom Blowitz sometimes obtained information, afterwards charged him with indiscretion, or downright inventions. Probably he was sometimes more sinned against than sinning. Yet, when he was privately told, on the part of Count Münster, that an official note would be published, saying there was "a certain amount of imagination in the story" he had given, the tame answer of the journalist whose reputation was at stake, ran thus :—

"I shall take no exception to the slight reserve (!) he (the German ambassador at Paris) wishes to make, and will not even protest in any way."

Upon the ingratitude of diplomatists, Blowitz dwells with melancholy retrospection. But there are some enormous statements as to the power he professes to have exercised in France. In 1875, he asserts, he went at the request of friends to M. Dufaure, who was on the point of forming a new Cabinet, and told him that :—

"he *ought* to give the portfolio of Education to M. Bardoux; that M. de St. Vallier, for whom Prince Bismarck professed particular sympathy, *ought* to be sent to Berlin; and that, *for peremptory reasons*, he *ought* to give the Ministry for Foreign Affairs to M. Waddington."

"To this M. Dufaure agreed, and on the spot confided to me the mission of seeing M. Waddington, and, in his name, of offering him the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

Here, even non-diplomatists may feel some surprise at this achievement of Blowitz-Warwick, the Cabinet-maker. Of similar assertions there are not a few in the book. If there were survivors, they might perchance have to say something about the inferior, modest parts assigned to them.

Whilst there are enormous blanks, covering ever so many years, in the *Memoirs*, personal experiences concerning mysterious ladies of princely rank ("mysterious" is a favourite word of the author) are spun out in the most elaborate, though fifth-rate, novel-writing style. But to deal with this subject would require pages not at my

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disposal. Be it enough to say, that one continually wonders at the credulity with which Blowitz could rise at such a grossly baited story as that of "Princess Kralta"—a name not easily identified in the registers of European nobility. There is also a tiresome story of a hopelessly lunatic lady—given on 24 pages!—whom Blowitz puts in contact with the Pope. But *ehou, jam satis!*

I regret having had to refer to all those oddities, mixed up so largely with sheer impossibilities; for, having met Blowitz at Paris, three years ago, when he came to visit us at the hotel where I stayed with my family, the conversation was a pleasant one. He talked in a simple and modest way, tinged with sadness. After some mutual observations in French and English, I began speaking to him in his native German language, in presence of my relative. With English, the renowned correspondent of the great journal which in German is often called the *Weltblatt*, was very insufficiently acquainted. It has been stated that everything he wrote had to be translated from French.

In bodily appearance Blowitz was certainly "ill-formed," as he himself says the medical verdict had been at his birth. A head of unusual size, and an expansive chest, with legs so short that he looked a perfect dwarf. The cast of his features, and his manner of speaking, pointed to the racial origin which has always been attributed to him.

About the dangers then still threatening the French Republic, we fully agreed. As he had for many years had relations with Royalist statesmen and the Comte de Paris, his remarks were all the more noteworthy.

That which is attractive in this book is mainly composed of reprints of articles, with amplifications. However, from the anonymous, impenetrable, crafty, or insane ladies, the reader will readily turn to the interviews with King Alfonso; with Bismarck; with the Sultan; to what Blowitz learnt at San Remo, when William I. had died and the new dying Emperor was proclaimed. So also to what he says about Gambetta, and "Why France did not go to Egypt" (explained by him as the consequence of a personal tiff between Freycinet and Gambetta—"small causes, great results"); and to his account of "How Bismarck retired." There he mentions, that the wife of the dismissed Chancellor, on seeing the portrait which His Majesty William II. had sent him as a souvenir, exclaimed in her uncontrollable rage:—"Let it be taken to Friedrichsruh and placed in the stable!"

Everything has, no doubt, to be read with a deal of caution; but this latter story fits in with what is otherwise well known. Upon the whole a puzzling book.

KARL BLIND

## MR. KIPLING'S MESSAGE

### MR. KIPLING'S MESSAGE <sup>1</sup>

EVERY great writer, it has been said, is unlike all previous great writers ; and the same is true of Mr. Kipling. Only the present age, and only the Anglo-Saxon race, could have produced this strange blend of the school boy and the preacher, the artist and the nigger minstrel. Judged by any conceivable canon of literary taste, his offences are many and palpable. Yet, in spite of them all, he can make criticism keep its distance ; partly through the audacity with which he exaggerates his own failings, so that the objector who would allege a fault lays himself open to the retort that it is just the effect which was intended ; but chiefly because he reveals, fitfully, but still not very seldom, the spark of native fire which is so rare, and which atones for so much. The poet who has this may survive and be forgiven, when the works of his more blameless contemporaries, constructed after the best models, have become a heap of words. It is more tolerable in art to originate a bad style than to reproduce a good one ; and it is as likely as not that Mr. Kipling, after corrupting the taste of nine-tenths of the reading public, will himself be found among the sheep in the literary Day of Judgment. The prudent critic will go cautiously to work when he has to deal with a live thing, and this judicious attitude we propose to imitate. But we will venture a few comments.

“ Who holds by Thee,”

says Mr. Kipling in his fine though puzzling hymn *To the True Romance*,

“ Hath knowledge sure that he endure  
A child until he die.”

And we seem to understand better both his excellences and his limitations when we realise that Mr. Kipling has at heart remained a child. It may be thought that he is rather an American sort of child, with a more precocious knowledge of the world than we expect in children over here. But the essential qualities of childhood are in his work ; its fresh outlook upon life, its innocent bloodthirstiness, its ear for tunes, its eye for colour, its fondness for odd words and irrelevant information. He has, indeed, what he himself would call a “satiabile curiosity” about things in general, or at any rate about the outsides of them ; and if we were to name those among his creations in whom we seem to detect most clearly

<sup>1</sup> *The Five Nations*. By Rudyard Kipling. Methuen and Co. 1903.

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the likeness of the author, we should choose, not any of his more strenuous models, but characters like the Elephant's Child in *Just So Stories*, or the hero of *For to Admire*, who sat in clink without his boots, "Admirin' 'ow the world was made." The openness to all impressions, which has made Mr. Kipling so typical an exponent of the age, is again a mark of the child; and another is that, while he has insight in plenty and imagination in plenty, the two stand in no connection with each other. In a writer who has reached maturity—we may name Tolstoy as an example of what is meant—the imagination proceeds inward from what is observed, and does the work of the reason, only more directly. Mr. Kipling has the gift of seeing, if not in the same degree as Tolstoy, still in no common measure; but when he tries to go behind what he sees, the imagination supplies him with something incongruous or altogether fantastic. Thus, he can give us *Kim*, with its vivid pictures of the surface of the East, and its nightmare fancies of British officials working magic and playing hide-and-seek over India with Russian conspirators. And thus it so often happens that his writing, with all its realism, seems to have no relation to the real world.

Chance, we may imagine, had much to do with the development in Mr. Kipling of the preacher. The brilliant impressions of Indian life which first came before the public contained nothing that was either instructive or improving, but they had a little of nearly everything else: wit, pathos, dramatic invention, the true storyteller's gift of spinning a tale out of nothing, flashes, though fugitive ones, of the true poet. All was undeveloped, and almost anything seemed possible. Success was natural and immediate, and an unexpected result followed. It was the moment when the British public, bewildered, and conscious of its own ignorance, was awakening to a sense of the existence of the British Empire. A trustworthy expert was clearly needed; and Mr. Kipling, in the absence of anyone more obvious, found himself adopted as the universal authority on the state of the British dominions over seas. To discuss problems of government was a curious function for one whose bent was all to the picturesque and the irresponsible. But the craving to give advice is strong in human nature. Mr. Kipling accepted the responsibility, and the habit of giving advice has since then grown on him, to the overshadowing of everything else. He has become the true though unofficial Laureate of the British Empire; and it is to him that future ages will turn, if they wish to discover the ideas which were influencing the average Englishman at the opening of the twentieth century. What will they make of his message?

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It is to be feared that they will find it rather hard to disentangle. Mr. Kipling does not show much interest in the political ideals which would usually be regarded as typically English; except that he once likens Mr. Krüger to King Charles I., he does not show much interest in the national history. Even when we follow him on to the Imperial ground which is his special province, we find more heat than illumination. Let us consider, for example, the question of the attitude which should be adopted by the British Government with regard to the education of native races. It is not a subject on which we should ordinarily expect a poet to have much to say. But it is one of the matters on which Mr. Kipling has undertaken to advise, and a poem is duly forthcoming. *Kitchener's School*, in the present volume, describes the reflections of a Mohammedan schoolmaster on hearing that the English are giving money to build a college for the Sudanese. The Mohammedan schoolmaster is rather puzzled by the whole business, and the reader is puzzled, and, if Mr. Kipling had thought the matter out, we cannot help fancying that he would have been puzzled too. The first assumption is the natural one, that it is a generous act on the part of the English to extend the advantages of their own educational system to the more backward races under their control. But presently we remember that, according to Mr. Kipling, English education has proved a failure when applied in Bengal, and indeed that the system (*vide The Islanders*) is in itself a very absurd one, and has had exceedingly bad results at home. Is it then a new kind of education that is to be tried in Khartum? Or are the Sudanese more capable of profiting by Western education than English public-school boys? These are questions which open up an interesting field for discussion; but the only reply we get is a little picture of what the Sudanese youth will look like when he is going into school.

But if Mr. Kipling is not very definite in his directions as to how we are to go right, he is quite clear that, without his directions, we are sure to go extremely wrong. The pity of it is, that so much real conscientiousness and talent and courage are spent in preaching just what the man in the street happens to be already thinking. There is a series of poems in this volume which illustrate the history of the last few years. With the aid of these it might be possible to construct two curves, one of which would show the fluctuations of public opinion, the other the changes in Mr. Kipling's mind, following closely the former, but always a little more violent. *Recessional* begins the series. It was the product of a fortunate hour, when the nation felt so confident of its strength, that it seemed there would never again be any temptation to brag or bully. Popular impulses must be judged generously by any one who wishes

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to read history with patience. Let it be set down to our credit, that this mood, if not genuine enough to last, was genuine enough to evoke so fine an expression in a writer who is, more than anything else, the echo of the moment. But the feeling is short-lived. We pass on to *Et Dona Ferentes*, with its climax of:—

“But oh, beware my country, when my country grows polite!”

It reflects too faithfully the self-satisfaction with which we have listened to our morning newspaper disposing, in a sarcastic style, of the rest of the universe. We must admit the likeness: but was it kind of Mr. Kipling to snapshot us with the smirk on our faces? There is another sudden change of temper in *The Islanders*:—

“And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye flaunted your iron pride,  
Ere ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the men who could shoot  
and ride.”

It is instructive to compare this with lines written only a few years before in *The Song of the English*:—

“Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,  
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.”

Yet the national character was what it had been, with the same faults, which Mr. Kipling had never rebuked, and, we may add, with the same virtues, since in this particular crisis the nation showed much more dignity and self-restraint than its poet did. To have this emotional journalism served up to us in the style of a Hebrew prophet is rather hard to bear. Mr. Kipling's vein of thought is less like that of Isaiah than he perhaps supposes. In *The Reformers*, written when the trouble was over, he is again more hopeful; but by this time his changing moods have ceased to impress us as they did. We have not much use for a counsellor who can do no better than compliment us in success, and scold when things are going badly.

We are on a higher level when we come to the *Service Songs*, which make up the latter part of the volume. It is a part of Mr. Kipling's general unexpectedness, that here, where there would seem to be most scope for his characteristic vices, we find him at his best. The medium is the Cockney dialect with a liberal use of slang; but the effects produced are often (as in *Chant-Pagan* and *Wilful-Missing*) more dignified, and even, if the phrase is not too absurd, more classical, than the author can command when using literary English. The subject is a soldier's impressions of fighting; but Mr. Kipling is more civilised when writing about war than he sometimes is when writing about politics. He has a true enough instinct to know that,

## MR. KIPLING'S MESSAGE

whatever the rights or wrongs may have been, the victory of a great nation over a small one is not a matter for noisy self-congratulation. No one who read these poems would learn more of the issue of the war in South Africa, than that it had ended in a peaceful settlement. What they express is, the recollection of the free out-of-door life, and the sense of taking part in a big thing : the early morning with the " 'elios winkin' like fun over valleys as big as a shire : " the dropping off to sleep at the end of a long day's march, with the refrain of "Boots" hammering in the brain. Fault is sometimes found with Mr. Kipling's dialect poems, on the ground of the intrusion of literary phrases. The criticism has some truth in it, but is usually made too much of, owing to the fact that this particular fault is almost the only one which can be reasonably assumed not to have been intended by the author. On the whole, the justness of tone is kept up with remarkable skill ; for the use of Biblical language here is no confusion, but a legitimate extension of the spoken vernacular. Mr. Kipling has chosen to employ a convention in which great success was impossible, and success of any kind difficult ; and he has succeeded in it beyond all probable expectation.

Best of all the poems about the war is *The Settler*. Some might perhaps find here, as elsewhere in the volume, a shade too much of optimism, a too easy belief that all will go well when one party to the quarrel wishes to forget. But one could scarcely wish to take exception to this, where the intention is so good, and certainly to nothing else in the poem.

" We will gather and lead to her lips again  
The waters of ancient strife,  
From the far and fiercely guarded streams  
And the pools where we lay in wait,  
Till the corn cover our evil dreams  
And the young corn our hate."

What gives these lines their peculiar charm is that, in spite of their dreamy and romantic beauty, they refer to real corn and real water, and to the very practical matter of irrigation.

It is among the *Service Songs*, too, that we find the poems which best justify the title of *The Five Nations*. That title is not very appropriate to the present volume ; but it is of interest, because it reveals Mr. Kipling's one real political idea. He has grasped, more clearly than most people, the conception, seldom understood either by the Liberals, who created it, or by the Conservatives, who have preached it, of a union of free nations held together by their own consent. Perhaps he has been so successful here, just because it is a question more for sentiment than for logic ; at any rate, it is



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true, that what he has done to bring home to us the feeling of the unity of the Empire (and he has done a good deal) is due, not to his formal preaching, but to his human sympathy. The Imperialist big drum in *The Young Queen* and *The Lady of the Snows* leaves us on the whole unmoved : what tells is the feeling for persons and places which we find in *The Flowers* and *The Native-Born* in *The Seven Seas*, and, in this volume, in *The Parting of the Columns*, or in the picture of the Australian trooper riding into Lichtenberg. And here, if Mr. Kipling would only recognise it, is the better source of his inspiration. It is not only that his lyric and dramatic qualities are well worth having, while his reflections on current politics are not particularly worth having. It is, even more, that poetry is concerned, not with Preferential Tariffs, or Federal Constitutions, or other matters that the world thinks important, but with sights and feelings which find the heart open.

“ That must be why the big things pass  
And the little things remain,  
Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,  
Riding in, in the rain.”

M. N.

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# THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

## LAND MONOPOLY: THE APPEAL TO HISTORY

EVERY one, who knows anything of our Land Law, knows that it was devised as a system of Government, and not as a system of Property. To say this is not to assert, that it was introduced by a single stroke, or by a single man. It is hardly necessary to disclaim belief in the legends of William the Conqueror and the sixty thousand knight's fees. Such stories have long been abandoned to the domain of historical myth; they are valuable only as indirect evidence of contemporary ideas. People found it necessary, at a very early date, to produce some explanation of what was, even then, felt to be an anomaly; and they solved the difficulty in that way. The English Land System is no more the work of a single man or a single moment, than are the German Army or the French Tariff. But, just as these are the result of deliberate policy, so is that. A policy needs not to be expressed in a pamphlet, or even in an Act of Parliament. The most successful and complete policies are seldom so expressed.

Three simple ideas lay at the root of the policy which cast our Land Law into its present mould. The first and greatest, to which both the others were subordinate, was, to strengthen the power of the central government, and make that power felt throughout the kingdom. It is well-known to historians, that this idea was the ruling force in the politics of that very period in which the foundations of our present Land System were laid; and that, while it pervaded the whole of Western Europe,

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its most thorough success was achieved on English soil. That the Norman Conquest was the chief cause of this success, cannot be doubted ; and it is for that reason that the Norman Conquest is rightly regarded as the dominant factor in the evolution of the system. But it took many years to complete what the Conquest had begun ; and so the quarrel between the popular legend and the scientific history is mainly this : that the legend, with its love of picturesque abruptness, crystallises into a single moment the work which, as the historian knows, it took many years of painful effort to accomplish.

The record of this idea is graven deep in the rock of legal dogma as the well-known maxim—one of the first to be encountered by every student of our Land Law—that all land in England is “held,” directly or indirectly, of the Crown. It is easy for the legal sciolist to poke fun at the capital made out of this doctrine by reformers whose knowledge is not equal to their zeal. But the doctrine is an awkward stumbling-block in the path of the monopolist who goes about to prove that English land has, from time immemorial, been treated as private property. More than this, it has been a priceless weapon in the hands of statesmen desirous of keeping the national capital in the national exchequer. By virtue of it, the boundless areas of America and Australia have been made to yield a golden harvest to the community whose toil gives them value. Again and again has the “prospector,” who thought to snatch up a mighty estate by riding over it for the first time, been reluctantly compelled to ransom his plunder, or to disgorge it. A doctrine which secured for the State, within the last century, something like twelve million square miles of the richest land on the earth’s surface, can hardly be dismissed as a meaningless dogma. It is easy to say that the same result *might* have been achieved by other methods. But that it is by the use of this weapon that the State has established its claim to control the disposition of virgin soil, not only in the British Colonies, but in the Republic of America, is a fact which no historian of these countries can well dispute.

It is no part of our purpose to deny, that the modern

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interpretation put upon the doctrine of Crown overlordship, by the Governments of the United States and the British Colonies, is a wide departure from its original meaning. The original doctrine of Crown overlordship was as far removed from the modern notion of ownership, as from the modern doctrine of territorial sovereignty, which is a mere matter of International Law. The notions that King William or King Henry could have driven the country bare if he would, to sell it to the highest bidder, or that he would have ejected the tillers of the soil if he could, are alike wildly absurd. We know what a storm was raised by the expulsion of a few cottagers from the forest-precincts of those days. We know, too, that the great aim of every feudal landholder was to have "his" land well stocked with "meat and men." What, it may be asked, would the Norman knight or man-at-arms have done with a bare block of land? Was he the sort of man to lay aside the sword for the ploughshare, or the spear for the pruning hook? The Great Plague of the fourteenth century was the death-knell of feudalism, just because it swept away the tillers of the soil, and left the estates of the landlords empty. Then, as now, the great landholder was made rich by a multitude of tenants; but it is not so easy to find tenants in a population of two millions as in a population of thirty-two. The fetters which the founders of our Land System laid upon their people were comparatively light; it is not their fault that, in the course of ages, these fetters have become intolerably heavy. The fault is ours, that we have not struck them off long ago.

This brings us to the second of the three ideas upon which our Land System is based. What the Crown, at the beginning of that system, wished to distribute, was, not property, but authority. At a time when it took forty days for a message to travel from Newcastle to London, centralised government was obviously a very different thing from what it has become, now that a message can be flashed over the same distance in a few seconds. The only way by which the Crown could secure its firm control over the kingdom was, to give the government of each district to



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a man whom it could trust to be faithful to it, to place the whole authority of the Crown over that district in his hands, and to hold him strictly responsible for its exercise. To a vassal thus endowed the Crown looked for the maintenance of order in his district, for the supply of men-at-arms, for the collection of taxes, for defence against an invader; in short, for the exercise of political authority. The great vassals, who "held" directly of the Crown, in similar fashion portioned out their vast districts amongst smaller vassals, and these again to subordinates in like manner. Hence arose the feudal pyramid, which linked the smallest vassal, through many overlords, to the Crown, the supreme landlord of the kingdom. This is the great doctrine of "tenure," and thus grew up that "mystery of seisin" which, to the modern lawyer, appears the veriest nightmare of technical madness. It was of vital importance to the Crown to know, at any given moment, who was "seised of," or responsible for, any given piece of land. Hence the insistence of our law, that the seisin must "never be in abeyance"; hence the rule, only beaten down after centuries of struggle, that transfer of seisin must be open and notorious to all men, else how should the peasant know whom to obey; hence the rule, long the guiding maxim of the royal Courts of Justice, that the man who has wrongfully obtained seisin is to be preferred to the righteous claimant who has never obtained it. It was as vital to the Crown, in those days, to know exactly "how the land was set, and by what men," as it is for the Chief Constable of a great modern city to know exactly the state of his men's "beats," or a general on the eve of battle to know exactly the state of his patrols. But the feudal vassal was no more *owner* of his district, than the Collector of Customs at Liverpool is owner of Liverpool, or the Chief Constable of Surrey is owner of Surrey.

The third of the ideas upon which our medieval Land System rested, was the necessary consequence of the second. The dangers attendant upon this system of delegated authority were rarely absent from the minds of medieval monarchs. Least of all were they likely to be overlooked

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in a country in which, as in England, the power of the Crown was, owing to historical circumstances, exceptionally strong. It would never have done to allow a traitor, an outlaw, or even a convicted felon, to retain in his hands a piece of the Crown's authority. When, after vassalage had become hereditary, a vassal died without ascertainable heirs, it was necessary to resume his holding, in order to put it into the hands of some one else. Hence the well-known doctrines of "forfeiture" and "escheat." In later days, when political authority had developed into ownership, it was felt to be a monstrous grievance that the children of a traitor or a felon should be starved for their father's crime ; and, as every lawyer knows, forfeiture for crime was practically abolished in 1870. But the rule of escheat, which, from the nature of things, is less of a grievance, remains : an indelible mark of the true origin of our Land System. It is still actual law that, on the death, intestate and heirless, of a landowner, his estate is resumed by the holder of the estate out of which, it may have been hundreds of years ago, the estate of the deceased was created.

It would but weary the reader to insist upon the overwhelming evidence which, to the eye of the intelligent student, proves our Land Law to have been, in its origin, not a proprietary, but a political system. It is better to indicate, very briefly, how it assumed its present character.

In the first place, the fashion of treating vassalage as hereditary had partially established itself in feudal conceptions before they were transplanted to England. In the vast domains of the Carolingian monarchs, it was practically impossible, in the case of the direct vassals of the Crown, to prevent the son succeeding to his father's fief. The thing had probably been done, long before the news of the father's death reached the distant Court. To have attempted to displace the new possessor, would have been to invite civil war. The great vassals could not well deny to their under-vassals a right which they claimed for themselves ; and so the practice became universal. But it is a significant fact that, in English Law of to-day, a grant

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of an estate "to John Smith," without more, does not give John Smith an hereditary estate. There must be special words to produce that effect. Otherwise, when John Smith dies, his estate comes to an end. This is, no doubt, a "survival"; but "survivals" are excellent evidence.

Secondly, the feudal vassal also succeeded, very early, in establishing his right to transfer his position, or, as we should now say, his "estate." This right was long guarded by elaborate provisions to secure "notoriety"; and there is, to say the least, a very strong suspicion that the consent of a royal official was originally necessary to make the transfer good. What is quite certain is, that, for centuries after the foundations of our Land Law had been laid, the landholder's estate could not be disposed of by testament, and that very strict rules forbade its alienation to foreigners or to corporate bodies, both of whom were obviously unsuitable as delegates of political authority. But still, the power of sale obviously tended to make the office look like property. The same result has been observed in the case of political offices totally unconnected with landholding.

Thirdly, changes in the system of government tended powerfully to obscure the true position of the feudal vassal. His military duties fell into abeyance with the introduction of professional armies; and though, in theory, the landholder paid a commutation or equivalent in money for his lapsed services, yet, in England, this payment was rarely exacted, and soon fell entirely into abeyance. The revenue which the landholder was originally bound to collect for the Crown, was, from the first, according to medieval practice, compounded for at a fixed sum; and this sum, owing to the perpetual fall in the value of money, soon became hardly worth collecting. On the other hand, though the landholder's duties disappeared, his rights against the tillers of the soil within his district remained untouched. The "dues and services" which, in return for protection and government, he collected from the peasants, were not abandoned; on the contrary, they grew steadily, with the increase of population, and the increase in the area of cultivated land. True it is, that many of the feudal landholders made the same mistake which, in their own case

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had been so damaging to the Crown, viz. of allowing their peasants to compound for their dues by fixed money payments. But, when the Peasants' War of 1381 had shown the danger of this practice, they made no more such mistakes. The old, vague, customary relationship of lord and peasant was replaced by the modern system of short leases at rack rents; and, as the leases fell in, they were only renewed on terms which gave the landlords the full benefit of the rise in value of the land. Thus the interest of the landlord became more and more like Property, and less and less like Government.

But, at this point, it may fairly be asked: "Where was the ownership of the soil during all these centuries, if it was not in the landlords?" That is just the crux of the whole situation; and it is hard for any one who has not made a special study of legal history to realise the truth of the matter. The real truth is that, before the great social changes brought about by the events of the sixteenth century, *there was no such thing as ownership of land at all*. Even the words "ownership" and "property," as applied to land, were not known to our language. With *lordship* our Courts were perfectly familiar; but of *ownership* they knew nothing. It is not a mere freak of language that our territorial aristocracy, even at the present day, are commonly spoken of as "landlords" rather than as "land-owners." It is just another of those "survivals" which speak so eloquently of the past. If any one, in the fifteenth century, was entitled to be called a *landowner*, it was the peasant, with his ancient holding, from which even so pure a feudalist as Littleton confessed that he could not be ejected by his lord. But it is again, surely, no insignificant fact that, even in Littleton's day, the King's Courts of Justice took no account of the peasant's holding. With disputes about lordship they were greatly concerned; for these were questions affecting the government of the realm. But with economic questions they had little to do. These were matters for the lord's own manorial court; and we may be tolerably sure that, by such a tribunal, the interests of the lord were not neglected.

At last, however, as commercial ideas grew apace, and

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rapidly drove out the older, feudal notions of society, the great question had to be faced : "Who is owner of the land? Who, when all existing interests have been provided for, is entitled to pocket the ultimate value of the soil, to claim for his exclusive benefit whatever the course of ages may bring to that commodity which is strictly limited in quantity, but which no one can do without" ?

Is it any wonder that, in the sixteenth century, this question was answered in favour of the feudal landholder, still by far the most powerful class in the kingdom, still, virtually, the sole depositary of political power? That the struggle was long and bitter, we know. Students of the sixteenth century are fully aware of the desperate fight made by the humbler classes against that "enclosure movement" which was the direct outcome of the new theory. The struggle shook the State to its foundations; and there was a moment, during the reign of the boy-king Edward, when it seemed as though the issue were doubtful. But the Tudor epoch was not favourable to the success of popular claims. The power of the Crown, directly interested in the question through its acquisition of the monastery lands, was cast heavily in favour of the landlords. The king's Courts deemed that they had done enough for the peasant, with his customary holding, when they had guaranteed him undisturbed enjoyment of the identical rights which his predecessors had actually exercised, and for the leaseholder, when they had enforced the literal terms of his bargain. Everything beyond that was to belong to the lord of the soil. Ingenious, but utterly unhistorical, explanations of the new order were invented by lawyers and politicians, and consecrated by judicial approval. The overlordship of the Norman King was converted, by a bold historical fiction, into absolute ownership. "All comes from him" (the King), says Coke, "and all was in him at the commencement." Even the admitted rights of the peasant were, by the new theory, derived from the gracious tolerance, or indolent forbearance, of his lord; and, with a deadly irony, the plundered tiller of the soil was bidden to rejoice in the warmth and sunshine of the new order, which had redeemed him from the night of hopeless slavery. It is

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sad to discover how little gratitude he showed towards his deliverers.

After this momentous decision, the career of the landowner (as he had now become) was easy and triumphant. The Parliament of James, which denounced Monopolies as contrary to the Law of England, and barely permitted the inventor of a new machine to retain exclusive control of it for fourteen years, left untouched the greatest Monopoly of all, and allowed the landlord to claim the land for countless generations. When James's grandson came back to his own, a landlord's Parliament, at a single stroke, transferred the few remaining liabilities of the landlord to the general taxpayer, by converting the feudal dues into an hereditary excise upon the food and other necessities of the people. Landlord apologists have persuaded themselves, that the Act of 1660 did not do what it obviously did do. Such reasoning is beyond the plain man, and apparently, it was even beyond the Parliament of the Revolution, which imposed a Land Tax in the place of the old feudal dues. The pity is, that this excellent precedent has been deprived of all its value by the absurd policy of "redemption," and by the long series of amending statutes which, in the interests of landowners, have whittled away the Land Tax, till it is now hardly worth the cost of collection.<sup>1</sup> Imagine Parliament allowing a young man, at the outset of his career, to "redeem" all future payments of Income Tax, not only for himself but for his descendants for ever, by a lump sum based on twenty-five years' purchase of a peace rate on his first year's earnings! The Income Tax may rise to fifteen pence; he will regard the fact with utter indifference. His income may increase to thousands of pounds; he will pay no more. Happy man! Yet this is exactly what the landlord has been permitted, even encouraged, to do. It would be unjust to deny, that the rural landowner has nobly recognised his ancient liability, by sending his sons to fight his country's battles. But complete justice will not be done,

<sup>1</sup> The total amount in the year 1902-3 was £760,000; it has fallen in value 58 per cent. since 1819. During that period the Income Tax has *increased* from £143,000 to £37,000,000.

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until the whole cost of the regular army is defrayed by a thorough and complete Land Tax, assessed, not on the value of land as it stood in the eighteenth or early nineteenth century, but as it stands at the current day. It is an ancient and sound maxim of English polity : the Land supports the army, Commerce supports the fleet. And, if it be urged, as it constantly is, that the enormous growth of commerce demands a vastly increased expenditure on the army, the answer is to hand : commerce has added infinitely more to the value of the land than any reasonable military system would cost to maintain. Look at the acres of densely crowded urban sites which, before the great increase of trade and commerce, were bare fields, bringing in but trifling rents. Look at the still greater sweeps of land, once open and common, now thickly covered with factories and cottages. Into whose pockets has gone the enormous wealth which this change represents ? In the magnitude of this monopoly, the rural monopoly is hardly felt. It is in the great towns that the Land Question cries aloud for reform ; and, all the more, that the present system was manifestly never designed to meet the present conditions.

Is it a very startling suggestion to make, that a system designed, some six or seven centuries ago, to meet the political needs of a scanty agricultural population, ruled by an alien race, should fail to fit the altogether different needs, as a system of property, of the thirty-two millions of human beings who inhabit the industrial England and Wales of to-day ? We have abolished the monopolies of the close professions, of the Trade Guilds, of the commercial Companies, of the printing press—all far younger and less oppressive than this greatest of monopolies, the Monopoly of the Land. Scarcely a political thinker of repute defends it in principle ; it is deemed impregnable as a consecrated abuse, too firmly entrenched behind vested interests to be touched. Even Sir William Harcourt's famous measure, which did little more than equalise the Death Duties on land and other forms of property, was regarded by the privileged classes as threatening the foundations of the State ; and much of its value has been destroyed by evasion

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and reactionary legislation. In the financial strain of the South African War, there was no attempt to resort to that Pactolian stream of gold, created by the toiling industry of the nation, which annually flows into the pockets of a few privileged monopolists. Meekly the nation mortgaged such of the future profits of its labour as should survive, after the landlords' ever-increasing claim should have been satisfied. Meekly the country doctor, earning a precarious income by the lavish expenditure of his health and brains (his only capital) paid the same share of that income as the owner of ground rents, who idled away his time on the Riviera, and grew ever richer upon the tax which his agents collected from the necessities of the growing swarm of busy workers pent up in city streets. Truly, if an abuse is only great enough, it may last long.

Happily, there are signs that the nation is beginning to awaken to the enormity of this private tax, beside which all public taxes sink into insignificance, and which blocks the way of so many sorely-needed social reforms. Old-Age Pensions are threatened with indefinite postponement, because the general taxpayer, who, three centuries ago, took upon his shoulders that burden of Poor Relief which the landholder had shuffled off, can bear no more claims upon his scanty purse. But who has a stronger claim upon the unearned increment of land than the veterans of that army of industry which has created it? The mean conditions of our great centres of population cry aloud for improvement; but every scheme of improvement entails, as a preliminary, a gigantic subsidy to the monopolists whose greed and neglect have brought such conditions into being. One hopeful way of solving that problem of rural depopulation, which almost every shade of political opinion professes to regret, is by settling a race of independent farmers in the neighbourhood of those great cities which will provide them with sure and increasing markets; but it is just in those districts that the landowners, waiting to convert their untilled acres into slums, cling with desperate tenacity to their despotic control of the soil. In what way exactly a breach shall be made in the absolute monopoly which



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now grinds the faces of the struggling masses of the community, is for the practical politician to say. Crude schemes of confiscation are, of course, quite out of place in a complex economic system such as ours; in which, after all, injustice is more often the result of indifference or ignorance, than of deliberate purpose. Violent confiscation, if it comes at all, will be the result of unreasoning opposition to reasonable reform. But, that a breach in the Land Monopoly will be made, must be made, if these masses are not to sink into hopeless slavery, is the growing conviction of those who are not inclined to sit down in quiet despair.

Meanwhile, a knowledge of the history of our Land System is of vital importance in just this way. When the struggle against Land Monopoly begins in earnest, the strongest appeal of the monopolists will be an appeal to history, or, as it is now popularly termed, "vested interests." The present state of things is so manifestly absurd and unjust, that no serious thinker can defend it on its merits. It is of the first importance, therefore, that the nation should realise, that the landowner's appeal to history is utterly and absolutely rejected by the facts of history.

A study of the past brings out into salient relief two broad truths. The first is, that, as has been insisted upon before, the landlord's rights were not given him to do as he liked with, but as the necessary accompaniment of heavy public duties, which he has shuffled off one by one, and as part of a social system which has passed away for ever. The duties have been undertaken by the general taxpayer; it is but fair that the rights should pass to him also.

The second truth is, that the only interests in land which, in our ancient system, could rightly be described as property, were not absolute property at all, but interests strictly limited by the claims of the community. The peasant-proprietor of the Middle Ages, the true owner of the soil, if there was an owner at all, found himself limited and controlled at every turn by the claims of his neighbours. Much ingenuity, and not a little heat, have been expended upon the question whether the English village of old time was or was not a "communal" unit. For our present

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purpose, such a discussion, turning, as it often does, merely upon the meaning of words, is of no moment. What is quite certain is, that the villager's rights in his land were distinctly subordinate to the controlling force of public opinion. He could not build, he could not open mines, he could not break up pasture land, he could not change the course of husbandry, without the consent of the community in which he lived. That these restrictions became, in course of time, a clog on enterprise, is not denied. But the principle which they represented was sound; for they affirmed the great doctrine: that land is too precious a commodity to be placed at the absolute and unfettered disposal, in perpetuity, of the individual citizen. The race for wealth, and the unscrupulous use of power by privileged classes, have almost swept this old form of ownership out of existence; but enough of it remains to serve as a reminder, that unfettered monopoly of land is by no means the long-established tradition which its advocates claim for it. In other words, the Appeal to History brings out into clear relief the solid truth: that the ancient polity of England was an entire stranger to that gigantic monopoly, which is one of the gravest and most threatening dangers of our modern civilisation.

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**M**R. CHAMBERLAIN is said to express the opinion, in private, that he does not expect to carry the country at the next election, but that he will create a rapid reaction against a Liberal Government, and will return to power and Protection on a wave of indignation against their blunders and unsuccessful legislation. Great as Mr. Chamberlain's critical and destructive faculty as a parliamentary leader may be, it would be a very uncertain prophecy that a Liberal Administration would, in a few short months of office, accumulate a fame for inefficiency and blundering which would eclipse the performances of our present rulers, and create a reaction in favour of the latter. A well-chosen Liberal Ministry could hardly fail to be an improvement in administrative vigour, in diplomatic resource, in intelligible and constant standards for the conduct of the public service.

The danger to Free Trade is, that Mr. Chamberlain is appealing as the champion of the discontented. He has the eminent quality of the successful quack doctor, who knows that the patient is half way to taking his medicines if he can only persuade him that he, beyond all other men, is the most sympathetically certain that his constitution is undermined. All the Free Trade leaders, Liberal and Unionist, are making excellent play with argument and ridicule against the fantasies and falsities of the Great Plan. But, with few exceptions, they found their position on the prosperity of England, which is true enough as compared with what England was, or would be under Protection, but does not meet the aspiration of those who are thinking of what

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England may be. They have not sufficiently in their minds one fundamental factor—the standing discontent of human nature. Mr. Chamberlain has the instinct of appealing to it. This is a mighty faculty, possessed by few. It is not enough to prove to most sober citizens that the proposed remedies are inebriating draughts, satisfying for the moment, but vitiating and innutritious to the body politic. These may be drunk for lack of better, if the wiser doctors will not condescend to prescribe a more wholesome diet and more vigorous exercise. Until there is a recognised alternative policy, all discontent arising from economic causes is liable to be fuel for Mr. Chamberlain's conflagration.

There is something analogous in the situation to-day to the state of politics when Gladstone whirled the country out of reaction by his Midlothian campaign. The people were tired, in 1879, of Tory blundering abroad and Tory extravagance at home. They were for the moment diverted, as some are diverted now, by a noisy and attractive appeal to patriotic sentiment. But Gladstone was not content with an exposure of the Beaconsfield policy. He sought, throughout the days of his wonderful campaign, to create the feeling that he intended to lead on to a better society, as well as to restore efficiency of government and what he regarded as traditional righteousness of national policy. To-day the Liberal leaders, in spite of their cordiality and unanimity, have not yet succeeded in creating that impression. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith have spoken, and no doubt will again speak, about the closing of the Education controversy by an amending Act, about Temperance reform and taxation of land values. But there is a disconcerting absence of any mention of land taxation in Lord Rosebery's speeches. And Mr. Morley went so far at Dumfries as to throw cold water upon all projects of reformers. The passage indicates that Mr. Morley was led to speak, owing to the addition of a rider to the Free Trade resolution at the meeting of the Scottish Liberal Association, which urged land taxation as the alternative to Protection :—

“But now—my Trades Union friends say—you ought to talk about old-age pensions more, and land values, and so on. What is the good? Do you think that old-age pensions can come out of an empty pocket?”

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Does anybody dream that you can have old-age pensions if you have got a stinted and impoverished exchequer?"

There is a curious confusion of thought in thus bracketing old-age pensions and land taxation. And, apparently, Mr. Morley omitted to give any reason for discarding land taxation. But the passage implies at least that some Liberals in high places are still indifferent and doubtful, if not hostile, to the immediate realisation of the vigorous hope of the bulk of their followers—to win this battle, not for the sake of putting into power a Government of passive Free Traders, but to effect very real alterations in the opportunities of life of the masses, and in the present methods of wealth distribution.

The reform of the Education Acts, by the declaration of the leaders, stands first in place in the promises of Liberal reform. It rightly claims priority. It is the removal of an actually inflicted wrong, the alteration of a new system before its abuses have time to harden. But the Land stands now first in importance as a vast economic subject. The freeing of the use of land, and the relief of local burdens by land taxation, are the alternative to Mr. Chamberlain's economic campaign. If no great and vital effort in such a direction is made by those who are regarded as the natural successors of the present Conservative Government, it is difficult to see how one of two political catastrophes can fail to follow even a great Free Trade victory at the next election. Either Mr. Chamberlain will gradually capture the bulk of the restive, and rebellious, and change-loving, and despairing, among the population—a danger accentuated by every fluctuation and depression of trade; or the Free Trade Ministry will be deserted by the defection of that half of their supporters which represents the best fighters—the advanced Liberals, the Radicals, and the Labour representatives. Mr. Chamberlain would slip in between them, and work his will in a divided Parliament.

And there is singularly little necessity to incur this danger. The taxation of land values is no new project, no revolutionary counterblast invented by a few ingenious enthusiasts who fear the defection of the working-classes to Protection. The truth is rather the other way. The old

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Conservative interests were beginning to feel uncomfortably the stirring of new popular doctrines ; and the landlords and reactionaries have been glad to enlist under a new chief, who promises to divert Radical assaults from them, and to lead them back to a fruitful land of monopoly. Before the launching of the Great Plan, the reform forces were already accumulating for an assault on land privilege ; and there can be no reason to disband because dangerous reaction rears its head.

To connect the struggle against Protection with a campaign for taxation of land values has many advantages. The least of them is the purely political one that, in spite of the half-heartedness of a few leaders, the Liberal party is unanimous for the proposal. Twice the outlines of the project have been brought before the House of Commons in the practical form of a Bill, modelled in its main features upon the Minority Report of the Local Taxation Commission, to enable urban municipal authorities to levy a part of their rates from an assessment based on the value of the land alone. These moderate and tentative proposals, which, however, involve a principle capable of far wider application, have been endorsed by the approval of many of the greatest municipalities and many smaller local authorities throughout the Kingdom, and have been opposed by none. In 1902 the Bill which I introduced was defeated by only 70 votes, in a Parliament with a Tory majority of 130. In the same Parliament, in the next year, Dr. Macnamara's Bill was only defeated by 13. On both occasions it was the official opposition of the Ministry which alone defeated a project which many of their own followers viewed with positive favour, and only the monopolist interests and the most reactionary Conservatives with active dislike.

The relation of the Liberals with the Free Trade Unionists is beset, no doubt, with difficulties. To sacrifice all efforts for progress, in order to secure an alliance with the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Goschen, and the Becketts, Churchills, and Seeleys, in the House of Commons, is impossible. Of the two dangers, the growth of a formidable and hostile left wing of advanced Liberalism and Labour would be far more fatal to a Free Trade Ministry than the

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hostility to some of their measures of the Free Trade Unionists, who, by that time, may be politically homeless, and only too thankful to have a party to belong to.

If it is truly contended, that the country would never be content with a placid and unenterprising assertion of our economic well-being, the simpler and safer policy for the Free Trade leaders is to settle upon a line of progress to which the more liberal section of the Unionist party is already inclined to lend a friendly ear, and which, at the same time, appeals to the deeper enthusiasm of the Liberal Party. If once the Unionists could admit the principle endorsed by Lord Balfour of Burleigh and two such high financial authorities as Sir George Murray and Sir Edward Hamilton, Liberals certainly need only rejoice if the balanced and expert mind of Lord Goschen were at the disposal of those who made the cautious but effective opening in this great direction.

But the supreme reason for making Land Reform the most prominent part of the Free Trade policy is the answer it affords to Mr. Chamberlain. Even if his Cassandra prophecies were well based, if his gloomy diagnosis of trade were true in the present, ours is the safer remedy. It touches, moreover, a far wider field of reform than he professes to touch; it strikes at evils which he is ready to neglect; it appeals to forces which he cannot stir.

Let us institute a comparison between the effects which Protection and Land Reform would respectively have upon the problems which Mr. Chamberlain has, and has not, raised in his great campaign. Let us even assume that he has to some extent made out his thesis: that there are signs of decadence in British trade, which urgently call for some aid or stimulus, to enable our producers to meet foreign competitors to greater advantage.

What, we will put it in the mildest way, are the risks which we are asked to run by adopting Mr. Chamberlain's advice?

Whatever benefits might, under a Protectionist system, be realised by industries partly or wholly relieved of foreign competition, the new taxes would be a burden on those industries which use the finished goods of a protected

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trade as raw material, or as instruments in the process of manufacture. Their cost of production would be so far increased, and, so far, whatever other advantages did or did not accrue to the nation, Protection would be liable to injure as much as it benefited them.

Next, Mr. Chamberlain's plan necessarily discriminates between industries; because there are only certain industries which are subject to serious foreign competition. The great majority of the working classes are employed in industries where Protection is impossible, because there is nothing to protect against. For instance, the building trade employs more than a million workers in all its branches. Foreign builders do not build in England. It, therefore, cannot be protected. It may, indeed, have much of the raw material of house-building increased in price. This sort of instance shows the limitation and unfair discrimination of a Protectionist system.

Further, however much the Protectionist may or may not be justified in promising higher wages to those employed in selected trades, the increased prosperity, even of these, depends on higher prices being paid for their productions. That is to say, that the expenditure of the whole population is to be greater on what it buys. The cost of living would admittedly be raised, though the controversy rages round the subject of whether the population would have a new source of wealth from which to pay the higher prices. There is at least a risk involved that they might not be able to find that source sufficient.

Besides this, there are the omissions of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. He leaves absolutely unconsidered the most formidable phenomenon in the social life of to-day: the appalling overcrowding of our great cities. He will, if he succeeds, accentuate it, unless, coincidently with raising the cost of living, he is indeed able to provide higher wages. Otherwise, the first charge on the poor man's income, his rent, will become a greater burden than ever.

Lastly, his proposals, though professing to deal with national finance, do not touch what is the most antiquated and the most burdensome part of our taxation system: the method by which we levy our local rates.



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We commence the contention for taxation of Land Values, as an alternative to Protection, by pointing out that it recognises the burden of the local rates to be the most severe tax at present borne by our people. It is an unfortunate tradition to regard our local taxation as an interest apart from our national finance. We are only just ceasing to consider it a purely municipal concern. There has been anxiety about the swelling budgets of our Corporations. Generally, the Corporations have been blamed for extravagance by the alarmed ratepayer ; and local economy has been the only remedy for a phenomenon which is so absolutely universal, that, if the diagnosis be true in one case, nine-tenths of our municipal bodies stand condemned of wild extravagance. The nation and not the localities is to blame. Great statesmen have stirred, or been stirred by the nation, to cleanse the Augean stable of our national finance. For some seventy years the process has continued, with hardly a break. The greatest minds have worked on it. The most scientific principles have been applied to the operation. But no great financier has dealt with local taxation, except to adopt the temporary expedient of un-systematic subventions, which, by placating the loudest complainants, have prevented a radical change in the system which was invented for a Tudor England.

An increasing number, however, of publicists and politicians are beginning to see that, in the region of finance, we need rather local than national revolution. Perhaps the clearest words upon the subject are to be found in Mr. Charles Booth's lucid argument for site-value taxation, in his chapter on *Expansion* in the closing volume of his laborious and minute enquiry into the conditions of London life :—

“When, for the advantage of the consumer, and in the interest of the towns and of trade, the food of the people was relieved of a large part of the taxation it had borne, it seems to have been overlooked, or not fully foreseen, that the houses the people lived in were, or would come to be, even more heavily taxed than their food had ever been, and that free internal development would be hindered by the peculiar incidence of this burthen.”

Here is the simplest exposition of the *prima facie* case for

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the removal of the terrible house-tax, which now, more than high income-taxes, or even high sugar and tea duties, oppresses the lives of the poor, and cramps the industries of the energetic.

It is indeed curious to note how little the reformers have dwelt upon the almost inconceivable badness of the kind of tax now levied under the name of local rates. There are two causes which have blinded the perception of those who feel the local burdens. Unlike the great iniquity of the corn-taxes, which began in 1815 in order to keep corn up to the novel and appalling price-level of the years of the Napoleonic wars, the rates are ancient and customary impositions, whose incidence has only gradually become grievous, as the local taxes have grown. Yet, if the existing tax, of a quarter or a third of the annual value of every town building, were now to be proposed for the first time, it would hardly meet with a serious reception in the House of Commons.

The other factor which obscures the real truth is, that part of the rate does now fall, in a clumsy sort of way, upon the value of land that is in use. But this does not in the least obviate the evil of taxing that part of the valuation which represents the building, and which, in all the developing neighbourhoods, where building enterprise needs encouragement, is by far the larger part of the property bearing the tax.

When once clearly pointed out, it seems hardly possible to deny the evil effects of the house-tax. The Minority Commissioners say—

“Our present rates indisputably hamper building. Buildings are a necessary of life and a necessary of business of every kind. Now, the tendency of our present rates must be generally to discourage building—to make houses fewer, worse, and dearer. . . Anything which aggravates the appalling evils of overcrowding does not need to be condemned; and it seems clear to us, that the present heavy rates on buildings do tend to aggravate those evils, and that the rating of site values would help to mitigate them.”

They do not indeed in this passage carry out their argument to its logical conclusion, as Mr. Charles Booth does, and show that a tax which hampers enterprise, and aggravates overcrowding, is too evil to be allowed to survive at

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all in the permanent economy of a wise nation. They seem, like many other cautious reformers, to be uncertain as to how far it is justifiable, in relieving buildings, to throw the whole burden upon the land value. But an enormous progress in public opinion will have been reached, when men have learnt to regard the present tax as intrinsically bad, and to think of it always in the same category as the window tax, the chimney tax, and the corn duties.

How far, in removing gradually the old system, the reformers ought to place the burden on the land value alone, is a question of politics and policy. In some of our colonies, notably New Zealand and Queensland, the whole of local taxation is borne by the land values ; and the change has operated as a wonderful stimulus to industry. No doubt arguments might be adduced to show that a revolutionary change, transferring the whole burden from an assessment of property including houses and improvements, to an assessment excluding houses and improvements, would be too sudden and disturbing, even with the object of obviating an almost revolutionary danger. All that I am disposed to argue at present is, that, putting considerations of politics and questions of rights of special classes of property-owners aside, the relief of taxation by making the land value bear the local burdens would be a change involving none of the risks of a Protectionist revolution, and would accomplish a vast reformation, undreamt of in the Protectionist philosophy.

In the first place, no class of producers would suffer by the increased profits of another class. The gross rentals of some landlords might for the time be less. The drones are part of the hive. So they must be considered. But, even in their case, an increase in general prosperity would gradually fill their pockets faster than the tax emptied them.

The nation's real concern is with those who are working. And, instead of increasing, as Protection must do, the cost of production to many trades, by enhancing the prices of their raw material, one great item of the cost of production in almost every trade would be eliminated by land taxation. The rates are now proportioned to the value of

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the premises in which industry is carried on. Many manufacturers pay annually several hundred pounds of rates on their mills. And they pay more for every increased outlay in structure or fixed machinery. Under a land value rating, the burden on the land itself would be greater. But it would be a burden which would only increase with the general prosperity or expansion of the district. A manufacturer would be free to build as splendidly as he pleased, with the certainty that he would not be taxed for his enterprise, except in so far as he indefinitely increased the prosperity of his neighbours. His chances of free enterprise would be still further encouraged by a greater choice of sites. For, if all vacant land were taxed at its real value, the owners would be anxious to let or sell it at once, in order to realise the rent through which alone they could pay the tax. No owner could continue, as now, to feed cows and poultry on a field needed for a factory.

And this new power of production would be obtained, not by raising prices and therefore injuring the market for our sales, but by cheaper production. Our employment market would expand. New industries could start more easily. Existing employers could take on more hands. We should not, as under Protection, cut the throats of two industries to exalt one, or throw out of employment thousands in order to preserve or create employment for hundreds. Every trade would find its position eased ; we should be slower to stop work in bad times, because of the greater margin, quicker to provide new employment in good times, because the initial expenses would be everywhere reduced.

The next advantage of these proposals over Protection is, that they are not invidiously selective in their operation. All enterprise will enjoy an equal emancipation. The trade with the truest vitality will necessarily profit most. It will be no ugly scramble on the political tariff-exchange for privileged taxes, where the prizes will be won by the least scrupulous, the most skilfully influential, the most blatant of the bands of traders who would persecute the Finance Ministers of a Protectionist *régime*. Not political corruption, political accident, or political favouritism, but the skill and vigour of

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the employers, and the industry and dexterity of their men in using the wider opportunities of healthy competition, will be the determining factors of decadence or prosperity.

The next result will be that, as untaxed houses are cheaper than taxed houses, there will be a stimulus to building, which will cheapen rents. Instead of adding to the cost of living of the people, the most trying and oppressive item of expenditure, the rent, will tend to decrease. More houses will be available. The pressure on the crowded centres will be relieved. Our town-folk will choose between cheaper house-room, or more house-room and better health for the same money. We shall hear less of the monstrous anomaly of bad times in the building trade, at the same moment that the cry of the stifled people is ascending to their smoky heaven for room to live in decency.

Overcrowding is an evil which cannot be cured by palliatives. It is an organic disease, and can only be met by organic change. There is no need to depreciate the efforts of some great Corporations which, like the London County Council, are assiduously setting the example of destroying the most festering slum areas, and of building workmen's dwellings on a constantly increasing scale. But, from the very root conditions of the problem, their action can only remain an example. The population of 'Greater London' increases at the rate of 95,000 a year; and many hundred thousands of its already existing population need far more house-room than they have got. The intervention of one most beneficent agency cannot house these multitudes. Even a municipal works department, inspired by a Roosevelt and directed by a Carnegie, could not catch up the insatiable demand for houses.

There is nothing, however, in taxing land values which conflicts with the utmost municipal activity in building. The Corporation will be able to get cheaper land from the breakdown of the speculative monopoly. It will be able to build, with the knowledge that the very excellence of its building will not be penalised by a higher assessment and a higher rate. And the example which it chooses to set in the excellence of its buildings, will be more easily followed

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by the private company, which will no longer have to dread the rate burden for every improvement. Municipal and private building will go forward side by side, no longer taxed as if they were employed on an unsocial undertaking, which the nation wished to discourage.

Hitherto the concrete proposals for land value taxation have applied only to urban areas. But the same disadvantages and burdens operate to discourage enterprise in rural England, as in the cities. The cry of the agriculturist, that the rates are an unfair burden on the land, is less than half the truth. Again, in the country, as in the town, it is the well-cultivated, the well-used, the well-improved land that feels the rates, while the disused, neglected, selfishly disposed land escapes the taxation which its real value ought to impose upon it.

For two years Lord Penrhyn shut out his quarrymen, to assert his own notions of the relation of man to man. He refused the intervention of the State. Yet the State permits a system under which, just because he chose to keep his quarries idle, he has been able to escape about half the rates on his quarries which he pays during a normal time of employment. If the county taxation of Carnarvon had been based on land value, instead of on quarry earnings, Lord Penrhyn would not have been indirectly assisted out of the public purse to keep his men idle. He would have had to pay for the luxury of ceasing to put his valuable property to full use.

If an insolvent landlord allows his farms to depreciate or become derelict, if mismanagement ruins a fine estate, if the absurdities of entail prevent the full use of land, there is no pressure to compel the better use of the land, as there would be if it were taxed at its real value. And, meanwhile, the property which is being improved to the utmost, the estate where capital is being expended, is taxed higher and higher in proportion to the enterprise of the owner or occupier, and the failure and indolence of his neighbours.

In the country, as in the town, a rate on unimproved land value, in relief of the present rate on buildings and improvements, would operate as an immense emancipation

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of the enterprise of the enterprising, and a stimulus to activity on the part of the slovenly or incompetent.

One advantage Land Reform must cede to Protection : it cannot appeal to national jealousy and patriotic hate. To those who welcome the Great Plan because it offers a chance of paying back the German and the American in their own coin, who think with a childish petulance by slapping back to make an adversary reasonable, land taxation is a poor resource. But to those who view with anxiety the prospect of foreign entanglements and international bitterness, an alternative policy of removing impediments and discouragements at home would be welcome. After all, even if the Protectionist could convince us that foreigners injure us more than they benefit us by their exchanges, and if we had to choose between fighting this foreign enemy or this home monopolist, which is the most inspiring battle ? The American farmer and mill-hand and engineer, the German machinist and weaver and sailor : they do toil and spin. There is that in their common lot with the hardworn English worker which makes a kinship across the divisions drawn by time, and accident, and race. But what should there be to stay the hand of our laborious and self-reliant people in attacking the privileges of accumulations, created by themselves, but stored or spent by the few ? Every year the free use of land, and of the land value, is a greater need for our growing population. There is no sympathy among the people with the monopoly which now operates so unsocially. It is time that they converted into action their indignation, lest it become staled by custom into a disastrous acquiescence.

CHARLES TREVELYAN

## A RIDE IN MONASTIR

**H**ILMI PASHA sat in Monastir, pacifying the country, and restoring the Sultan's troublesome subjects to a proper sense of their duty as members of a great and historic Empire. From early morning till after sunset he was present in that small official residence of his, seated in the one dark corner of a square room, where the only furniture was the low divan, a stove, and the big desk in front of him, piled with papers. No Turk ever worked so hard. All day long the door stood open to everyone who came. There was no waiting, no affectation of mysterious grandeur. One after another they came and went, quietly ushered in—soldiers, officials, consuls, and correspondents. They took their seats dispersed around the divan, and Hilmi dealt with them in turn or together, with equal ease. Sometimes he would break off from one and go to another, and pass to a third before he returned to the first again; and, all the time, in that complexity of tongues and cases, he never lost hold of the threads, or betrayed one particle of truth to all those listening ears. One day, for instance, while I was pleading for a man still held in prison against every pledge and right, one of the Swedish officers under the first Reform Scheme came to request the promotion of a corporal among the gendarmes. No one could have guessed why Hilmi tinged the suavity of his refusal with ever so slight a shade of contempt; but the second Austro-Russian Reform Scheme reached us later that day, and, in the scorn with which it set aside the Swedes for their failure, we ultimately found the reason. After the refusal and the despatch of a few orders in Turkish, he turned again to my prisoner's case, called his Turkish secretary, who took the requisite notes, gave orders



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for the man's release, and, when I ventured to hope the result would be as speedy as happy, replied in that charming French, which is not quite good enough to be incomprehensible to an Englishman: "My orders are invariably fulfilled, instantly and to the letter."

I came away with the satisfaction every one has in seeing a thing well done. I almost doubted Hilmi's own saying: "We Turks are not administrators; we are only a warrior race." But I confess it was rather disconcerting to find within an hour that, on that very morning, another advocate had pleaded the same man's cause; that the same Turkish secretary had been called in, and had taken the same notes; that the same orders had been given, and, I can hardly doubt, with exactly the same result. The only problem left for me was to wonder what became of those elaborate notes; and that was unimportant.

So Hilmi Pasha sat in Monastir, pacifying the Sultan's misguided subjects. The room, with its one shaded corner, was heated to a genial warmth, his dark blue uniform was drawn tightly round his tall and graceful figure, his fez thrown rather back from the pale and weary face, relieved so effectively against the carpet of deep purples and crimsons that further darkened the wall behind. It is the face of a tired but unflinching eagle, thin and worn with toil. On each side of the delicate eagle nose the deep brown eyes look into yours with a mournful but steady sincerity, that would carry conviction with the wildest tale of Arabian Nights. A grave charm hangs over the face, sometimes broken by a shadowy smile, as when he said: "I see by the *Times* that, on reaching Kastoria, you will find that beautiful town in ruins." Often, while going down the stairs, still hearing in my ears the attractive voice that had just said: "My only desire is that the truth should be known: my only object is to restore tranquillity and happiness among the people whose treatment at the hands of the Government has been so generous, I might even say so magnanimous,"—often, I have thought, that here at last was a Turkish official, capable, just, and inspired with a benevolent zeal for reform. That is the "Hilmi charm"; and it is impossible to deny its influence.

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One day, while still under the spell, I followed down the mountain stream which cuts the beautiful and filthy town in half, till I came to an outlying quarter, where the people of Javata have found shelter in churches, schools, and small rented rooms. Javata is a largish village, only about three hours from Monastir, along the Ochrida road ; and I saw its ruins afterwards. One day last August, nominally owing to an attack upon a Turkish convoy by an insurgent band, but really because some of the villagers had dared to protest against the system of forced labour in the fields or their Turkish neighbours, the authorities telegraphed to Monastir that the village was in revolt. Even before the troops came, the armed peasants of Turkish villages began to burn and plunder. The troops came with two guns, and, in an hour, only two out of all the houses stood. The villagers that escaped wandered on the mountains for three weeks, and then most of them crept into Monastir. Those who remained in other villages near, in hopes of cultivating the market-gardens by which they lived, were fired upon by their Turkish neighbours, and, only a few days before my visit, one woman was shot through the heart while returning from work ; another, whom I saw, was severely wounded, and her appeals for justice were unheeded. While I was there, the gendarmes were going from house to house, trying to drive the people back to their ruins by threats of violence, and promises of the Sultan's doles. But the people hid themselves, or remained immovable. They could not go back ; dead bodies had been thrown into the wells ; all their tools and seeds were gone ; of their cattle, only ten head had been recovered. What was a grant of 20s. or 30s. for rebuilding to them, when every decent house in their village had cost £80 or more, to build ? They were a skilled and self-respecting village of market-gardeners, the men seeking work in the free Principalities, and even in Constantinople in summer, and bringing back the profits, of which the authorities claimed every eighth piastre. Here, for the first time, I heard from the villagers themselves of the tax levied upon the marriage of Christian girls, and the *jus primæ noctis* if the tax were not paid. And here, for the first time, I heard that ominous expression, so common now

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through Macedonia, that, rather than continue as before, they would walk down to the sea and drown.

Two or three families had settled in each room. In one room I found seventeen living people and one dead—a woman who had never recovered the horror of the destruction, and now lay still upon the mud floor, with a night-light on her breast. They did their best to keep the place clean ; and that task was easier because the rooms were bare. In some rooms they had put down mats woven of reeds—a mat for each family—and each family kept to its mat, with a peculiar sense of property and seclusion, as though surrounded by invisible walls. For food, they had what maize or red peppers they had begged, or bought with the money they had carried away in their flight. The refugees from Smilevo, a similar village further away in the mountains to the north-west, were in the same state, camping out in crowded rooms in another quarter of the town. Smilevo was a distinctive community, all the villagers being masons and carpenters, and finding their work far and wide through the country.

A day or two later, even Turkish delays were surmounted ; and I went clattering down the road towards Florina with a cavalry escort of ten men and an officer, the escort nominally for my safety, the officer confessedly to watch my proceedings. A trim, silent, and much-enduring man that officer was ; but by the end of my journey he was reduced to a state of pitiable misery. He spoke no Western tongue. For my purpose he had the kind of contempt a *viveur* feels for the philanthropist. He longed that the Sultan should treat the loathly pig-eating races as the Spaniards had treated the Moors, or as the Russians were treating the Jews ; and, like all Turks from Hilmi downwards, he could appeal to other examples that came nearer home. He scorned every trace of Western manners as filthy and indecent beyond expression, and yet, at every pause, he had to write elaborate notes of my doings and conversations, and that without the hope that they would ever be read. Turkish documents must have a literary limbo all to themselves ; and, among the martyrs of unread manuscript, my silent little officer will wear a radiant crown.

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Turning from the long road across the plain about midday, we advanced, through a Turkish village, up a deep valley in the mountains, to Buf, the first ruined village I had then seen; and the picture of it will almost do for all, though its ruin was not quite so complete as in most. It had been a prosperous and large village, standing among its fields of maize and rye and pasturage, on a broad and fertile slope, where two torrents met in their descent from the three-peaked mountains that rise above Monastir, and still keep their Greek name of Peristeri ("the Pigeons"). Clustered upon this slope stood its 250 houses, of which 14 are standing now. The remainder lay jagged, bare, and blackened, with just the look I have seen upon so many rotting skeletons on the veldt. As we approached, I saw a few women stealing away like shadows from the fields, noiselessly gathering up a pitcher, a spade, or the bits of clothing they had laid aside for work. They gathered up their children too; but, seeing some little creatures who had lighted a small fire of stalks and twigs under a bank, I waited beside them with Father Proy, an Austrian Lazarist of old Irish descent, happiest and bravest of men, who had accompanied me from Monastir. Presently the women came stealing back; and one, whom ugliness and misery had raised above fear, approached and poured out her lamentation. Her husband and her little son had been shot down as they were trying to escape; her house was burnt, her cattle stolen, her store of grain destroyed, her clothes and bedding and rugs all gone. She had nothing left—nothing in all the world. "Why did you not kill me then? Why don't you kill me now?", she cried to the officer, tearing away the rags from her brown and wrinkled neck; and the silent officer looked at her, without moving a muscle of his eyes.

From her and from others, men and women, who slowly gathered round us, I soon heard the story of destruction; and in nearly all the other villages the story was the same. At the beginning of August, a body of Turkish troops was coming down the mountain, when a party of the Komitadjis (fifteen of them) opened fire from a neighbouring hillside, and then fled into the woods. Instead of pursuing,

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the Turks advanced upon the village. The villagers hastened out to meet them with presents of food; but the first house was set on fire, and then the general flight began. All who could not get away in time were cut to pieces in the narrow streets. One after another the houses were set on fire. One church was burnt, the other wrecked and desecrated. The armed Turkish villagers from the place at the entrance of the valley swarmed up to murder and loot. It was they who burnt the granaries and drove off the cattle, and they who plundered the ruins afterwards of the doors, windows, rafters, and all woodwork or stuff that had escaped the flames. The inhabitants had lived for many weeks among the woods and caves, coming down at night to collect any grain they could find. Now a few had taken refuge in Florina; but most had returned to their own ruins, and were thatching over little shelters in the corners of the insecure and crumbling walls. Some had even built detached little huts with the poles of oak saplings and a wattle of maize stalks and reeds; but I never saw that done anywhere else.

For the rest, the condition of the village was outwardly much the same as in all that I saw, except that fourteen houses were left, and I never again found more than six; seldom more than one or two. The little streets and the old basements of the houses were covered deep in broken tiles from the falling roofs. The walls stood blackened and broken down. The stones were splintered with heat, the mud bricks were crumbling away or returning to sludge. Every vestige of woodwork and furniture was gone, except that, in one ruin, I saw the fragments of a sewing-machine. As I stood among that chaos of destruction, I wondered how I should begin if the ruins were mine, and I were ordered by the Sultan to rebuild it at once, with snow and frost already upon me, no tools, no wood, no cattle for transport, and a grant of ten shillings for a start.

Going near the stream in which, till quite lately, the bodies of 80 unarmed villagers of Nevokazi, butchered in cold blood as they were being brought into Florina, were lying as a warning within sight of the railway—staying a night at Florina, where the French Sisters of Mercy are

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superintending one of the Fund dépôts, especially for the relief of Armensko, a village only a few miles westward, the scene of one of the most atrocious massacres—passing through Soroveč, the Turkish base for the Greek war in the Epirus district, which I witnessed nearly seven years ago—I came over a wild but open land of marsh and lake, in which were wild swans, innumerable cranes and geese, and common gulls that had learnt to catch flies like the kestrels of Thessaly; and so I arrived at the ruined village of Mokreni. Its condition was the same as Buf's, except that, out of its 210 houses, only one was standing. The Sultan's commission had estimated £T160 for rebuilding the 209; and the villagers had laughed at them. It was one of the market-garden villages; and a few of the people were still attempting to work their plots. Because it had been prosperous, its fate was the more terrible. The place had been shelled by two mountain guns; and swarms of Bashi-Bazouks had gathered from the neighbourhood for the slaying and plunder. The number of killed in the flight was 120, chiefly old people and children; and many bodies were still lying unburied only a few hundred yards from the village, because no one dared to bury them. None of the villagers, I think, were yet living in the ruins. Though they were Bulgarians and Exarchists, nearly all had found refuge in a Greek monastery up the hill, or in the Wallach town of Klisura, which hangs, like a Swiss town, high on the mountain crest, where the pass runs to Kastoria. But that morning the gendarmes had been driving them down from Klisura, under the Sultan's order that they should begin rebuilding; and a few of them were wandering listlessly about among the ruins of their homes. One poor woman, leading a little girl by the hand, was crying horribly as she went. Her husband and two little boys had been killed there; she had never even seen their bodies, and she knew the dogs had eaten them.

Up in the fifteenth-century monastery, occupied by only three monks now, about fifty families had found safety. As at Monastir, they were arranged four or five families in each room, usually with a separate mat or rug for each family to live on; and the monks were feeding them upon their own

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store of maize and red-peppers. But this could only be made to last exactly one month longer—and then there would be nothing to give. The sickness was already very bad; the effects of terror and grief perhaps more evident here than in other places. Many women were lying stupefied with sorrow. One, who had lost three children and her husband in a few minutes, had not spoken or looked up since August. Others had seen their husbands shot down as they left the monastery, tempted out by treacherous promises of safety. I saw their newly-made graves beside the paths where they fell.

Next morning, among the clouds that enveloped the grey town of Klisura upon its mountain height, the tattered priests of Mokreni and of Bobista (a similar village on the other side of the pass) brought me their pitiful lists of the people in most urgent need; and the whole house and street were crammed with women calling for bread for their children, and for justice against the governors who were keeping their husbands in gaol, or had sent them to unknown places in Asia. Riding on, over the high pass and down the steep descent into the Kastorian plain, I passed the ruined village of Bobista—one of the most helpless and wretched of them all, where the skulls of the massacred were still lying about in the *débris* that strewed their former hearths—and I passed through Zagoreč—once a rich village on very fertile land, now utterly ruined like the rest, and its great church most foully desecrated—and Olista, a smaller ruined village on my right, and Bambuk, where the house of the Bey owner had been destroyed, almost equally with his village, but was being repaired with thatch, probably under the system of forced labour. And so, after a long ride in ceaseless rain across the flats, passing some large and flourishing Turkish villages at the foot of hills upon our left, we at last reached the Lake of Kastoria, and were carried across in a prehistoric “dug-out” canoe, the horses going round by land.

Kastoria, with its Roman gate and its white Turkish houses climbing along the isthmus and up the grey mountain that projects almost to the very centre of the lake, is the most beautiful town I have seen. But its beauty is equalled

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by its rancour against all things Bulgarian. It is mainly a Greek town, doing much trade in hand-woven carpets and furs; and, under the direction of its Greek bishop, its heart is venomously Patriarchist. Thus supported, the Turkish officials pursue their Turkish way, without haste and with plenty of rest. We had intended to set up a relief depôt there, as a good centre for the ruined villages—there are about thirty within fairly easy reach. But I soon saw it would be impossible to get anything done in the face of such a spirit, and Father Proy agreed to return to Klisura, and make that his centre instead.

For myself, I rode on north-west across the low watershed which turns the streams westward, through Albania, into the Adriatic instead of the Ægean. It is a singularly beautiful and fertile country. All the wide valley was brilliant with the gold, scarlet, and crimson of autumnal trees—aspens, maples, plum-trees, pears, and peaches. In spite of the eagles, there is abundance of partridges and duck. Wild boars come down to the reedy marshes, and here and there stands a rich Turkish village, now fattened with spoil. But, at the foot of the mountains on my right hand, hardly half an hour from the main track, was the Bulgarian village of Zupanista; and, going up to it, I found the common scene of desolation, with some distinguishing points, because about half the inhabitants had been back for many weeks, and a large number of thatched hutches had been constructed. Under those thin shelters I found the families cowering together in the corners for warmth. They had maize for about ten days more; then nothing. The sickness was worse here than in other places. The sick were lying on the bare ground, sometimes with a little straw for pillow, sometimes with nothing at all to keep them warm but their clothes, which, of course, they had not changed since August. I could not tell what was the matter with them; but when old people and little children have lived on pounded maize for two-and-a-half months, in the midst of heat and cold and wet and every kind of misery, it is hardly necessary to name diseases. Probably some were wounded, but did not dare to tell me of wounds in the officer's presence. I hear now that, since I left,



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small-pox has been devastating this and other villages around.

A ride of a few hours then brought me to Kosteneč, which I found in just the same condition, except that practically the whole of the population was back among the ruins, and they had saved a little more maize and a few goats and sheep. Some of them were even turning over the ground with spades, and laboriously dragging up logs of timber with their own hands. But I saw only two roofs standing in what had once been a very large and prosperous village. As at Zupanista, the church was destroyed and desecrated, and only the bare walls of the great Bulgarian school next the church were standing. All the Bulgarian villages in this district are equally destroyed, partly because the insurgents had a large camp in the grey and barren mountain range that rises high above Kosteneč. From the path, I could see the ruins of Dembeni and Labaniča; but I had with me the names of eight other ruined villages close at hand, and one of them was Smerdeš, on the main road from Florina to Koriča (Koritz), the scene of one of the most pitiless massacres of August.

Something might be done for these villages from Koriča, a fairly flourishing little town only one day's journey westward. It is almost entirely Greek; and the Bishop (a highly educated man who had heard of the Anglican Church) was inevitably the foe of Exarchists. But the sufferings of all Christians in this region, from the Turkish officials in their midst, and the Albanian brigands on their flank, are so unendurable, that even the savage fury of indistinguishable religious beliefs is sometimes laid aside, and throughout the town I found a willingness to combine every section of the faith against the common enemy. At sunset two Patriarchist Christians, both Albanians by race, took me up to a quiet mountain above the town, and told me the long list of wrongs that make all life a burden of injustice. The white town lay at our feet, its fertile plain stretching away to the Albanian mountains, whose summits were already deep in snow. To the north was the open space where the lake of Ochrida lay, and, far away southward, just visible in the gloom of evening, stood the long grey

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barrier of the mountain range that had been marked out in the Treaty of San Stephano as free Bulgaria's southern frontier—an uncomfortable sight to any Englishman.

A day brought me to the shores of Ochrida, and for another day we struggled against the driving north wind in a prehistoric peep of a boat, three men paddling on one side in the square bow and one on the other side in the stern, while the detachment of my escort lay so prostrate at the bottom that, had the lake abounded in pirates as the land in brigands, there would have been an end of me and my fortunes. And, indeed, the prehistoric peep gave it up at last; and we reached Ochrida on foot. That station upon the old Roman road from Dyrrachium to Thessalonica now keeps a Turkish garrison among the ruins of its old Bulgarian fortress, and half the town is Turkish; but the remainder is mainly Bulgarian, and, like Monastir, it has an Exarchist Bishop, who is administering part of the Relief Fund. There I met Mr. Henry Brailsford, the chief organiser of the Fund in the villayet. He had just returned from visiting the ruined villages up the Drin valley, north of the lake; and reported a condition of things as bad as any I had seen. Much the same in fact; and the same is true of all that wide district known as Debrīča. In Ochrida itself, a Fund depôt was struggling to supply the hundreds of refugees who had come into the town from all these northern villages, and others quite near at hand. Mrs. Brailsford had also cleaned and arranged a little hospital for the wounded, who hitherto had been lying about in a miserable and neglected state. A few men and about twelve women were there. One girl had six wounds; and a baby had been shot by a bullet that passed first through its mother's body.

Of the remaining Christian villages that I saw in ruins along the road from Ochrida back to Monastir—there were seven of them in all, ending with Javata—I need not give any further account; for their condition was the same as in those I have described, and all of them only varied according as the people had a little more maize left, and had put on a little more thatch or left the ruins bare. But, all along my route, I had heard from my officer and the Turkish authorities of certain Turkish villages which had

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been destroyed near Presba Lake. Very anxious to examine the balance of criminality, I rode out of my way to see these villages, and found there were six of them round the lake. In one of the three I visited, only six houses had suffered. In another, very little was damaged except the Christian part. The third was absolutely destroyed, except that the mosque was left. All the six villages had been attacked by the insurgents, whether in retaliation or as part of the game of war I could not discover. In those that I saw, none of the inhabitants had been killed ; and they were all now receiving a grant of 15 piastres a month from the Sultan, besides finding shelter in the very prosperous Turkish villages around. In all my journey I never heard of a woman being wronged or a child being killed by any Christian villager or insurgent.

At sunset I went out to the village of Jankoveč close by Resna, and was soon surrounded by the leading people among the Christian villagers who were still finding shelter there. In the midst of that ragged and hungry circle, I listened, for the last time, to the long tale of misery and injustice. For the last time I heard the appeal to England for help—that appeal which shows so pathetically confident a belief in England's unselfishness of purpose and zeal for freedom—and for the last time I heard the despairing cry that, unless England would see justice done, the ruined villagers must turn Turk, or walk down to the sea and drown. How far England will now remain true to the part she has played in history as the vindicator of liberty, I cannot say ; but, as I looked round that dismal little circle in the gathering gloom—so desperate and yet so resolute—I remembered with joy that, in the Near East, as long as there is insurrection there is hope. During the last century, the Sultan's dominion has been shrinking away bit by bit ; and, in every case, the triumph of freedom has been heralded by insurrection. No one anywhere becomes an insurgent, unless a Government's oppression has made existence intolerable ; and that is why the natural instinct of every free man is inevitably on the side of insurgents in every land. But, in Macedonia, the victims of the long tyranny could hardly be regarded as human beings unless

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they were perpetual rebels ; and, the more atrocious the abominations by which "the Butcher" attempts to crush out their rising, and to exterminate their race, the more truly do the insurgents among them justify their manhood, and illuminate the future with hope. But, for the present, their suffering is as terrible as anything to which mankind can be exposed. Of the 100 or 120 Christian villages that have been destroyed, I cannot estimate the population now destitute at less than 60,000 ; and probably 100,000 is nearer the truth. Most of them are lying now on the bare ground under their scanty scraps of straw, while their food runs lower day by day, and the winter months are accomplishing the Sultan's purpose as inexorably as the Turkish officials, who treat them as outlaws, tear up their petitions, reject their evidence, send the tax-gatherers to bleed their misery, send the searchers for arms to beat the men to death or burn them at slow fires, and hand them over unarmed—men, women, and children alike—to the will of the Turkish Beys and Turkish villagers, who know so well how to use the shameful power which the fortune of war has placed in their hands.

When I left that house in Jankoveč, the peaks of Peristeri stood green with snow against a freezing sky. Next day a deadly wind blew without ceasing, the mountains were covered with whirling clouds, and, gradually, even the lower valleys grew white as I rode along. But Hilmi Pasha sat in Monastir, pacifying the country ; and, looking at me with those eyes so mournful and sincere, he repeated his eulogy upon the Government's generous, nay, magnanimous treatment of its misguided subjects. As I listened, I had a vision of that vast region in Limbo which is called the Officials' Paradise.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

## ERNEST VON KOERBER, THE AUSTRIAN PREMIER

A CONSTANT visitor to Austria, and an eager spectator of Austrian affairs since the time of the Badeni Ministry, I have often been struck by the political pessimism which pervaded all classes of society, and especially the great and small captains of industry. This autumn, when I visited Vienna, the relations with Hungary were at their worst; and there was every prospect of a collapse of the Dual System. The old controversy about the official language in Bohemia had abated, only to make way for a far more violent and perilous dispute about the language of military command in Hungary. Yet there was far more buoyancy in the tone of society, and the people one met seemed less disinclined to believe in Austria's future. The only explanation I can give is that, for the first time, modern Austria has a Government, or at least a Premier, whom it can trust and respect. "Our Minister Präsident is a very clever and patriotic man; he is an untiring worker; he is the best Premier we have ever had." So spoke a merchant of Graz with whom I happened to be travelling north in the Süd-Bahn from Trieste. Another unsolicited testimonial was given by a carriageful of Bohemian manufacturers on the line from Prag to Aussig. They were full of his praises. His canal schemes were a splendid example of statesmanship; no one had ever done so much for Bohemia; his personal industry was as remarkable as his tact. "Why," cried one, "he has stayed in Vienna all the summer, when everybody else takes

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a holiday." His relations to journalism are interesting, and throw some light upon his character. I do not think he has ever descended to the little arts of Bismarck and Pitt. In fact, he has broken with the traditions of his predecessors, who thought, like Heine's fellow traveller, that a Press censorship would secure the unity of the Empire :

"Die geistige Einheit gibt uns die Censur  
Die wahrhaft Ideelle."

Four or five years ago, it was the commonest thing, on buying an Opposition paper, even one with so moderate a programme as *Die Zeit* of Vienna, to find sentences, or a whole page, blacked out. With Dr. von Koerber's accession to power, at the beginning of 1900, this Press censorship, which, after all, is far more consonant with the Prussian and Russian temper, than with free and easy-going Austria, came to an end ; and the police powers of the Government, particularly in regard to what is called the "Konfiskationspraxis der Staatsanwaltschaften," have been silently dropped, or so employed as to give no offence.

Dr. von Koerber's life history may be very briefly told. He is a self-made statesman. Without fortune or connections, he has climbed the long official ladder by the aid of industry, ability, loyalty, sagacity, modesty, self-restraint ; and, instead of remaining chief of an administrative department, he has become the principal adviser of the Austrian Crown, virtual ruler of the country, and director of perhaps the most complicated, if not the clumsiest and most antiquated, administration in Europe. He is the first Austrian Premier who owes place and power neither to wealth nor to birth. He is not sprung from, nor associated with, that close circle of two or three hundred families which forms the society of Vienna ; from which alone Emperor after Emperor had chosen for centuries his private friends and political advisers.

Born on November 6th, 1850, at Trient, Ernest von Koerber was the son of a major in the Austrian Army. His father died while the future Premier was still young. The boy was educated in the Theresian Academy, the great nursery of Austrian aristocratic officialdom ; and thence

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passed to the far-famed University of Vienna. In 1872 he had taken his degree in Law, and entered the service of the State as a "Rechtspraktikant," *i.e.*, an assistant to the Judges in the law courts. Two years later, he was transferred to the Ministry of Commerce, and was employed in many of its branches, but particularly in railway matters in connection with the nationalisation of the Franz-Josefs Bahn—an important line which connects Vienna with Prag. In 1887 he received further promotion,<sup>1</sup> and played a part in the solution of many difficult problems, more especially in the negotiation of a fairly liberal series of commercial treaties. In 1893, now head of a department (Sections-chef), in the Ministry of Commerce, he worked under Count Wurmbrand for Austria, in the reorganisation of the company which controls the steamboat service on the Danube. Reverting, in 1893, from water to land communication, he was set to organise the new Ministry of Railways. On the successful accomplishment of this task Dr. von Koerber was rewarded with the title of Geheimrath, and was made chief of the official staff in the Ministry of the Interior. This position he held throughout the disastrous Polish *régime* of Count Badeni, during the first burst of that furious, and almost revolutionary controversy, between Czechs and Germans, which the unfortunate Minister evoked.

It must have been an unpleasant post for Dr. von Koerber. Count Badeni was a Pole, who imagined that the same mixture of corruption and coercion with which the Polish aristocracy doses that miserable province, could be successfully prescribed to the whole body politic of Austria. His famous Language Ordinances roused all classes of Germans, who thought they saw the beginning of a conspiracy to Slavise Austria by the aid of the Catholic Church. Badeni tried to reduce the Reichsrath to order by introducing policemen in plain clothes—an intolerable insult, which of course added oil to the flames. By this time (September, 1897) the "Los von Rom" movement had begun in Bohemia. Dr. Lueger, the anti-Semitic Mayor of Vienna, saw that even

<sup>1</sup> Being appointed to the "Vorstand des Präsidial Bureaus," *i.e.*, head of the special department which prepares the work of the Minister, and gets information for him.

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his popularity would be in jeopardy, if he, as leader of the Christian Socialist party, continued, at the instance of his clerical friends, to support Badeni. By the end of November, Vienna was boiling with German national feeling. The populace forgot its hatred of the Jew in its fear of the Slav, paraded the streets singing "Die Wacht am Rhein," and occasionally even broke out into cries of "Down with Lueger!" This was too much for the Burgomaster, accustomed, as he is, to be the idol of every café. On Friday, November 26th, he called his Party together; and the Christian Socialists resolved to go over to the Opposition, bringing an accession of vocal and obstructive power quite out of proportion to their numbers. The next day saw the curtain fall on the Badeni Parliament, after a scene which utterly baffles description. Dr. Lecher, a grave and responsible politician, hurled an inkstand at the Speaker. Old men blew whistles; young men fought; and the Professor of Roman Law in the German University of Prag was heard blowing a fire-brigade trumpet, with "storms" and "signals." On Sunday, masses of ten and twenty thousand men demonstrated against Badeni in the Ringstrasse. Mob violence spread from Vienna to Prag, Graz, Reichenberg, and Eger. Austria was on the verge of a revolution, when (not a moment too soon) Count Goluchowski persuaded the Emperor to dismiss his Polish favourite.

Such was the inauspicious moment at which fortune cast a strong swimmer into the political vortex. On the fall of Badeni, Koerber left the ranks of officialdom, and passed from an administrative to a political position, accepting the post of Minister of Trade in Baron Gautsch's Cabinet. This was at the end of November, 1897. In the following March, Gautsch's Ministry fell. Dr. von Koerber did not join the new Cabinet, but accepted a pension with a seat in the Herrenhaus, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, enjoyed an interval of leisure. Eighteen months later, however, in October, 1899, he became Count Clary's Minister of the Interior, and was thus a member of the Cabinet which revoked Badeni's Language Ordinances. At the end of December, Clary resigned, and von Wittek formed a Ministry (without Dr. von Koerber), which lasted just about



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three weeks. Thereupon the Emperor, despairing of the talents of his aristocracy, and thinking that no possible political combination would better the parliamentary and administrative chaos, turned to Koerber, and asked him to form an administration of officials, which should carry on government without relying upon the support of any particular group. No one supposed that an "impartial" administration of this kind could survive more than a few weeks. However, the experiment was made. On the 18th of January, 1900, in his fiftieth year, Dr. von Koerber was appointed Minister Präsident, with a programme in startling contrast with the traditions of his office. In the words of his own opening speech, he would "utterly abandon the policy of making national or economic concessions, now to this, now to that party"; but he promised instead "equal favour for all, strict impartiality towards all, and passionless perseverance in the work of restoring order in the State." With the exception of Böhm-Bawerk, the Finance Minister, his colleagues are not men of remarkable ability, independence, or energy. Their merit is, that they carry out the Koerber policy, that is to say, a programme of social and administrative reform, undertaken with the aim of uniting the different nationalities by a common interest and affection for the Government, and so enabling Austria to assert herself once more as the predominant partner in the Dual Monarchy. The first six months of the new administration were consumed in a vain attempt to get rid of parliamentary obstruction, by bringing about a compromise between Germans and Czechs. The leaders of the two parties came together, but the conference failed; nor were the proposals which Dr. Koerber then presented to the Reichsrath any more successful. Thereupon the Premier hastily unfolded a great scheme for the development of commercial communications, and, after dangling this attractive bait before the country, dissolved the most unmanageable Reichsrath that had ever assembled in Vienna. The new Parliament promised to be no better than its predecessor. Radical and Nationalist elements were stronger than ever, both on the Czech and German sides. Nothing daunted, Dr. von Koerber again tried hard to induce the

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rival nationalities in Bohemia and Moravia to consent to some kind of accommodation. He laid before a second conference the material for what he considered a fair solution ; and it was only when he saw a direct reconciliation to be impossible, that he determined to try once more to divert political attention from the question of languages to the question of internal communications, and so to bury racial animosities in a common commercial interest.

In opening his economic programme, Dr. Koerber showed remarkable courage and judgment. Great engineering schemes for canal-making in the north, and for a new railway from Trieste to the Tirol, had long been before the public, and had been played with by successive Governments. But nothing had been done, and few believed that anything ever would be done. Without doubt, the new man understood the subject, as no Premier had ever understood it before. But what could he do in the face of Czechish obstruction ? It was almost impossible to get the ear of the House, let alone to submit a great scheme of legislation involving heavy votes on account. Every one predicted his fall, or a speedy prorogation of the Reichsrath and a resort to autocratic government. But Dr. von Koerber knew his countrymen better than did the journalists. He saw that prominent men of both races in Bohemia would gladly welcome any excuse for a relaxation of racial tension ; that a plan for connecting Vienna and Prag with Dresden and Hamburg would strike the imagination of the country, and would be enthusiastically received by all classes in Bohemia and Moravia. And so it turned out. A careful and elaborate scheme was prepared. Dr. von Koerber himself, I am assured, with Gladstonian industry, drafted the Bill and settled the clauses. Nothing and nobody were forgotten. The project of a railway line from Trieste to Salzburg delighted many who would have kicked against a scheme for the sole benefit of Bohemia and Moravia ; and the Poles were bought off by the promise of a great canal, which should tap their agricultural districts and their petroleum fields, from the Vistula to the Dniester.

The trade of Austria is severely handicapped by Nature,

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which supplies this immense territory with only one good harbour, Trieste, at its southern extremity, and with only two deep rivers—the Danube, navigable in its whole course through Austria and Hungary, from Passau to Belgrade, and the Elbe, a busy and important thoroughfare from Melnik to Aussig, and thence to Bodenbach on the borders of Saxony. Apart from its passenger traffic, the Austrian Danube is strangely quiet. You may steam eighteen or twenty hours, from Passau to Vienna, without seeing more than half a dozen cargo-vessels. The Elbe is very different. From the picturesque hills above Aussig, you look down upon fine reaches of river, on which two or three tugs with their long trains of cargo-boats are always in view. But Nature, though ungenerous in her completed thoroughfares, has left large opportunities for further developement, of which, strange to say, until the passing of Dr. von Koerber's Bill in 1901, no use whatever had been made. Practically there were, up to that time, in Austria, no canals and no canalised rivers. To understand the broad purpose of Dr. von Koerber's scheme, one should take a map showing north-eastern Austria, south-eastern Germany, and south-western Russia. The territories concerned are the old Bohemian and Polish Kingdoms : the modern provinces of Moravia, Bohemia, Silesia, and Poland. Starting from the west, you have five rivers : the Danube, the Elbe, the Oder, the Weichsel, (Vistula), and the Dniester. The Oder only becomes navigable at Kosel, in Prussian Silesia. The Vistula is more or less navigable from Krakau ; and the Dniester has also a navigable stretch in Austrian territory, from Petryten to the Russian frontier near Czernovitz, before it takes its long journey to the Black Sea. The Koerber scheme is inspired by the grand conception of giving Vienna and Prag a connection by water with all these great rivers, and so of enabling the inhabitants of vast mining, industrial, and agricultural areas, to get their goods cheaply to and from market.

Starting, then, from the west, the plan is to canalise the Moldau from Budweis to Melnik, where it joins the Elbe. From Melnik to Prag this plan has almost been accomplished ; and, before the end of this year, Prag will be a great port, from which Bohemian wares can be

shipped direct to Dresden and Hamburg. From Prag southwards, the work of construction will be increasingly difficult; and whether the ultimate end, the connection of Budweis with the Danube at Linz, can ever be accomplished, is still considered doubtful, as a high range of hills has to be surmounted or penetrated. Possibly a longer alternative route may be chosen, from Budweis *via* Gmund to Vienna.

The second part of the plan, to join Vienna and the Danube with the Oder, and (eventually) with the Elbe by canal, is perfectly feasible. The land has already been surveyed; and the work is to be commenced immediately. The new canal will start from Vienna, and follow the valley of the March, near the Hungarian border, to Göding (first sluice). About fifty miles beyond Göding, near Olmutz, the canal will divide into a western and an eastern branch. The western branch will keep along the March valley, and will eventually join the Elbe at Pardubitz, not far from the famous battle-field of Königgratz. From Pardubitz to Melnik, the Elbe is not yet navigable; but the river will be canalised, and thus a great semicircular water-way from Vienna to Prag, tapping important coal-fields, will be completed. The eastern branch runs a few miles along the Beczwa valley to Weisskirchen. Here the boats will have to be lifted five hundred feet, to bring them into the Oder valley. Thence to the Prussian frontier is about thirty miles. The Oder is not navigable above Kosel; but the Prussian Government has agreed to complete the junction, by canalising its part of the river from Kosel to Oderberg. When that is done, you will be able to steam all the way from Vienna to Breslau and Stettin.

The remainder of the scheme cannot be executed at present; but it was included in the Bill, in order to secure the support of the Polish representatives. From Oderberg a canal will run to join the Vistula near Krakau, and will be carried thence by one of two alternative routes, right across northern Poland to Lemburg and the Dniester. When the whole network is complete, a river boat can start from London, go down either the Elbe, the Oder, or the Vistula to Vienna, and thence make its way, either by the Dniester

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through Russia, or by the Danube, through the Balkan States, to the Black Sea.

It seems to me worth while to place before the English public an outline of the great work which this enterprising Minister of backward Austria has undertaken for the benefit of agriculture and trade. The question which remains is, whether Dr. von Koerber will go on from this to another more difficult, but even more essential, programme of constitutional and administrative reform. His economic achievements show him to be a man capable of entertaining and executing large ideas. It is difficult to acquit him of blame for the present crisis, which sprang from his weakly acceding, last spring, to an illegitimate demand made by the Imperial War Office for an increase in the army.<sup>1</sup> But, since the Hungarians took advantage of this occasion to put forward claims for an army of their own, Dr. von Koerber has acted with decision, and is the first Premier who has prevailed on the Emperor to resist the Magyar Government. By this attitude he has, rightly or wrongly, aggravated the crisis, and has improved his position in Vienna by the simple process of becoming the most unpopular man in Budapest. Assuming that the difficulties with Hungary are arranged, Dr. von Koerber will have to choose between the petty arts of a hand-to-mouth politician, and a policy of radical statesmanship. The obstacles in a reformer's path are enormous—the age of the Emperor, the dead weight of official conservatism, and the difficulty of associating in common political aims a people that is not one nation but many. Yet it may well appear to a sagacious patriot, that, in this case, the bolder course is the less perilous. Is it not true that the relations of the central government to the provincial legislatures and local government need to be overhauled? Cannot many racial and national animosities

<sup>1</sup> The increase was to consist of 25,000 men, and would have constituted a heavy annual charge on the finances of the Dual Monarchy. I am glad to say that the demand has been withdrawn, and that the money, instead of being wasted, will be left to fructify in the pockets of the people. Perhaps this demand, its results and its withdrawal, will be a lesson to Austrian statesmen, that a bloated army is neither a source of security, nor a specific against disorder.

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be appeased and settled by wise schemes of decentralisation ? Cannot a more effective but smaller army be maintained at a reduced cost ? Cannot a revision of taxation be undertaken in the public interests, in order to release the springs of industry, and to simplify the clumsy and costly machinery of Customs and inland revenue ? If the answer to these questions be in the affirmative—as who can doubt ?—then we may be sure, that a solution of the present discontents can only be found by a statesman whose policy gives that affirmative answer. I know that there are patriotic onlookers in Austria who, while they agree that Dr. von Koerber is an extremely shrewd politician, differ in their estimates of his willingness to play the part of an Austrian Gladstone in the industrial and political emancipation of his country. Dr. von Koerber, say some of his critics, is certainly a remarkable contrast with the traditional type of Austrian statesman. They admit that he is a philosopher, an economist, and an indefatigable worker. He has two palaces at his disposal ; but he prefers to remain with his mother in a small flat, preserving all his old simplicity of life and of manner. But he is, they declare, like too many of the best minds in Austria, a sceptic. He will not undertake a political reform, because he cannot be persuaded that reform will be followed by progress.

Perhaps I may be excused if I say that I do not so read his character. I can speak at first hand of his geniality, of his entire freedom from that pomposity which sometimes clings awkwardly to risen men, of his intellectual grasp and modern ways of thinking. The impression he leaves is not that of a statesman who will shirk, or shrink from, the solution of real problems. And his career gives reason for hoping, that he will live to do yet greater services to his native land.

FRANCIS W. HIRST

## MOTORING

### I.

**W**ITHIN twenty miles of London, on the fringe or one of the main roads, stretches a great wood of Scotch firs. Under their ever-green shelter, the secluded earth rises into hillocks or sinks into dells, overlaid with a tangled mat of brown fir needles, and covered with an undergrowth of fern, and of stunted oak or chestnut. At a certain spot, the forest aisles open upon a shallow lake, half choked with beds of rushes, but offering still a clear surface, to reflect the crowding stems and a strip of sky. The warm air is fragrant with the scent of bracken and pine ; and the stillness is complete, except for the occasional cry of a coot, a plash in the pool, a rustle in the sedge, and, even when there is no wind, a faint murmur, as of a distant sea, haunting the multitudinous foliage. At all times the place is mysterious, solemn and vast : at evening or dawn, when the level rays fleck the stems with fire ; at noon, in the great heat, the intensified silence ; but most of all at night, under the stars or the moon, when nothing is heard but the burr of the night-jar, and, every now and again, the cry of a screech-owl on the wing, or the rising of a fish in the glimmering lake.

Such a spot, if we were a race capable of mythology, would have been peopled long ago by gracious and kindly spirits. Somewhere in the recesses would have been hidden a marble shrine ; and the wanderer would have fancied, eluding him among the trunks, the gleam of a Dryad's hair, or, slipping under the wave, the silver shoulder of a nymph. Still, the place cannot be said to need such pagan denizens.

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And the feelings of a modern man who may be sensitive to its influences, if vaguer, are perhaps more pregnant, if less lovely, more profound, than those of the Greek he is half-inclined to envy. At any rate, here, if anywhere, may be received the spiritual influences of Nature : her grave rebuke of our ambitions, frets and fears, her message of the amplitude of time and space, her suggestion of a life more large, more serene, more significant than our own. Here, for a moment, we may be released from the dizzy wheel of action ; here have access to the springs of dignity and grace. Nor is this a privilege reserved to a few. The wood is common ground ; it is easily accessible ; it is wide enough to ensure, even in the presence of a crowd, a due measure of solitude. People from the city, one might suppose, would take advantage of its hospitality, would discover it, and love it, and seek it again and again, in silence, or in grave and temperate discourse. Friendships here might be made and sealed, avenues opened to the affections, glimpses offered to the intelligence that might fructify in philosophic thought. Among the millions of London some hundreds, one might be inclined to think, would care to take advantage of such opportunities. But it is not so. Occasionally a group of cyclists enters the place to bathe ; a few of the neighbours pass through it on their way to work. Otherwise, it is commonly deserted. Londoners, even on their holidays, are otherwise employed. What then are they doing ? Let us look and see.

I have spoken of the silence of the wood ; but, in doing so, I purposely omitted to mention a disturbing circumstance. At certain times, and especially at the week-end, curious sounds penetrate to the shores of the lake. A distant murmur is heard, increasing to a roar, then dying away, but only to recur at longer or shorter intervals. On a Saturday afternoon, or a Sunday, there will be almost no intermission of these noises. And if, moved by curiosity, the wanderer in the wood emerges upon the highway, he is confronted by a strange spectacle. There passes before him, with the speed of a railway train, an unending series of clouds of dust, each leaving behind it a malodorous trail, and accompanied by an indescribable din—a panting, rattling,



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hissing, bellowing, groaning—punctuated, but never interrupted, by the harsh bray of a discordant horn. Within these whirlwinds may be dimly perceived wheeled vehicles, carrying forms which are presumably human, but which, often enough, are so disguised by masks and head-gear, so begoggled, swathed, and mummified, that one might be pardoned for mistaking them for inhabitants of some other world.

Clinging close to these cars, in the thickest of the dust and stench, like parasites attached to huge dung-beetles, may be seen bunches of cyclists, bent double over their handle-bars, their eyes fixed to the ground, their feet revolving maniacally, as they endeavour desperately to keep pace with the vehicle that shelters them. And in between, on what space of the public road may be still available, may be observed, every now and again, huge waggons, drawn by four horses, and loaded with humanity of both sexes. Snatches of cacophonous song, shrieks of hysterical laughter, the blast of a cornet, or the scape and scream of a gramophone, mark their progress from public-house to public-house. Nor are pedestrians absent. Occasionally a drunkard stumbles by, or collapses with an oath upon the side of the road. What is it? What is happening? It is London taking a holiday! It is the capital of the British Empire enjoying Nature!

## II.

Within the same distance from London stands the palace of Hampton Court. There is hardly, I suppose, to be found in the world a piece of architecture more beautiful, dignified, and great; nor one more harmonious with the lovely grounds in which it is set. The reader, no doubt, will remember it well: the colour, the perfect proportions, the intelligence embodied in every detail, in the mouldings, the urns, the flights of steps, the fountains and statue-groups. He will recall the lines of yews that radiate from the portico, the avenues of ancient limes, and the long perspective of glimmering water. He will have seen the rosy lilies afloat in their marble basins, the beds of larkspur,

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heliotrope, and rarer flowers, the green walk under pleached elms, and the long terrace stretching between the river and the park, on one of the loveliest reaches of the Thames.

But, if he remember this, he will remember also the attitude and appearance of the crowds that visit the place. He will have observed, without undue cynicism, that though, no doubt, in their peculiar English way, they enjoy themselves, they are incapable of perceiving anything which they see. Hampton Court is to them only another and less stimulating version of Olympia or the Crystal Palace. And it is with genuine relief that they emerge from the long galleries that are not the corridors of a music-hall, pass through the gardens that are not tea gardens, and, leaning over the low wall that overlooks the river, listen at last with unaffected delight to one of their own latest London songs, performed in a boat, to the thrumming of a harp, by a peripatetic minstrel.

Frequenting such a place as this, in such company, I have been conscious of a curious sense of exile. We, I have felt, of this age, have no heritage in such creations, any more than had the Greeks of the time of Pausanias in the temples of Olympia or of Delphi. We may have many virtues unknown to our forefathers ; we are innocent, perhaps, of certain of their vices ; we are decent, respectable, law-abiding ; we probably attend a place of worship ; we bring up our children conscientiously to take a station in life which we conceive may be a little higher than our own. But we lack the particular quality which created Hampton Court ; we lack something which I can only call greatness.

Such greatness is the product of imagination ; and imagination, it would seem, is peculiarly lacking to this democratic and commercial age. The mass of the people, I shall no doubt be told, have always been without it. That may be so ; but what of the few ? Why is it that, whereas William the Third built Hampton Court, our South African millionaires build their mansions in Park Lane ? Why is it that, whereas the commercial aristocracy of Venice created the loveliest city the world has seen, ours creates Victoria Street, and the West-end of London ? People, I suppose, are more

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intelligent than they have ever been before ; they are probably not less forcible ; they are certainly far wealthier. Yet, with all this basis on which to erect personality, personality somehow is not achieved. To see a Renaissance palace in Italy is to see the work of men who were conscious of themselves, who not only were significant, but knew themselves to be so ; who, because they were selves, had a need and capacity for self-expression in manners, in costume, in architecture, in painting. They not only could build palaces, they could live in them. Their souls were ample enough to fill great spaces—nay, to overflow them ; for, as though they were impatient of the constraint even of halls so vast, they produced by fresco the illusion of porticos in place of walls, and substituted, for a cooping and intolerable roof, the open sky and gods reclining on the clouds. Put a modern man inside such a place, and he dwindles and droops. He may be the lord of millions ; he may, in actual power, be an emperor compared with one of these Italian princelings ; but what does it profit him ? He has never realised it himself. His absurd clothes, his undeveloped body, his incapacity for every kind of self-expression, betray the poverty of his soul. I do not deny his virtues, his capacity, his intelligence. I say only that he lacks the one thing needful. He lacks imagination, and therefore he lacks greatness.

And, if this be true, as it surely is, of our wealthy and powerful few, how unutterably, how irredeemably is it true of the masses ! Never, I think, can there have been a humanity so friable and crumbled as that which pullulates in the twentieth century. It would seem almost as though there were a limited quantity of soul in the universe, and that, the more people produced, the less must be the share of each. Really, there isn't enough to go round ! And so these poor, these admirable millions, increasing generation after generation at so menacing a rate, dwindle in spiritual stature as they increase in numbers, till they seem to have no more significance than the swarms of summer flies that hover about the ruins of a Greek temple. Were the flies once Greeks ? Perhaps ! And the soul of William the Third, perhaps, is distributed among the thousands of

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school children who race daily through his splendid corridors, and scream and sprawl about his stately gardens. So far has our motoring brought us during the last century. Who knows where we may end if we do not stop?

### III.

A traveller, who is accustomed to walk or ride through the country districts of England, will have been struck by a curious phenomenon. Everywhere, so long as he keeps away from the main roads and the railways, he will come across extraordinary beauties—palaces and mansions centuries old, for which time has but served to heighten the intrinsic charm and greatness of their architecture; noble parks with their ancient timber, their smooth lawns and glades, their running streams and wide sweeps of water; cottages overgrown with flowering creepers, and illustrating, they too, within their humbler limits, the sense of style, the deliberate and intelligent choice of material and form. Everywhere, in this older England, are the outward signs of a life traditional, stable, and continuous, a life profoundly affected by the generations past and to come, a life of men who laboured for posterity, and upon whose work was stamped, perhaps without their knowledge or their will, an image of the greatness, the eternity, of Nature.

But now, let the traveller approach a railway, and he enters a different civilisation. Nothing henceforth, or almost nothing, will meet his eye, except what is ugly, pretentious, or insignificant. The meaningless monotony is varied only by an occasional outburst of vulgar and undisciplined caprice. For such buildings time can do nothing but destroy them; and it is consoling to know that they are so badly built that the destruction must be swift. It is not for themselves, but for what they symbolise, that I have called attention to them here; for they are a perfect reflex of the average modern man. In these identical drawing-rooms, row after row of identical people feel their identical feelings, and think their identical thoughts. The muslin curtains, the lustres, the marble chimney-pieces, the little tables, the bric-à-brac, the bicycle sheds, the bath-rooms,

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the electric bells—all these are, as it were, a deposit, a faithful reflex of the souls of thousands, of millions, of English men and women. They demand, and the “builder” supplies; and never were demand and supply more exquisitely, more harmoniously matched.

I do not wish necessarily to suggest, that the mass of people now are more base and insignificant than they have been in the past. What has happened is, that they have better opportunities of expressing what they are. What they really want they can now get; and what they want, it would seem, is the shoddy, the mean, and the pretentious. This, I think, is a statement sufficiently established by obvious facts to be made without any apology or reserve. But I do not make it so much for the sake of making it, as because I wish to point out one of the definite dangers which it suggests. From the political and social point of view, one of the things it is most incumbent upon us to do is, to relieve the congestion in the great cities, and distribute our population more generally throughout the country. But now, consider the effect of distributing this kind of population, by the only methods which seem at present to be open to us! Just so far as we are successful, just so far shall we be substituting, over large tracts of country, the new England for the old, the rows of semi-detached villas for the cottages, the mansions, and the parks. Wherever the urban people go, they will carry with them the surroundings they love. They will demand, and the “builder” will supply, moved thereto by his one and only fixed idea—to realise in the easiest possible way an average 6 per cent. upon his capital. Rapid transit, the rating of site-values, cheap fares, and the rest—all of them, as I believe, quite necessary things—will mean, along with a general improvement of the physical conditions of life, a general extension of a mean environment for the soul. Imagination, already at its last gasp, must, one cannot but fear, be finally stifled in an England of universal Suburbanism. And, if that be so, what profits it us that we gain the whole world? What profit health, comfort, and fresh air? It is not to discourage what I regard as necessary measures that I call attention to this point. Rather it is to raise the question:

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whether there is not any means whereby supply and demand of this peculiarly unfortunate kind might be interfered with in the interest of the spiritual life of the nation, whereby we might be preserved from killing the soul by the very machinery that is to save the body? But alas! our local authorities, I fear, are themselves officered by men of the "builder" type! The disease lies too deep to be cured by anything but a process of conversion. Such a process I believe to be both possible and necessary, so soon as men are awakened to the need of it. And to suggest that that need is more urgent and imperative than any other—even, for example, than the need for "efficiency"—is my reason, and I hope may be my excuse, for writing this paper.

### IV.

Of all forms of motoring, the most typical, perhaps, and the most distressing, is what is called "travelling." We boast of the "facilities" in this direction which now exist; but is it not clear that these facilities have destroyed the chief value of the thing they facilitate? Formerly, if you travelled, you were bound to travel slowly; you were bound to make some real acquaintance with the country and the people you visited; you were bound to learn something of their language, to adapt yourself a little, at any rate superficially, to their manners. But now, to travel is merely to drive through a foreign land solid and impenetrable wedges of alien prejudice. Englishman, American, German—it makes no difference, the tourist perceives nothing of what he sees. He has commonly no knowledge, no sympathy, no desire even to understand. Immured in huge batches of equally unperceptive fellow-countrymen, he is hermetically sealed against the access of any fresh and illuminating influence. Everything, if he would admit it, is a bore to him except his meals; and even they are often disagreeably foreign. The very language offends him, if he happens to come across it; why, he complains, cannot people speak English? And as to the works of art! But it would be only tedious to recall what is so sadly familiar to everybody—the vacant weary flocks shepherded by their

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unintelligent guides, the rapid survey, the ticking-off in Baedekers, the exclamation of relief—"so that's done!"—and the delighted adjournment to afternoon tea. Was ever a more extraordinary example of spiritual atrophy? For what is art, but a deposit of the soul? Pictures and statues in a gallery are like the shells on a hilltop proclaiming where once the sea flowed. But, in place of that ocean, there trickles now, through the palaces of Italy, what poor, what miserable, lees of muddy rain! Travel, under these conditions, is nothing but a beanfeast of the well-to-do! Along the highway they hasten, deaf and blind, but alas! not dumb; while, in the woods they hurry past, unheard the nightingale sings, unseen the stars rise and set over the great waters.

### V.

Instances of the kind to which I have drawn attention in the preceding sections might be multiplied indefinitely. But I am afraid of wearying the reader; and I have said enough to illustrate the point I wish to make. The facts noticed, I would suggest, are symptoms, and symptoms of a definite disease, which must be recognised before it can be cured. It is no part of my purpose to bring a general indictment against modern society, nor to compare it, to its disadvantage, with societies in the past. On the contrary, I recognise that its achievement and its promise are greater than we have yet learnt adequately to conceive. But it is, I think, true, that, while our intelligence, our practical efficiency, our power over Nature and our own institutions, have increased to a degree which outruns our imagination, there has been no corresponding development in our vision of the values of life. Our resources are immense, but we hardly know what to do with them; we are like children who have been given the run of an immense workshop, and whose only idea is to play with the machinery. Reflecting, as we do, so strenuously and so acutely upon means, we have hardly begun to reflect upon ends. We do not really know what, nor how, to will rightly; and the result is, that we continue to will what exists. For I will venture the haz-

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ardous, and, as it may seem, paradoxical statement, that we are what we are, because we choose so to be. I am aware of the cruel irony that may seem to be involved in such a proposition. I know well the sense of ineluctable fate which overwhelms a dweller in a great city. I know how the whole economic structure of society may present itself to the student with the inevitability of the laws of Nature. I know how, for any given individual, the conditions of his life may seem to be, nay, may actually be, imposed upon him by a necessity he cannot control or evade. But, nevertheless, it remains true that the whole system is a result of collective desire and will. Anyone cannot alter it, but everyone may. A single wave of passionate emotion, sweeping over a sufficient number of people, would serve to revolutionise society. We underestimate the resources of the soul. We imagine it fixed in the forms it has temporarily assumed, and build upon that foundation like dwellers upon the slopes of a volcano. But how do we know we have not to expect an eruption? In the last century B.C., a century in so many respects similar to our own, who could have anticipated that the world would shortly be worshipping Jesus Christ, and the whole order of society be threatened by the deliberate withdrawal of hundreds and thousands from its obligations? Who at the beginning of 1789 foresaw the French Revolution? I make no appeal to such catastrophes. They are the last desperate remedies of society, and they constitute in themselves a new disease. But they illustrate the immense, the incalculable, resources of the soul. Why, a hundred years hence, should not the West have assumed the quietism of the East? And, if it did, where would our society be? We are far too apt to regard our own economic impulses as a fate, and the spiritual ones, which really underlie and determine them, as a mere by-product.

But it is the collective spirit of Man that moulds society. We are no longer slaves to Nature, we have learnt to subdue her; but we are still slaves to our own institutions, which again are the product of our fears and desires. The law of property, the law of inheritance, the law of marriage—these are things which we have made, and can unmake. There is no



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reason in the nature of things why there should be poverty, prostitution, war. There is no reason why population should not be adjusted to the resources of Nature. There is no reason why we should compete instead of co-operating, or fight instead of negotiating. No reason, that is, except our ancient habits, which themselves are the product of our ancient will. Such habits, it is true, and such will, cannot be changed in a day. But changed they must be ; and the condition of such change is a deliberate consideration of the true values of life, a deliberate determination to appreciate and experience the real goods. This is what is, or should be, meant by culture ; and culture, so understood, is the first, and, one might say, the only condition of progress. It is not a privilege of the rich ; but the rich need it more than the poor, because it is they who have the power, and they to whom it falls to lead and direct. What is asked of them is not a painful thing ; it is only that they should enter into their heritage. The kingdom of knowledge, of love, of charity, is not only better, it is pleasanter, than the kingdom of this world. And there is no reason why it should not in time be open to all, if only those to whom it is open now would enter and prepare the way. A change of will, sufficiently profound, sane, and intelligent, starting from the few and penetrating to the many, might transform the world in a century. And nothing else will, no, not all the revolutions in the world. Let enough people read, understand, and love Plato and Goethe ; let enough people listen with the spirit, not the flesh, to Beethoven and Wagner ; let enough people not merely see, but perceive, the Elgin marbles ; and we shall have no more need of philanthropy, of societies for the discussion of social questions, and all else of the kind that is now so necessary and so depressing. We shall no longer tremble like guilty things when the institution of property is mentioned ; we shall no longer boycott the obvious facts of sex ; we shall no longer devote the whole energies of body, soul, and spirit, to running away from an imaginary workhouse. With the perception and the love of the end, will come the understanding of the means, and the readiness to make what will not then be regarded as intolerable sacrifices to attain it. For

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the first time we shall then begin to use the resources of civilisation ; and, for the first time, we shall deserve to be called civilised.

The work of social transformation must be long and laborious ; many minds and many wills must co-operate ; there must be much enquiry and research, many difficult and dangerous experiments. But the change which is the condition of all other change is as simple as bathing in the waters of Jordan. So simple, yet so difficult ! For it is a change of will. The motorist has only to stop ! If he would but stop for a moment, if he could but hear the voice of the wanderer in the wood above the scream and rattle of his car, he would never want to go on again, at least, not at that pace, in that cloud of dust, with that indifference to the end and purport of his journey. Him, too, the forest would receive and teach its lessons. To him, too, the twilight and the dawn would be dear, the silence of noon, the red stems flecked with fire, the glimmering lake, the moonlight, and the stars. Others would follow where he led. Friend would join friend ; and lover, lover. In the solitude and silence, great thoughts would spring. And perhaps, at last, we should come to see that there are other than human denizens, and find, hidden away in the remotest depths, the temple and the god we have sought so long in vain.

G. LOWES DICKINSON

## “THE MEANEST OF GREEK TRAGEDIES”

I DO not wish to argue about the *Electra* of Euripides, or even to deny that it is what Schlegel calls it, “a singular monument of poetical, or rather unpoetical, perversity”; “the very worst of all his pieces.” It would be easy to demolish Schlegel’s seven formal grounds of condemnation; to show that he judged the play by the very standards which it was written to protest against; and that, with all the fresh geniality and boldness which make him so superior to his more timid followers, he was, in dealing with Euripides, not only irritable, but definitely inaccurate. But, for one thing, such arguments about works of art are apt to be of all barren things the most barren; and, for another, it is quite probable that, in some ultimate and abstract sense, Schlegel’s main judgment is right; and that Euripides’ rebellion against the convention in which, nevertheless, he continued to work, however noble in its origin, however interesting in its execution and splendid in its aim, resulted ultimately in a profound artistic fault. I will merely try, without controversy, to give a rather closer and fairer account of this very remarkable play, translating a few passages, and adding explanatory stage directions.

The legend or history on which the *Electra* turns—for we must remember that to a fifth century Greek such legend was history, history as undisputed in its broad outline as Gunpowder Plot or the execution of Mary Stuart—narrates how the son and daughter of the murdered Agamemnon slew in revenge, and by a god’s command, their

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guilty mother and her paramour. It is an awful, if not actually a horrible, story. And it is over this element of horror that the differences between Euripides and the Tragic Convention chiefly arise.

Homer tells this legend as he tells so many ; simply and grandly, without moral questioning and without intensity. The general atmosphere is ideal and heroic ; the more painful elements, such as the Mother-murder itself, are left determinedly in the shade. Sophocles' treatment, allowing for the inherent differences between Epos and Drama, is essentially the same. His tragedy is enthusiastically praised by Schlegel for "the celestial purity, the fresh breath of life and youth, that is diffused over so dreadful a subject." "Everything dark and ominous is avoided. Orestes enjoys the fulness of health and strength. He is beset neither with doubts nor stings of conscience." Especially admirable is the "austerity" with which Aegisthus is taken away to be tortured before he dies !

This combination of matricide and good spirits meets with equally warm approval from other Sophoclean critics. Sir Richard Jebb is almost alone in feeling that it needs some explanation or defence. His suggestion, that Sophocles is deliberately seeking a "Homeric" and primitive atmosphere, seems to me quite convincing ; and I would combine with it the opinion of Wilamowitz, that Sophocles wrote after Euripides, and in reaction against him. Euripides in his *Electra* had rebelled against the Heroic Convention ; so Sophocles, in his, insisted upon it to the extreme point possible. He was not only more classical than Euripides ; he was more "primitive" than Aeschylus.

For Aeschylus, though steeped in the glory of the world of legend, would not lightly accept its judgment upon religious and moral questions, and, above all, would not play at make-believe. He would not try to elude the horror of this story by simply not mentioning it, like Homer, or by pretending that an evil act was a good one, like Sophocles. He faces the horror ; realises it ; and tries to surmount it on the sweep of a great wave of religious emotion. The Mother-murder, even if done by a god's command, is a sin ; a sin to be expiated by unfathomable suffering. Yet, since

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the god cannot have commanded evil, it is a duty also. It is a sin that it was right to commit !

Euripides, here as often, represents intellectually the thought of Aeschylus carried one step further. He faced the problem just as Aeschylus did ; but the solution offered by Aeschylus did not satisfy him ; it cannot, in its actual detail, satisfy any one. To him the Mother-murder is a sin and a horror ; therefore it was *not* right to commit, and the god who enjoined it *did* command evil. This conception involves at once a lowering of the whole dramatic tone. It gives us the flatness of a merely bad action, instead of the intense interest of an action which seems bad but is really good. Its only merit, in fact, is, that it is true.

The same search for truth, or at least for something not obviously clashing with truth, has influenced him in the mechanical details of the story. It is not an easy thing to assassinate a suspicious and well-guarded King and Queen : yet Orestes did it. Euripides considers carefully how it can have been done, and invents, or selects among the legends, a way which is at least fairly probable. Aeschylus, wrapped up in the greater issues of his theme, troubled little about these points. For all he cared his murderers might—and, indeed, do—simply knock at the front door.

But another problem interested Euripides far more keenly. What kind of people can they have been, the woman especially, who would thus murder their mother—not in sudden fury, but deliberately, after many years ? A “sympathetic” hero and heroine are out of the question. A pair of stage villains would do, of course. But Euripides does not deal in stage villains. He seeks real people. And few attentive readers of this play can doubt that he has found them.

The son is an exile, bred in the desperate hopes and wild schemes of exile ; beset also by the old savage doctrine, which an oracle has confirmed, of the duty and manliness of Revenge. Lastly, he is very young, and is swept away by his sister’s intenser nature. That sister is the central figure of the tragedy. A woman shattered in childhood by the shock of a terrible experience ; a haunted woman, eating her heart in ceaseless broodings of hate and

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of love, alike unsatisfied—hate against her mother and step-father, love for her dead father and her brother in exile ; a woman who has known luxury and state, and cares much for them ; who is intolerant of poverty ; and who feels her youth passing away. And, meantime, there is her name, on which all legend insists ; she is "*A-lektra*," "The Unmated."

This last point is in the essence of the legend. A son of Electra, under normal circumstances, would inherit the blood-feud against her father's murderers. In the other tragedians, Electra is simply kept at home unmarried. But in Euripides a bolder precaution has been taken. Unmarried, Electra might still escape, and find a husband in some ambitious young Argive noble. To avert this, Aegisthus has deliberately married her to a man of low rank—a "self-worker," as he is called ; a yeoman so poor that he keeps no slave, but works with his own hands in the fields. With this arrangement, no Argive suitor need be feared. Electra's possible children, though always dangerous, will be mere peasants, easy to control or to crush ; and her own spirit will very likely be broken by shame and penury. How, then, is she "*A-lektra*" ? Because the Yeoman, in generosity and pity for the girl, exercises no husband's rights, but makes himself only her protector and comforter. He is the one sympathetic character in the play. Euripides had a soft heart for "self-workers," who lived far from any town !

This situation is explained in the prologue by the Yeoman himself, as he comes out of his cottage to set to work before sunrise. As he finishes, Electra appears, bearing a great water-jar. She is wasted and pale, and arrayed as one mourning for the dead. She does not see the Yeoman.

ELECTRA. Dark shepherdess of many a golden star,  
Dost see me, Mother Night ? And how this jar  
Hath worn my earthbowed head, as forth and fro  
For water to the hillward springs I go :  
Not for mere stress of need, but purpose set,  
That never day nor night God may forget  
Aegisthus' sin ; aye, and perchance a cry,  
Cast forth to the waste shining of the sky,  
May find my father's ear. The woman bred

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Of Tyndareus, my mother—may her head  
Be blasted !—from my house hath outcast me ;  
She hath borne children to mine enemy ;  
She hath made me naught, she hath made Orestes naught . . .

*(As the bitterness of her tone increases, the Yeoman comes forward.)*

YEOMAN. What wouldst thou now, my Sad One, ever fraught  
With toil to lighten my toil? And so soft  
Thy nurture was ! Have I not chid thee oft,  
And thou wilt cease not, serving without end ?

ELECTRA. *(Turning to him with impulsive affection.)*  
O friend, my friend, as God might be my friend,  
Thou only hast not trampled on my tears !  
Life scarce can be so hard, 'mid many fears  
And many shames, when mortal heart can find  
Somewhere one healing touch, as my sick mind  
Finds thee . . . And should I wait thy word, to endure  
A little for thine easing, yea, or pour  
My strength out in thy toiling fellowship ?  
Thou hast enough with fields and kine to keep.  
'Tis mine to make all bright within the door.  
'Tis joy to him that toils, when toil is o'er,  
To find home waiting, full of happy things.

YEOMAN. If so it please thee, go thy way. The springs  
Are not far off. And I, before the morn,  
Must drive my team afield, and sow the corn  
In the hollows.—Not a thousand prayers can gain  
A man's bare bread, save an he work amain.

The Yeoman and Electra depart on their several ways. There enter stealthily two armed men. Orestes, with his faithful friend Pylades, has come in the hope of avenging his father, and has in passing performed the dangerous piety of laying a lock of hair upon his tomb. But everything depends upon the mood and the circumstances in which he may find his sister. He has heard that she is married and lives near the border. At this moment he sees "a slave woman in mourning garments" approaching with a pitcher on her head. The two crouch down in ambush.

It is Electra returning from the well, and, as her manner is, reminding herself of her wrongs and her longings.

ELECTRA. Onward, O labouring tread ;  
As on move the years ;  
Onward amid thy tears,  
O happier dead !

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Let me remember. I am she,  
Agamemnon's child, and the mother of me  
Clytemnestra, the evil Queen,  
Helen's sister. And folk, I ween,  
That pass in the streets call yet my name  
Electra . . . God protect my shame !

For toil, toil is a weary thing,  
And life is heavy about my head ;  
And thou far off, O Father and King,  
In the lost lands of the dead.  
A bloody twain made these things be ;  
One was thy bitterest enemy,  
And one the wife that lay by thee.

Brother, Brother ! on some far shore  
Hast thou a city ? Is there a door  
That knows thy footfall, Wandering One ?  
Who left us, left us, when all our pain  
Was bitter about us, a father slain,  
And a sister that wept in her room alone.  
Thou couldst loose this prison of pain,  
Only thou, that art far away,  
Loose our father, and wake again . . .  
Zeus, Zeus, dost hear me pray ? . . .  
The sleeping blood and the shame and the doom !  
O feet that rest not, over the foam  
Of distant seas, come home, come home !

Amid her lamentations enters the Chorus, consisting of country maidens who have come to tell her of a festival to be held to Hera in Argos, and to ask her companionship. She bitterly refuses. Who is she, and what raiment is hers, to go to festivals ? Her festival is to sit amid her tears, recalling the memories of her father ! Suddenly she sees the armed men rising from ambush. They have, of course, learnt much of what they wanted to know, and have formed a plan of action.

ELECTRA. Woe's me ! No more of wailing ! Women, fly !  
Strange armed men beside the dwelling there  
Lie ambushed ! They are rising from their lair.  
Back by the road, all you. I will essay  
The house ; and may our good feet save us !

ORESTES. Stay,  
Unhappy woman ! Never fear my steel.

ELECTRA. (*In utter panic.*)  
O Lord Apollo ! Mercy ! See, I kneel ;  
Slay me not.



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- ORESTES. Others I have yet to slay  
Less dear than thou !
- ELECTRA. (*Misunderstanding him.*)  
Go from me ! Wouldst thou lay  
Hand on a body that is not for thee ?
- ORESTES. None is there I would touch more righteously.
- ELECTRA. (*Still trying to fly.*)  
Why lurkst thou by my house ? And why a sword ?
- ORESTES. Stay ! Listen ! Thou wilt not reject my word.
- ELECTRA. (*Giving up all hope.*)  
There. I am still. Do what thou wilt with me.  
Thou art too strong.
- ORESTES. A word I bear to thee . . .  
Word of thy brother.
- ELECTRA. (*Leaping up.*)  
Oh, friend ! More than friend !  
Living or dead ?
- ORESTES. He lives ; so let me send  
My comfort foremost, ere the rest be heard.
- ELECTRA. God love thee for the sweetness of thy word !
- ORESTES. God love the twain of us, both thee and me.
- ELECTRA. He lives ! . . . Poor brother ! . . . In what land weareth he  
His exile ?
- ORESTES. Not one region nor one lot  
His wasted life hath trod.
- ELECTRA. He lacketh not  
For bread ?
- ORESTES. Bread hath he ; but a man is weak  
In exile.
- ELECTRA. What charge laid he on thee ? Speak !
- ORESTES. To learn if thou still live, and how the storm,  
Living, hath struck thee.
- ELECTRA. That thou seest ; this form  
Wasted . . .
- ORESTES. Yea, riven with the fire of woe.  
I sigh to look on thee.
- ELECTRA. My face ; and, lo !  
Mine ancient tresses of their glory shorn.
- ORESTES. Methinks thy brother haunts thee, being forlorn ;  
Aye, and perchance thy father, whom they slew . . .
- ELECTRA. What should be nearer to me than those two ?
- ORESTES. And what to him, thy brother, half so dear  
As thou ?
- ELECTRA. His is a distant love, not near  
At need.
- ORESTES. But why this dwelling-place, this life  
Of loneliness ?
- ELECTRA. (*With sudden bitterness.*)  
Stranger, I am a wife . . .  
In wedlock sharp as death !

**ORESTES.**

... 'Tis for thy brother's sake I curse it . . . Say ;  
Who is thine husband ? One of some high home  
In old Mycenæ ?

(*With shame.*) Not the man to whom

My father thought to give me.

Speak ; that I

**May tell thy brother all.**

**Tis there, hard by,**

His dwelling, where I live, far from men's eyes.

Some ditcher's cot, or cowherd's, by its guise!

*(Feeling her ingratitude.)*

A poor man ; but true-hearted, and to me  
God-fearing.

How? What fear of God hath he?

**He hath never touched my body to his own.**

Hath he some vow to keep? Or is it done  
To scorn thee?

**Nay ; he only scorns to sin**

Against my father's greatness.

## But to win

**A princess ! Doth his heart not leap for pride ?**

**He honoureth not the hand that gave the bride.**

**I see. He trembles for Orestes' wrath !**

**Aye, that he feareth. But beside, he hath  
A gentle heart.**

Strange! 'Tis an honest man

**And well shall be entreated.**

ORESTES.

**These women hear us. Are they friends to thee?**

Aye, friends and true. They will keep faithfully  
All words of mine or thine.

(Trying her.)

**Thou art well stayed**

With friends : and what more could Orestes aid  
If e'er he came . . . .

**Shame on thee ! Seest thou not ?**

## Is it not time?

(Catching her excitement.)

How time? And if he sought

To slay, how should he come at his desire ?

By daring, as they dared who slew his sire !

Wouldst thou dare with him, if he came, thou too,  
To slay *her*?

**Yes ; with the same axe that slew**

**My father !**

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ORESTES. 'Tis thy message ? And thy mood  
Constant ?  
ELECTRA. Let me but spill my mother's blood,  
And I die happy !

He begs her to tell him more ; to unbosom herself freely. She at first shrinks from doing so, but afterwards consents.

ELECTRA. If I must speak—and at love's call, God knows,  
I fear not—I will tell thee all ; my woes,  
My father's woes, and—Oh, since thou hast stirred  
This storm of speech, then bear him this my word—  
*His* woes and shame ! Tell of this narrow cloak  
I' the wind ; this grime and reek of toil, that choke  
My breathing ; this low roof that bows my head  
After a King's ! This raiment . . . thread by thread,  
'Tis I must weave it, or go bare ! must bring  
Myself each jar of water from the spring.  
No holy day for me, no festival,  
No dance upon the green ! From all, from all,  
I am cut off. No portion hath my life  
'Mid wives of Argos, being no true wife :  
No portion where the maidens throng to praise  
Castor, my Castor, whom in ancient days,  
Ere he passed from us and men worshipped him,  
They named my bridegroom !—And she, *she* ! . . . The grim  
Troy spoils gleam round her throne, and by each hand  
Queens of the East, my father's prisoners, stand,  
A cloud of Orient webs and tangling gold.  
And there upon the floor, the blood, the old  
Black blood, yet crawls and cankers, like a rot  
I' the stone ! And on our father's chariot  
The murderer's foot stands glorying, and the red  
False hand uplifts that ancient staff, that led  
The armies of the world ! . . . Aye, tell him how  
The grave of Agamemnon, even now,  
Lacketh the common honour of the dead ;  
A desert barrow, where no tears are shed,  
No tresses hung, no gift, no myrtle spray.  
And, when the wine is in him, so men say,  
Our mother's mighty master leaps thereon,  
Spurning the slab, or pelteth stone on stone,  
Flouting the lone dead and the twain that live :  
“ Where is thy son Orestes ? Doth he give  
Thy tomb good tendance ? Or is all forgot ? ”  
So is he mocked because he cometh not !  
O Stranger, on my knees, I charge thee, tell  
This tale—not mine, but of dumb wrongs that swell

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Crowding, and I the trumpet of their pain,  
This tongue, these arms, this bitter burning brain ;  
These dead shorn locks, and He for whom they died !  
His father slew Troy's thousands in their pride :  
He hath but one to kill . . . Oh God, but one !  
Is he a man, and Agamemnon's son ?

The passion of this appeal might have broken through Orestes' caution, and made him reveal himself even in the presence of the Chorus; but at this moment his sister's husband is seen approaching. The Yeoman, finding that the strangers are friends of Orestes, offers them hospitality, and they go into the house. Electra's morbid pride is instantly touched. They will despise her poverty! He might have thought of that! He must now go and borrow something to make her table less meagre. There is her father's old Attendant who will help them, living not far off, in the same solitude as themselves. The Yeoman, with an answer in the same tone that has before made him the "healer" of Electra's "sick mind," takes his departure; and with him goes every trace of ordinary wisdom and goodheartedness out of the drama.

After the next Choric interlude, the old Attendant arrives, bringing a skin of choice wine, a kid, a cheese, and some garlands. But he is in a strange state of excitement. He has passed by Agamemnon's grave and found a tress of hair upon it! Who can have dared to leave that tress? Who but one man? Orestes? It is impossible; too good to be true. Still, his mind is full of wild surmises. So is Electra's; and, if he were silent, it is she who would suggest one line of hope after another. As it is, the Old Man speaks, and she, self-torturingly, checks him at every suggestion. The suggestions chosen are those already familiar in the legend, and especially canonised in Aeschylus' *Choephori*. The tress of hair, he thinks, seemed like her own. "What if it were!" she answers; "what would that prove?" But she refuses to look at the hair, refuses to make any comparison. "Will she come and examine the footprints?"—"There will not be any footprints! The ground is far too hard. And, if there were, how can you learn who a man is from his footprint?"—"Is there *any*

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token by which she could know Orestes, if he did come ? ” —“ None ; none ! She was a mere child when he was taken away. Even if she had woven some garment for him, is it likely that he would have kept it all these years ? There is no hope ! None at all ! Why should he go on tormenting her ? ” . . . At this moment Orestes enters, and the Old Man, lynx-eyed through devotion and expectancy, recognises him, and falls at his feet.

The play now moves with flashing rapidity. The passionate embraces of brother and sister are cut short by the instant need of action. Any minute lost, now that Orestes is known, may bring death. But what can be done ? It were mere madness to go into the King's walled town. Besides, he sleeps ill, and the castle is ringed with guards. “ Stay,” says the Old Man : “ I saw Aegisthus as I came here ! He is out in the fields sacrificing a bull to the Nymphs. His slaves are with him, of course. But it is the best chance we are likely to find. Pass by on the road ; he is bound by custom to invite any passer-by to join the sacrifice. And there will be weapons about for the bull-slaying ! . . . ” “ Is Clytemnestra there too ? ”, asks Orestes. “ No ; she shuns the public eye, she is so much hated. She may go later to join the sacrificial feast.” “ Let that be my work,” cries Electra ; “ I undertake my mother's death ! ”

In hurried, half-mad deliberation, she casts her eyes upon her brother, the strong Armed Man whom she at last possesses ; and she sees a plan. It is atrocious ; but which of these tortured creatures cares for that ? It will find Clytemnestra in her weakest spot, where her fear is sharpest, and the remnants of mother's love in her still keen. “ Tell her that I have borne a Man Child, and bid her come here to give thanks for me ! ” “ She will never come,” cries the old slave. But Electra knows her mother better. How much that Man Child might mean ! A new and closer Avenger ; or, perhaps, in view of the message and the appeal for help, a Peacemaker at last, the burying of past hatreds in the common mystery of motherhood ! The plot is approved. A brief prayer is breathed to the dead Agamemnon. The brother and sister, met after so long,

## " THE MEANEST OF GREEK TRAGEDIES "

and now to be parted perhaps for ever, throw themselves into one another's arms. Electra, in words that ring with the passion of a time before such vows had become theatrical, swears not to live if Orestes fails in his purpose. The men depart. The old slave is to take Orestes and Pylades to where they can see Aegisthus at his sacrifice, and then go on alone to Clytemnestra with his false message.

After the next Choric interlude, we find Electra at the door of the cottage, wild with suspense. A confused noise has been heard; but there is no news. The noise shows that Orestes has made his attempt; the absence of news must show that he has failed! If so . . . But at this moment a Messenger rushes in. All is well. Aegisthus is slain, and the house-serfs have submitted to their new and rightful master.

We need not follow the Messenger's long description of Aegisthus' death. To our sense, such speeches are generally undramatic; and this one is rather painful, rather ugly. At the end of it, Orestes and Pylades arrive, with some slaves bearing the usurper's body. Electra receives them with a burst of triumph, and crowns them with garlands, the garlands which the Old Man had brought for the feast. Orestes lays his spoils at her feet. Here is her enemy, her tyrant; hers now, to fling to dogs, to nail upon a gibbet, to do with as she will!

Barbarities of that sort are out of the range of the play; but there is one violation of the ordinary laws of Greek conduct, that still tempts Electra: though, as we shall see, when the power is granted her, it is not really in her nature to use it. She gazes at the body, trembling:

ELECTRA. A shame is in me, and a craving sore.

ORESTES. What shames thee? Speak; thou art for evermore  
Cast loose from fear.

ELECTRA. To pour upon the dead  
My wrath! . . . Perchance to rouse on mine own head  
The sleeping wrath of the world?

ORESTES. No man that lives

Shall scathe thee by one word.

ELECTRA. (*Still hesitating.*) Our city gives  
Quick blame; and little love have men for me.

## THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

**ORESTES.** If aught thou hast unsaid, sister, be free  
And speak. Between this man and us no bar  
Cometh, nor stint, but the utter rage of war!

**ELECTRA.** Ah me, what have I? What first flood of hate  
To loose upon thee? What last curse to sate  
My pain, or river of wild words to flow  
Bank-high between? . . . Nothing? . . . And yet I know  
There hath not passed one sun, but through the long  
Cold dawns over and over like a song  
I have said them—words held back, oh, some day yet  
To flash into thy face, would but the fret  
Of ancient fear fall loose and let me free.  
Free! And I am, now; and can pay to thee  
At last the weary debt.

Oh, thou didst kill  
My soul within! Who wrought thee any ill,  
That thou shouldst make me fatherless? Both me  
And this my brother, loveless, solitary?

Aye, thou didst bend my mother to her shame;  
Thy weak hand murdered him who led to fame  
The hosts of Hellas—thou, that never crossed  
O'er seas to Troy! . . . God help thee, wast thou lost  
In blindness, long ago, dreaming, some wise,  
She would be true with thee, whose sin and lies  
Thyself had tasted in my father's place?  
And then, that thou were happy, when thy days  
Were all one pain? Thou knewest ceaselessly  
Her kiss a thing unclean, and she knew thee  
A lord so little true, so dearly won!  
So lost ye both, being in falseness one,  
What fortune else had granted; she thy curse,  
Who marred thee as she loved thee, and thou hers . . .  
And then the lie of lies that dimmed thy brow,  
Vaunting that by thy gold, thy chattels, Thou  
Wert Something; which themselves are nothingness,  
Shadows, to clasp a moment ere they cease;  
While through all years one Thing, the Thing Thou Art,  
Abideth, yea, upbearth in thine heart  
The burden of all days. Or didst thou find  
In women . . . Women? Nay; peace, peace! The blind  
Could read thee . . . Cruel wast thou in thine hour,  
Lord of a great King's house, and like a tower  
Firm in thy beauty! (*Looking closely at him, and starting  
back in an impulse of loathing.*) Ah! That girl-like face!  
God grant, not that, not that, but some plain grace  
Of manhood to the man who brings me love;  
A father of straight children, that shall move  
On the out-stretched arm of War!

So; get thee gone  
Naught knowing how the great years, rolling on,  
Have laid thee bare; naught knowing thine own fall  
And years of debt full paid!

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A strange weary speech, even though we have omitted some of the moralising of the original. The hate it was to satisfy is, after all, not such a strong and buoyant thing as Electra thought. It is complex, reflective ; easily lost in other emotions, in pity and philosophic brooding. Scarcely the passion to carry one successfully through a murder ! But, after all, it was not Aegisthus that she hated most. He was a man ; and her real hate was kept for one of her own sex. And at any moment Clytemnestra may be with them ! The scene proceeds :

- CHORUS. Justice is mighty. Passing dark hath been  
His sin ; and dark the payment of his sin !
- ELECTRA. (*With a weary sigh, turning from the body.*)  
Ah me ! Go, some of you, bear him from sight,  
That, when my mother comes, her eyes may light  
On nothing, nothing, till she know the sword. . .
- ORESTES. (*Looking along the road.*)  
Stay. There is come a new thing here ; a word  
To speak. . .
- ELECTRA. What ! Not a rescue from the town  
Thou seest ?
- ORESTES. (*In a shaken voice.*)  
'Tis my mother comes ; my own  
Mother, that bare me.
- ELECTRA. (*Springing, as it were, to life again, and moving where she  
can see the road.*)  
Straight into the snare !  
Aye, there she cometh ! . . . Welcome in thy rare  
Chariot ! Welcome in thy brave array !
- ORESTES. What would we with our mother ? Didst thou say  
Kill her ?
- ELECTRA. (*Turning on him.*)  
What ? Is it pity ? Dost thou fear  
To see thy mother's shape ?
- ORESTES. 'Twas she that bare  
My body into life. She gave me suck.  
How can I strike her ?
- ELECTRA. Even as she struck  
Thy sire and mine !
- ORESTES. (*To himself, brooding.*)  
O Phœbus, God, what kind  
Of darkness was thy word ?
- ELECTRA. If God is blind  
Who shall have light ?
- ORESTES. (*As before.*) Thou, thou, didst bid me slay  
My mother : which is sin !
- ELECTRA. Dost fear the way  
That lifts thy murdered father from the dust ?



## THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

- ORESTES. I was a clean man once. Shall I be thrust  
From men's sight, blotted with her blood?
- ELECTRA. Thy blot  
Is black as death if Him thou succour not!
- ORESTES. Who shall do Judgment on me, if she dies?
- ELECTRA. Who shall do Judgment, if thy father lies  
Forgotten?
- ORESTES. *(Turning suddenly to Electra.)*  
Stay! How if some fiend of Hell,  
Hid in God's likeness, spake that oracle?
- ELECTRA. In God's own house? I trow not!
- ORESTES. And I trow  
It was an evil charge! *(He moves away from her.)*
- ELECTRA. *(Almost despairing.)* To fail me now!  
To fail me now! A coward! O brother, no!
- ORESTES. What shall it be, then? The same stealthy blow . . .
- ELECTRA. That slew our father! Courage! Thou hast slain  
Aegisthus.
- ORESTES. Aye. So be it. I have ta'en  
A path of many terrors; and shall do  
Deeds horrible. 'Tis God will have it so . . .  
*(He goes to the door.)*  
This is the anguish of battle, not the joy!

He goes into the house just in time, as the Queen enters upon a chariot, followed by a suite of richly dressed attendants. And what sort of woman is she, this doomed and "evil" Queen? We know the majestic murderess of Aeschylus, so strong as to be actually beautiful, so fearless and unrepentant that one almost feels her to be right. One can imagine another figure that would be theatrically effective. A "sympathetic" sinner, beautiful and penitent, eager to redeem her sin by self-sacrifice. But Euripides gives us neither. Perhaps he believed in neither. It is a piteous and most real character that we have here, in this sad middle-aged woman, whose first words are an apology; controlling quickly her old fires, anxious to be as little hated as possible! She would even atone, one feels, if there were any safe way of atonement; but the consequences of her old actions are holding her, and she is bound to persist. And there to receive her stands Electra, drunk with her first triumph, and strung up to the murder-point; and yet anxious, morbidly anxious, for some fresh quarrel, some injustice, something to whet her hate upon before she strikes.

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CLYTEMNESTRA. Down from the wain, ye dames of Troy, and hold  
 Mine arm as I dismount.  
*(Answering Electra's thought.)* The spoils and gold  
 Of Ilion I have sent out of my hall  
 To many shrines. These bondmaidens are all  
 I keep in mine own house. Deemst thou the cost  
 Too great to pay for me the child I lost . . .  
 Fair though they be ?

ELECTRA. *(Mockingly.)* Nay, Mother, here am I  
 Bond likewise, yea, and homeless, to hold high  
 Thy royal arm !

CLYTEMNESTRA. Child, the war-slaves are here ;  
 Thou needst not toil.

ELECTRA. What was it but the spear  
 Of war, drove *me* forth, too ? Mine enemies  
 Have sacked my father's house, and, even as these,  
 Captives and fatherless, made me their prey !

CLYTEMNESTRA. *(Passionately.)*  
 It was thy father cast his child away,  
 A child he might have loved ! . . . Shall I speak out ?  
*(Controlling herself.)* Nay ; when a woman once is caught  
 about  
 With evil fame, there riseth in her tongue  
 A bitter spirit—wrong, I know ! Yet, wrong  
 Or right, I charge ye look on the deeds done ;  
 And, if ye needs must hate, when all is known,  
 Hate on ! What need of loathing ere ye know ?

It is not to Electra that she is speaking. It is to the Chorus ; perhaps to her own bondmaids ; to any or all of the people whose shrinking so frets her ! She makes her defence, urging for the most part the well-worn pleas of justification—her husband's sacrifice of her daughter, Iphigenia, his love of Cassandra. But there are flashes of something truer and more human. "She was mad ; she admits it ; made a fool of by her own heart ; all women are ! And, just when that was so, her husband brought back his mad mistress. And she threw herself into the arms of his enemy."

For this kind of appeal Electra has no ears ; and as for the formal plea, it may deceive strangers, but she was there in the house all the time : a child, it is true, but able to notice and to wonder ! For the rest, "if this law of Justice, this death-for-death principle, is to guide us, where do you stand now ?"

What Justice shall I take,  
 I and Orestes, for our father's sake ?

## THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

**Clytemnestra has no heart to strive further.**

CLYTEMNESTRA. Aye, child ; I know thy heart from long ago.  
Thou hast always loved him best . . . 'Tis ofttime so :  
One is her father's daughter, and one hot  
To bear her mother's part. I blame thee not . . .  
Yet think not I am happy, Child ; nor flown  
With pride now, in the deeds my hand hath done . . .  
(*Seeing Electra's scorn, she checks herself.*)  
But thou art all untended, comfortless  
Of body and wild of raiment ; and thy stress  
Of travail scarce yet ended ! . . . Woe is me !  
'Tis all as I have willed it ! Bitterly  
I wrought against him, to the last blind deep  
Of bitterness ! . . . Woe's me !

**ELECTRA.** Fair days to weep,  
When help is not ! Or stay ; though He lie cold  
Long since, there lives another of thy fold  
Far off ; there might be pity for thy son ?

**CLYTEMNESTRA.** I dare not ! . . . Aye, I fear him. 'Tis mine own  
Life, and not his, comes nearest. And fame saith  
His rage yet burneth for his father's death.

**ELECTRA.** Why dost thou keep thine husband ever hot  
Against me?

**CLYTEMNESTRA.** 'Tis his mood : And thou art not  
So gentle, Child !

ELECTRA. My spirit is too sore ! (*Beginning, as it were, to play with her victim before killing.*)  
Howbeit, from this day I will no more  
Be fierce against him !

CLYTEMNESTRA. (*With a flash of hope.*) Then, indeed, shall he,  
I promise, never more be harsh to thee !

**ELECTRA.**      He lieth in my house, as 'twere his own !  
                 'Tis that hath made him proud !

CLYTEMNESTRA. Nay, art thou flown  
To strife again so quick, child!

**ELECTRA.** Well ; I say  
No more ; long have I feared him, and alway  
Shall fear him, even as now !

CLYTEMNESTRA. Nay, daughter, peace !  
It bringeth little profit, speech like this . . .  
Why didst thou call me hither ?

ELECTRA. It reached thee,  
My word that a Man Child is born to me ?  
Do thou make offering for me (for the rite  
I know not) as is meet on the tenth night.  
*I cannot ; I have borne no child till now.*

**CLYTEMNESTRA.** Who tended thee? 'Tis she should make the vow.

**ELECTRA.**      None tended me.    Alone I bare my child.

**CLYTEMNESTRA.** What, is thy cot so friendless? And this wild  
So far from aid?

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**ELECTRA.**

Who seeks for friendship' sake

A beggar's house ?

**CLYTEMNESTRA.**

I will go in, and make

Due worship for thy child, the Peace-Bringer.

To all thy need I would be minister.

Then to my lord, where by the meadow side

He prays the Woodland Spirits . . . Ye bondmaids ; guide

My chariot to the stall ; and, when ye guess

The rite draws near its end, in readiness

Be here again. Then to my lord ! . . . I owe

My lord this gladness, too.

*(The Attendants go away with the Chariot. Clytemnestra is left alone, and proceeds to enter the house.)*

**ELECTRA.**

Welcome below

My narrow roof ! And have a care withal ;

A grime of smoke lies deep upon the wall ;

Soil not thy robe . . .

Not far now shall it be,

The sacrifice God asks of me and thee !

The Bread of Death is baked, and the slow

Blade lifted, that hath laid the Wild Bull low ;

And on his breast . . . Mother ! Hast thou slept well

On earth ? Fear not, thou shalt be his in Hell

For ever ! 'Tis my gift upon thy road !

Be thine the payment of my father's blood !

*(She follows her Mother into the house.)*

After some moments of silence, and a few faint words of terror from the women of the Chorus, a cry is heard within :

**CLYTEMNESTRA.**

*(Within.)*

Oh Children, Children ; in the name of God,

Slay not your Mother !

**A WOMAN.**

Did ye hear a cry

Under the rafters ?

**ANOTHER.**

I weep too, yea, I ;

Upon the mother's heart the child hath trod !

**ANOTHER.**

God bringeth Justice in his own slow tide.

Aye, cruel is thy doom ; but thy deeds done

Evil, thou piteous woman, and on one

Whose sleep was by thy side !

**LEADER.**

Lo, yonder, in their mother's newspilt gore,

Red-garmented and ghastly, from the door

They reel . . . O horrible ! Was it agony

Like this, she boded in her last wild cry ?

There lives no seed of man calamitous,

Nor hath lived, like this seed of Tantalus !

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The door of the hut is flung wide open, the dead bodies are seen within, and the murderers come forth. The frantic tension of spirit which has carried them to the crest of their deed has now broken, and leaves them unnerved and horror-stricken. It is one of those scenes which are almost too awful for contemplation, too horrible for artistic treatment in any form of drama that seems now possible. But the Greek Drama had its own wonderful method, the secret justification, perhaps, of all its formalism. The very intensity of the emotion of horror tends, in the mind of a Greek dramatist, to express itself in lyrical poetry; and, once lifted into that region, the horror itself is purified and made beautiful.

ORESTES.      O Dark or the Earth, O God,  
                  Thou to whom all is plain ;  
Look on my sin, my blood,  
                  This horror of dead things twain ;  
Gathered as one they lie  
Slain ; and the slayer was I,  
                  I, to pay for my pain !

ELECTRA.      Let tear rain upon tear  
                  Brother ; but mine is the blame.  
A Fire stood over her,  
                  And out of the Fire I came,  
I, in my misery . . .  
I was the child at her knee ;  
                  ‘Mother’ I named her name.

CHORUS.        Alas for Fate, for the Fate of thee,  
O Mother, Mother of Misery ;  
And Misery turned to tear thee again,  
And Horror of all Dismay, and more,  
Even in the fruit thy body bore.  
Yet hast thou Justice, Justice plain,  
For a sire’s blood spilt of yore.

ORESTES.      I have hearkened the voice of thine Hymn,  
                  I have served thee, O Phœbus, O Seer !  
But the Song was of Justice dim,  
                  And the Deed is anguish clear ;  
And the Gift long nights of fear,  
                  Of blood and of wandering,  
                  Where cometh no Greek thing,  
Nor sight nor sound on the air.  
Yea, and beyond, beyond,  
                  Roving, what rest is there ?

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Who of the tribes of men,  
What hand not sin-stricken,  
Shall bear the touch of my hand,  
His mother's murderer ?

ELECTRA. And I ? What clime shall hold  
My evil, or roof it above ?  
I cried for dancing of old,  
I cried in my heart for love ;  
What dancing waiteth me now ?  
What love that shall kiss my brow,  
Nor blench at the brand thereof ?

CHORUS. Back, back, in the wind and rain  
Thy driven spirit wheeleth again.  
Now is thine heart made clean within,  
That was dark of old and murder-fraught ;  
But, lo, thy brother ! What hast thou wrought . . .  
Yea, though I love thee . . . what woe, what sin  
On him, who willed it not !

ORESTES. Sawest thou her raiment there,  
Sister, there in the blood ?  
She drew it back as she stood,  
She opened her bosom bare ;  
She bent her knees to the earth.  
The knees that bent in my birth . . .  
And my hand . . . Oh, her hair, her hair ! . . .  
(*He breaks into inarticulate weeping.*)

CHORUS. Oh, thou didst walk in agony,  
Hearing thy mother's cry, the cry  
Of wordless wailing, well know I.

ELECTRA. She stretched her hand to my cheek,  
And there brake from her lips a moan ;  
" 'Mercy, my Child, my own ! "  
Her hands clung to my cheek ;  
Clung, and my arm was weak,  
And the sword fell and was gone.

CHORUS. Unhappy Woman, could thine eye  
Look on the blood, and see her lie,  
Thy Mother, where she turned to die ?

ORESTES. I lifted over mine eyes  
My mantle ; blinded I smote,  
As one smiteth a sacrifice ;  
And the sword found her throat.

ELECTRA. I gave thee the sign and the word ;  
I touched with mine hand thy sword.

CHORUS. Dire is the grief ye have wrought.

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- ORESTES.** Sister, lift her again ;  
Oh, veil the body of her ;  
Shed on her raiment fair,  
And close that death-red stain.  
Mother! And didst thou bear,  
Bear in thy bitter pain,  
To life, thy Murderer ?
- ELECTRA.** On her that I loved of yore,  
Robe upon robe I cast :  
On her that I hated sore.
- CHORUS.** O House that hath hated sore,  
Behold thy peace at the last !

GILBERT MURRAY

## CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

**B**EFORE giving the result of my personal experience in Canada upon the subject of the Preferential Tariff granted by the Dominion to ourselves, I should like to describe precisely what that "Preference" is.

During the first year of its operation, or, more precisely, from April, 1897, to June, 1898, it was of no special importance for four reasons: (*a*) Holland and Japan, in virtue of their low tariff on Canadian goods, enjoyed it together with us. (*b*) So did Belgium and Germany, in virtue of the treaties since denounced. (*c*) So did Austria and nineteen other nations, in virtue of the automatic operation of the most-favoured-nation clause. (*d*) Lastly, the rebate in that year was only  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The next two years, ending June, 1900, may also be dismissed; for, although in August, 1898, the Preference was withdrawn from foreign countries and confined to Great Britain and some of our colonies, yet its rate stood, during these years, at only 25 per cent.

But in July, 1900, the Preference was increased to its existing figure of  $33\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. Since then there has been no change of importance. This rebate means, that, on certain specified goods coming from the United Kingdom into Canada, the duty is lower by one-third than that levied on foreign countries. That is the broad intention of the statute, though various minor reasons disturb the mathematical accuracy of this arrangement.

So much for the actual facts concerning the Preference. I shall now proceed to state what my general views are concerning our trade policy towards Canada, and then



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I shall apply those observations to the subject of the tariff. More particularly, I shall seek to investigate the propriety of assenting to Mr. Chamberlain's policy in that regard.

It would be superfluous for me to enlarge upon the duty incumbent on the mother-country to study the wishes of this expanding Dominion, and to foster the good relations which happily exist between us. Nevertheless, in view of the anxiety of many of us to "bind up" or "link together" the Empire, it may be desirable to begin by mentioning certain conditions in Canada which give warning to beware of artificial schemes. According to the most recent census, practically 50 per cent. of the Canadian population is composed of French and Irish. Let us understand, once for all, that, with all the memories of the past behind them, it is impossible that the men of these nationalities should regard the Empire eye to eye with ourselves. Next, there is in Canada a considerable miscellaneous population, which it would be too low to put at 10 per cent., of sentiments naturally indifferent to the Empire, comprising Germans, Dutch, Scandinavians, Russians, and Galicians. These foreigners are arriving fast, and in increasing numbers, since, for the last three years, the total immigration of this character into Canada was no less than 81,000, exceeding the total immigration into Canada from this island. Thus, like the United States, the Dominion is becoming of the stock and staple, not of Britain, but of the world. As regards the remaining population, Canadians of English and Scottish descent, they feel intensely and justifiably hopeful and ambitious for their adopted land. But the measure of that aspiration is the measure of their distrust and suspicion of any proposals to "bind up" or to "link together" Canada, into association with destinies not precisely her own. In a word, Canada, in each of the threefold branches of her population, illustrates the judgment of the late Lord Salisbury, when, in the last speech of his public career, he designated, as the greatest danger to the Empire, the legislative schemes of those well-meaning persons who wish to consolidate it.

If, then, we must not rely too much, in our imperial

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projects, upon any racial community with Canada, perhaps it may still be possible so to develop mutual trade interests as to maintain a genuine connection by that means. Perhaps Celtic memories of the past, European indifference as to the present, and Anglo-Saxon ambitions as to the future, may be tided over by a flood of daily business. Coming to terms with that question, I do not think that increased imports from Great Britain into Canada will cause satisfaction to a corresponding degree among Canadians. On the contrary, "Canada for the Canadians" is the all-powerful cry; self-sufficiency in manufactures is the ideal. And even the Liberal party, now in power in Canada, though nominally Free Trade, is very largely Protectionist on that account. On the other hand, Canada's imports to Great Britain conceivably may form a tie between us; because her producers may learn to look upon us, who furnish their market, with more friendly eyes. Turning, however, to the figures on this point, it seems that, twenty years ago, in 1882, Canada exported nearly £8,000,000 to ourselves. Last year, in 1902, that figure had risen to nearly £22,000,000. Or again, the percentage of Canada's total exports which went to Great Britain was over 42 per cent. in 1882, but had risen to nearly 56 per cent. in 1902. So far, then, as trade can bind Canada to us, the present position of affairs, and the tendency of trade, do not seem to call for legislative interference.

But it is said by influential persons that, nevertheless, we should be up and doing with our statutes; that Canada has already granted us a Preference of  $33\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. in her tariff on some of our imports; that she is preparing to withdraw that Preference unless we give her a corresponding Preference on her imports of wheat into our market; that this latter Preference would benefit us by stimulating our food supply; and that, unless we decide on that policy, Canada will quit the Empire. Let me deal categorically with these issues.

The inner history of the Canadian Preferential Tariff is part and parcel of the high politics of the Dominion. From the confederation of Canada in 1867, to his death in 1891, Sir John Macdonald was the ruling spirit in Canadian

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politics. Not that he was always in office. It was rather that he was always in office when he chose. Weighty faults he had, but he had weightier virtues ; so that, in the balance of his character, it was the latter that ever prevailed. For he was gifted with something of the outlook of Beaconsfield, and with something of the humanity of Fox. His death was the signal for the decay of the Conservative party, and presently, in 1896, the Liberals entered, and have ever since remained in office, under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the most cultured statesman whom, in its life or four centuries, the New World has produced.

One of the acts of Sir John Macdonald had been to make Canada highly Protectionist by the tariffs of 1879 and 1885. His Liberal opponents advocated Free Trade, but, on attaining office in 1896, they abated somewhat of their Free Trade sentiments, and adopted a compromise, which they carried to its final stage in 1900. To reduce tariffs much was unadvisable, in view of manufacturing interests ; to reduce them not at all was equally unadvisable, in view of their declared principles. The compromise was the Preferential Tariff, which, in one aspect, was a step towards Free Trade ; and, in another aspect, was the maintenance of Protection.

Combined with this complex political motive was another. Alone of the chief colonies, Canada gives nothing to the navy ; and the Preferential Tariff was understood to be her substitute. To these two motives was added a third, the avowed and declared one. This tariff was the recompense due to Britain for her consumption of Canadian exports. Such was the threefold cause of the Preferential Tariff. So far as it was a step towards Free Trade, it was, in the opinion of Ministers, beneficial to Canada ; next, it was the discharge of an imperial obligation which other colonies might fulfil in another shape ; and lastly, it was a measure due to Britain for the free market extended by her to that colony of Canada which had hitherto been taxing British imports at the enormous rate of 30·69 per cent. Assuredly, so far, there appears no vestige of reason why we should tax our food in requital, or make any

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requital at all. The Canadian Minister, indeed, stated so, emphatically ; it seemed a satisfactory arrangement ; and, as time went forward, many an orator polished his perorations, by resort to the Canadian Preferential Tariff.

Unfortunately, no sooner had this edifice been erected, than it began to be undermined. So swift, indeed, was the progress of antagonistic forces, that, whereas the first year of the full operation of the Preference ended with June, 1901, it was in August, 1902, that Canadian Ministers presented a memorandum to Britain, boldly asking her to grant a Preference on the food products of Canada, "in consideration of the substantial Preference given by Canada for some years," and announcing that, in the event of our declining to do so, "Canada should be free to take such action as might be deemed necessary." What were the forces that had produced this singular revolution of policy, this sweeping request that Britain, who had lost an empire by trying to tax it, should herself be taxed by her second empire, or be prepared to lose it again ? Those forces were twofold in appearance ; in essence they were one.

The first of them was political. The Conservative party of Canada, though Protectionist, had itself touched, during its long years of office, upon Preferential proposals. But, in return for such a sacrifice to Free Trade, it had stipulated to obtain a Preference from Britain, and, consequently, nothing had been done. Naturally, the Conservatives were a little piqued that the Liberals, on entering office, should have outbid them in the matter of this Preference. So, not to be outdone, they criticised its rate, insisted that the Liberals should have bargained for something from the mother-country, and pressed them to demand a *quid pro quo*. These representations at length bore fruit in the behest above referred to, advanced by Ottawa on London.

The second force was a commercial one. It may be said of the total amount of British goods which enter Canada under the provisions of the Preferential rebate of  $33\frac{1}{3}$  per cent., that about two-thirds of them are textiles. Prior to the institution of the Preference, the average rate on dutiable woollens levied under the old tariff had been 32 per cent.,

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and on cottons 29 per cent. Now, under the Preference, the average rate worked out at  $23\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. on woollens, and at 20 per cent. on cottons. Hence the textile manufacturers of Canada, shorn of part of their protection, had found themselves, to their dismay, exposed to British competition, and, in fact, between 1897 and 1902, the importation of British textiles into Canada had increased from £2,300,000 to £3,600,000. Unjust, indeed, these manufacturers complained among themselves, is the action of Preferential Tariffs, if on our shoulders is to impinge the whole momentum of British competition. The construction of the Empire is the destruction of our dividends. Exercised by these emotions, the manufacturers of Canada beset the Government at Ottawa, according to the words of a Canadian State Paper, with "very bitter complaints." I venture to recommend that quotation to those who propose to "bind up" the Empire by the system of Preferential Tariffs.

I have studied in *Industrial Canada*, which is the official organ of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the more precise nature of these representations. The manufacturers claim to have about 300 woollen factories in the Dominion, employing upwards of 12,000 persons, with an invested capital of some £3,000,000. They point to the fact that, under the Preferential Tariff, they are being severely mulcted. "Some of the factories have been obliged to close down, some have been run at a loss, a very few have made any money during the last six years." They observe that, under this tariff, they have "only  $23\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. protection against their most dangerous competitors," that is, against Britain. In these circumstances, they ask for "30 to 35 per cent. protection against English and Scotch woollens, instead of  $23\frac{1}{3}$  per cent." Not that they object to the principle of Preference. As long as the minimum duty is immensely high against Britain, let the duties against the rest of the world be raised higher, in the proportion of  $33\frac{1}{3}$  per cent.

I need not enter into similar details as regards the cotton manufacturers; they, too, have no objection to the Preference, so long as the minimum against us is verging on prohibition.

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The Canadian Ministers, being, theoretically at any rate, Free Traders, declined to accept these views, and adhered to their own creation. But they decided to attempt to procure a *quid pro quo* from Britain of so material a nature as a Preference on Canadian foodstuffs in our market. This was to be the buttress which should prop up the somewhat decadent structure of the Preferential Tariff. True that it would not satisfy the Conservatives or the manufacturers, who alike wanted more Protection for Canada. But, on the other hand, with this prize obtained, they could meet the Canadian electorate with confidence, and could argue that, whatever mischiefs they might have inflicted on the manufacturers of the Dominion, the farmers, from Quebec to British Columbia, should rally round those statesmen who had procured them a higher price for their wheat.

These being the motives which had so swiftly operated in favour of this change of policy, three events were the more immediate cause of its definite emergence, in the latter portion of 1902, into the sphere of active politics. The services rendered by Canada in the Boer War enabled her to put some pressure upon us. The British Budget of 1902 had imposed a tax on imported wheat which Canada might ask to have removed in her favour ; while, thirdly, the opportunity for plain speech was afforded by the conference of Colonial Premiers which met, in June, in London. It is in these circumstances that we have been asked to put a tax on foreign wheat, and exempt that of Canada. Let me endeavour, then, to forecast, as clearly as possible, the results in Canada, first, if we should accept, and next, if we should reject, that important proposal.

Assuming that this plan works even according to the most sanguine expectations of its advocates, I fear that we are playing into the hands of the Americans.

There is in process, throughout the North-West Territories of Canada, one of the most singular revolutions in the world. For generations, the weakness of Canada lay very largely in the constant drain of her population towards the United States. In 1860, the number of Canadians in that country was 250,000 ; in 1880 it was 700,000 ; in

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1890 not less than 1,000,000. To-day, however, that current, in the east of Canada, runs with a sensibly diminished volume, though a recent agricultural report for the North-West Territories can still complain that "a large number of people leave Ontario, Quebec, and the maritime provinces annually, for the United States." But in the west of Canada the outward current is wholly reversed ; and Americans are coming in very fast. This movement first assumed importance in 1898, and so vastly has it grown, that, in the year ending June last, no less than 35,000 Americans entered into Western Canada alone. To this figure, I am told by the best authority in that region to add 7,000, for those immigrants who have trekked over the border, and are not included in the railway returns. Total, 42,000 Americans who have arrived in a single year in the wheat country, as against 700 in 1897. Why do they come ?

On two accounts. Advertisement draws them. The Canadian Government last year advertised in no less than 7,000 country papers in the States. Further, it has sixteen or seventeen salaried agents in the States, and about 250 agents who work on commission, for the purpose of attracting immigrants.

The second reason for this movement is that, according to the words of the Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa, "all the free or cheap land in the United States has now been pretty well taken up." Hence, the ambitious American, sometimes the son of a father who remains down south, sometimes the family altogether, moves up into Canada.

These men are well received in Canada. One in ten are Canadians who have come back. But the Americans are equally well received. They bring plenty of money, vastly more than the common immigrant. They are well behaved, as a rule. They thoroughly understand, thanks to a long course of experience, the peculiar business of agriculture in that territory. I even find that, in April last, a leading Canadian Minister, speaking in the House of Commons, went so far as to say that, "immigrants from the United States possessed of capital, or even without capital,

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are more valuable to us, man for man, than any immigrants that can come here from across the sea." Hence the liberal advertisement, and the systematic canvassing already referred to.

Nor is this immigration casual and indiscriminate. It is largely organised by American firms and land companies who have established branches in Canada. Every advantage lies with the Americans; for western is cut off from eastern Canada by a vast uninhabited region of upwards of a thousand miles, whereas the Americans lie all along the borders of Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta.

This strange trek is treated with great frankness by the American papers, and by the Americans themselves. The *New York Sun*, for instance, in an editorial entitled *The Call of Saskatchewan*, points complacently to the future. "A movement for annexation," it says, "will ultimately prove irresistible." In that fine region of Alberta which the genius of Mr. Elliott Galt has created by irrigation, I met a young American farmer. "Why, sir," he exclaimed to me, in a moment of indiscreet enthusiasm, "we shall Americanise the North-West."

I have said enough to show what the first result will be, if we provide a bonus on Canadian, as opposed to American wheat. The Americans will come in all the faster. Manitoba and the North-West contained, in 1901, some 54,600 farms. There is still room in that region for 758,000 more farms, of the average size of the 1901 farms. If 42,000 Americans came in last year without the inducement of a bonus, surely, with the prospect of a bonus before them, 100,000 might soon arrive upon the scene. They live close by, across an imaginary boundary line. They are able and experienced farmers. The Dominion Government would not stop them. Thus the North-West would become completely Americanised; and our simple plan for "binding up" the Empire would have rendered us ridiculous.

The second result of the grant by us of this Preference would be, to turn the manufacturing classes against ourselves.

It appears that Britain suggested to the Canadian



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Government, that it should make us some further tariff concessions, in the event of our granting this Preference on wheat. In response, the Canadian Government announced, in 1902, rather vaguely, that, taking some "selected articles," it was "prepared to recommend . . . further reducing the duties in favour of the United Kingdom." But what duties, on what articles? In the fiscal year ending in 1901, over two-thirds of the British goods imported under the tariff were textiles; in the year ending in 1902, the proportion was less than that of the preceding year, owing to increased imports of our steel and iron. Textiles, then, and steel and iron, together formed in that year about 75 per cent. of Canada's imports from us. Now, if the Canadian Government by "selected articles" means the balance of 25 per cent., my enquiries lead me to believe that even this proposal will encounter strenuous opposition—for instance, from the cement people. Next, the Canadian Government can scarcely reduce the duties on steel and iron, seeing that itself is granting bonuses or bounties on these manufactures within Canada. Hence, if this "preparedness" to reduce duties on our goods means anything substantial, it can only refer to the textile imports. And this is impossible.

It is impossible, because public feeling is against it. For instance, the Premier of Ontario, Hon. G. W. Ross, in a recently published article, states: "The limit of rebate without injury to home manufactures and industries has been fully reached." He adds, that those who approve the Preference, of whom he is one, "consider that the rebate now allowed imperils some of our own industries, particularly the woollen trade." Supposing, however, that a reduction is not impossible, and that it will be granted, then in that case it is scarcely possible to gauge the feelings which will be aroused among the manufacturing classes, who are now actually asking for a considerable increase of Protection, and would receive instead a considerable abatement in the Protective tariff. And these are the classes characteristically British, and on whose goodwill Imperialists should most rely.

Conversely, assuming that I am right, we shall stand to gain little or nothing, if the existing duties on 75 per cent.

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of Canadian imports be maintained against us at their existing rate. Even in that case, we shall be placed in a situation full of peril in respect of the manufacturers. I found it to be the opinion of the most experienced Canadian financiers, that, after the great prosperity, unbroken for the last six years, a reaction of more or less severity is bound, sooner or later, to come. Canada is yet young; she depends in some measure on the seasons; her accumulations of capital are not yet adequate to withstand a severe commercial strain with perfect ease. If, then, during this favourable time, the manufacturers of woollens and cottons, not satisfied with 23 and 20 per cent. respectively, are demanding 32 and 29 per cent. of Protection, it is absolutely clear that, when the floods are high and the waters are out, and distress is genuinely upon them, their reclamations will rise higher with the tempest, and that they will try to close the door which is standing open for Bradford or Manchester, under the terms of the Preferential Tariff arrangement.

The fourth result of our grant of a Preference on Canadian wheat would be, to disappoint those agricultural classes in the Canadian North-West who, so far as they take any interest in the subject, believe that this bonus will permanently benefit them.

Let us assume that Canada is exporting her 100,000,000 bushels to England, not in 1911, when, according to the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, she will do so naturally, but earlier, say in 1909, thanks to the operation which the advocates of our Preference on wheat declare that it would exercise in stimulating production. What would be the next step? What would be the result, first of a bad harvest, and next of a good one?

It must not be thought that, in the North-West Territories, a bad harvest is impossible. The season is short, and frost may come to spoil the grain. I take the following figures from the report of the Department of Agriculture of the North-West Territories for 1902. In that region, the average yield per acre of wheat was 19 bushels in 1899. In 1900 it had fallen to 9 bushels. In 1901 it had risen to 25 bushels; and it has fallen since. Suppose that in 1910 such a fall of production were to occur as

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actually occurred in 1900. That would mean that, whereas in 1909 that region produced, say, 100,000,000 bushels, in 1910 it would produce 47,000,000 bushels only. Since England would be mainly dependent on Canada, up would go the price of bread, and down would go the Ministry, unless the corn tax on foreign wheat were to be readjusted or repealed, to the disruption of our bargain with Canada. In a word, the whole system of Preferential Tariffs, as proposed to us, would be the sport and plaything of the weather in the North-West Territories of Canada. It would be Jack Frost against John Bull, with the latter at the mercy of his antagonist.

Hitherto, I have examined the consequences of our adopting a Preference on wheat. Those consequences are mischievous. It remains to enquire into the consequence of our rejection of that policy. I shall state it at its worst. Will Canada, in her anger or in her disappointment, abolish the Preference which she has extended to us, make a treaty of Reciprocity with the United States, and prepare to quit the Empire?

Looking broadly at these possibilities, I venture to think that her anger will not be so serious as might be imagined, if indeed it will arise. Even to those Canadians who think at all of this matter, there is reason for indifference. If they are manufacturers, our grant of this Preference may cause them to be threatened with loss of Protection. If they are farmers, they may have seen reproduced in their Press the ingenious arguments of those English writers who strive to prove, that a tax on foreign wheat will not raise the price of it to the consumer—a conclusion which leaves the Canadian farmer indifferent to the whole business. After these deductions made, whatever disappointment still remains might be made to diminish still further if, acting on the recommendation of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire recently assembled at Montreal for an Imperial Commission of Enquiry, a Commission were actually appointed to estimate the precise monetary value to us of the Canadian Preference, and to report upon what corresponding requital Britain could legitimately make to Canada, without the overthrow or disturbance of her fiscal system.

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In a letter of the 3rd of August last, addressed to the *Times*, I presumed to suggest that a sum might be devoted by Britain to the purposes of emigration; and my observation of the rapid entry of Americans and Europeans into the Far West of Canada does not lessen, but increases, the force of that suggestion.

Let us assume, however, that, all questions of disappointment apart, the statesmen at Ottawa decide, on the rejection by us of a Preference, to seek Reciprocity at Washington. Mr. Fielding, the eminent Finance Minister of Canada, repeated, in his Budget speech of April last, the warning of August, 1902, when he said that: "if England cannot grant us a Preference, we shall be free to take our own course." Presumably, that course is to Washington. For perhaps I should mention, that the United States Ministry is already approaching Canada with such a purpose. In order to enforce the correct view which we should take of this movement, I must explain, as briefly as possible, the complications in that issue of Reciprocity.

A system of Preferential Tariffs given by Canada to England, and by England to Canada, was in operation in the earlier half of the nineteenth century. It proved anything but successful; and Canada was full of complaints. She was equally full of complaints when Sir Robert Peel, in 1846, took steps to abolish the system on either side. At once, in May of that year, Canada asked Britain if she might negotiate for a treaty of Reciprocity with the United States. Britain readily assented; and negotiations were initiated, which resulted in the treaty of Reciprocity between Canada and the United States, carried through by Lord Elgin in 1854.

It may be thought, by those unacquainted with the politics of that epoch, that this Reciprocity Treaty was to be viewed as the first step taken by Canada for separation from Britain, and annexation by the United States. But I have heard a statesman of that epoch, who knew the facts, declare that the Democrats of the American Senate, at that date in a majority, actually allowed it to pass for the opposite reason. Civil war was blowing up; these

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Democrats of the South feared the entry of Canada, a non-slave State, into the Union ; and confidently believed that, by granting the boon of Reciprocity to Canada, her material position would be so much improved, that she would henceforth maintain her independence of the United States connection. This view is decidedly borne out by the *Journals* of Lord Elgin, who worked for the treaty on precisely similar grounds.

• It is important to understand precisely the nature of what the Reciprocity meant. This was defined in Article III. of the treaty, and in the schedule thereto attached. It was very simple. All unmanufactured things, that is, all foods, all ores, all animals, all products of field and flood and mine, or almost all, passed absolutely free of duty between the two countries. And there the matter rested. The results upon the mutual trade were satisfactory, Canada found herself more at ease in Sion, and the cry for annexation to the United States melted away.

We may notice that there was no provision in the treaty as regards the rest of the tariff. In regard to all manufactured articles, each country could do as it pleased. And here began a rift within the lute of Reciprocity. Canada slowly raised her rates : on woollens, for instance, from 12½ per cent. in 1855, to 14 per cent. in 1856, to 15 per cent. in 1857, to 18 per cent. in 1858, and thence to 20 per cent. in 1859. And so on along the line. Nevertheless, in spite of this rise, the United States tariff, in the latter year, was still higher than the Canadian by about 25 per cent. However that might be, this rise in the Canadian rates vexed the Americans considerably. The Canadians, animated by Protectionist ideas, were endeavouring to build up manufactures of their own ; and, in revenge for this ambition, and partly also in revenge for British sympathies with the South on the Civil war, the manufacturers of the Northern States secured the abrogation of the treaty in 1866. The Americans were delighted with their handiwork. They freely predicted that, in a year or two, Canada, in her commercial distress, would sue on bended knee for admission to the Union. And, indeed, in the years that followed, sometimes a Sir John Ross, and sometimes a Mr. George

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Brown, hovered on the horizon with the fruitless proposals of Canada. But Canada never went, or went not as yet, to Canossa. Only, a melancholy and forlorn offer to the United States of Reciprocity in natural products was a normal feature of Canadian tariffs. From the Canossa at Washington came the grim allocution, that Canada must appear barefooted and penitent in the snow, or not at all. So matters stood until 1888, when new action began. The Liberal Party, emboldened by the failing energies of the Minister, and by the distress of the times, then opened a vigorous campaign for "Unrestricted Reciprocity" with the United States : a Reciprocity, that is, not only in natural products, but in manufactures as well. A little later, Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared personally for "absolute reciprocal freedom of trade," and described the United States as "our best market." Finally, in 1893, his Party, at its historic convention at Ottawa, resolved, "that the period of the old Reciprocity Treaty was one of marked prosperity . . . that a fair and liberal Reciprocity Treaty would develop the great natural resources of Canada." Needless to say, that, to this Canadian movement, the crushing reply was—the McKinley Act and the Dingley Act of the United States. It was the major excommunication.

To bring the matter absolutely up to date, the Americans at length are moving that occult body, the Joint High Commission, to take action as to Reciprocity. In regard to Canada, the Finance Minister announced, in his recent Budget speech, that there is "a growth of feeling in favour of Reciprocity."

The question arises, whether we should view this Reciprocity as a step towards the union of Canada and the United States. I think not. It is quite true that in Canada there has, in the past, existed a party which desired commercial union in such an extreme form as to be tantamount to an incipient political union. But the history of Reciprocity, already alluded to, establishes the truth that, in its moderate and practical form, Britain has favoured it, on the sound principle, that what is good for Canada is good for the Empire. Such was the case in 1846, in 1854, and

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on other occasions. Each of the four natural divisions of Canada,—the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-West Territories and British Columbia,—is so closely associated by nature with the portions of the United States lying immediately to the south, that it is absolutely certain that Reciprocity with these must have advantages, even if that were not proved by the results of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. Add to this, that, for nearly half a century, Reciprocity has been the traditional policy of Canada, and has been favoured by both parties, though in a warmer degree by the Liberals, the Party now in power. Imperialism is not opposed to the commercial developement of Canada. If it is, so much the worse for it.

As regards the exact form of this Reciprocity, if it should be on the lines of that of 1854, that is, the mutual free exchange of natural products, this could be arranged without disturbance of the Preferential Tariff accorded by Canada to Britain. For, practically speaking, that tariff operates only in respect of manufactured articles, which, *ex hypothesi*, would be excluded from the Reciprocity arrangement.

There can, however, be little doubt that the United States will press Canada to go farther. But Canada already treats imports from the United States very well. In 1902, over 61 per cent. of her total imports came from that country, and, in spite of the Preference, only 23 per cent. from Great Britain. On these imports from the United States, taken as a whole, she levies a far lower tariff *ad valorem*, that is, about 12 per cent. only, than she does on the total imports from ourselves, upon which she levies at a rate of 18 per cent., taking into account all goods, both those subject to the Preferential Tariff and those exempt. This is because Canada favours, as it is, the free entry, in her tariff, of natural products, which come chiefly from the United States, and thus reduce the *ad valorem* weight of the tariff. Against this liberality upon the part of Canada, the United States tariff is most illiberal. To prove this, let me point out that, twenty years ago, the total value of the animal and agricultural products exported

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by Canada to the United States was nearly £5,000,000, though that happens to be an exceptionally good year. Last year, 1902, was also a very good year in Canada. Yet, in spite of her prodigious progress in agriculture since 1882, Canada's export of that produce in that year to the States was the miserable figure of £1,400,000, although her total export of that produce was by far the largest of any year of her history. On this ground, I should venture to conclude, that, if the United States, in negotiating Reciprocity, insist on tampering with the Preferential Tariff, as they will doubtless do, Canada can, and should, point to the above facts as an argument that, if the United States want Reciprocity, it is for them, and not for Canada, to liberalise rates.

More than this. It is clear, from all that has been said above, that, since fifty years ago, when the Canadian tariff on most goods stood at about 12½ per cent., Protection has been the moving interest in Canada. It was this that raised the rates in the 'fifties, and broke up the treaty of 1854. This gave solidity to the position of Sir John Macdonald. This stopped Free Trade in 1897. This is the power which to-day is grasping at the vitals of the Liberal Party. If, then, the United States desire to come in on the same basis as Britain under the Preferential Tariff, the Protectionist interest will emphatically veto that proposal, which will only serve to expose it to fresh competition. The manufacturers of Canada dread the United States competition far more than our own.

Last of all, if the worse should come to the worst, and Canada should withdraw her Preference from us, turning her back on her own pledge of it as a free and righteous and expedient gift, we must always bear in mind that, even had the Preference been retained in our favour, it is the one aim and ambition of Canada's energetic people to make it practically null and void, by building up their own cotton and woollen and iron industries, to the exclusion of the imports of those goods from ourselves. Even as it is, the consumption per head of British textiles by the Canadian population is small and diminishing, according to our Board of Trade. In Victoria, and New South Wales, the con-



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sumption of our goods of this nature in recent years has been from three to five times as great as in Canada, per head of the population, even in the absence of Preferential Tariffs. "I want," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1900, "I want to build a nation that will be the foremost among the Great Powers of the world." Canada responds to that aspiration, and, turning to business, builds factories in rivalry of our own.

GEORGE PEEL

## NATIVE LABOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA

**T**HE outstanding fact that we have to face here is, that the supply of native labour is not enough to meet the demand. This suggests two questions : Why ? and, Is there any remedy ?

There is one class of persons who say : "The reason why this state of things obtains is not because the possible labourers are non-existent in South Africa. There are enough of them, but they are too lazy to work. They, that is the men, have never been accustomed to hard manual toil ; what work there has been to do in providing the necessaries of life has been done, and is now being done, by the women, who are little different from slaves. They are bought and sold. The ideal life to the South African native is that of polygamy. If he is rich enough in cattle, he can buy what wives he wants ; if not, he will unbend himself so far as to do a few months' labour at the mines or elsewhere, and then, having amassed what is to him a fortune, he can retire, invest that fortune in wives, and sit down for the rest of his life, and live on the proceeds of their labour." Such is the case, as stated by many persons who claim to have a knowledge of the matter ; and the statement is calmly accepted by a great many more, to whom it commends itself as a clear and intelligible explanation of the Labour difficulty.

To meet this difficulty sundry proposals are made. The native must be "induced" to work. It is interesting to try and ascertain what meaning the word "induce" carries in this connection. There are those who would go in for compulsion pure and simple. The advocates of this straightforward, though drastic, plan are at least honest and candid in a way ; but they have to face a serious difficulty.

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The physical force required would in the last resort have to be supplied by the mother-country, if not by the whole Empire. The view taken by the would-be "inducers" in this sense, is not that of the majority of the British people ; so that, whatever the theory of physical compulsion may have to recommend it, it has to be set aside as beyond the domain of practical politics.

We are thus left to consider some form of indirect compulsion. The one most in favour, theoretically, at the present time, is that of increased taxation. It is urged that the native does not pay taxes in proportion to the expense of the special administration his presence in the country involves, or to the benefit he derives from the peace and protection which come to him under British rule. Accordingly, a movement has set in to raise the scale of native taxation. Possibly this movement may eventually extend to all the South African States ; but not without raising some grave questions.

There is an undercurrent of another kind tending in the same direction ; but for obvious reasons it is referred to openly as little as possible in this connection. Many people in South Africa regard it as a grievance that certain lands are set apart for the use of natives, on which they are allowed to live in their own fashion, under codes of law more or less exceptional, specially framed for them as communities apart from their white neighbours. It is alleged that, as long as the natives are thus allowed to live on lands to which they have a tribal title, it is hopeless to expect them to come out of these Reserves, and to work for the white man. More or less directly, in consequence of this strong undercurrent of feeling, it will be found that, when the opportunity occurs, say in some act of insubordination—from whatever cause—on the part of the chief, the sharp and short remedy is, not only the punishment of the chief as the responsible party, but the confiscation of the land and the dispersion of the tribe. The last case of this kind was the confiscation of the Phokwane lands, and of the Langeberg, in 1897. The effect of this, we may even say the intention of this, was to deprive those particular natives of the option of supporting themselves in their own way.

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They may scatter to some other Reserve, which becomes crowded ; and the surplus population then trickles off and gravitates to the labour centres, or to the "locations" in the neighbourhood of the Colonial towns and villages. These "locations" are the counterpart of the slums in English cities ; the places where the lowest stratum of the community herds, and supplies a sort of labour and an ingredient of crime, under the pressure of necessity, to complement the life of the more favoured upper classes. But wholesale confiscation of native Reserves does not come often.

The same result can, however, be arrived at by a quieter process, perpetually at work : that is, by a system of skilful encroachment. We know how, even amongst white neighbours, disputes will often arise over boundary questions. This is none the less the case when white and black live side by side ; and in South Africa there is an unvarying though unwritten law of nature, that, when there is a difference of opinion of this kind, the black man must yield, and be narrowed in. This process of encroachment is so gradual and so unobtrusive, that some may be disposed to doubt its existence ; but a glance at the records in the Surveyor-Generals' offices will substantially confirm the truth of what is here alleged. Occasionally, of late years, the attempt at encroachment has failed, owing, it may be, to the astuteness of the native, or to his having received a certain amount of education, which enables him to find his way to the courts and to hold his own there. This last circumstance is one of the contributory causes of the strong objection entertained by some white men, not all, to the missionary efforts which aim at elevating the black man into a degree of enlightenment which will enable him to take his place as a member of a civilised community.

Probably most people will admit the foregoing as an approximately fair statement of the situation in South Africa. The material development of the country, in mining, in public works, in the building of new towns, and in the introduction of a better style of agriculture, has given rise to a sudden and unprecedented demand for labour, as may be clearly seen in the abnormal rate of wages paid even to unskilled men ; and, at present, the only

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available labour is that of the black men obtainable in South Africa itself.

There is, of course, another question alongside of this, about the yellow man, or even the white man himself: but at present the subject in hand is the matter as it lies between the white employer and the black labourer alone. The case for the former has now been stated, with a minimum of adverse comment; but we have yet to hear the black man. We have to deal with the drawback that he is practically inarticulate. It is instructive to notice how little his view of the matter seems to count. He is not often asked for it, and, in the nature of things, when he does get a chance he is apt to spoil it by overstatement. It would be worth while, however, to give a hearing to men who do to some extent represent the native, being natives themselves, and who have the gift of utterance—men like the editor of the Kafir paper, *The Imoo*, published at King William's Town, or the Sechwana paper, *The Koranta ea Bechwana*, published at Mafeking. Meanwhile, the native has to be spoken for, more or less imperfectly, by others.

Whoever undertakes the task must make up his mind to bear in his forehead the brand of "Exeter Hall." This name has become an epithet, and represents an element of quite unnecessary irritation: an irritation, real or simulated, which it is difficult to take seriously; it is so irresistibly comic. Its existence may possibly be accounted for by the fact, that there is an entity in British public opinion which has proved itself to be a power very inconvenient to those who are opposed to it. Extremists there are, no doubt, in Exeter Hall, as in other human associations, however sedate, dignified, and well-informed; and such extremists are a plague and a hindrance to their own friends. Take "Exeter Hall" as a whole, and it will be round to consist of persons uncommonly well posted up in their own business. It is true they may have no material interests at stake in South Africa, bearing upon the Native Question; but this is scarcely a disqualifying circumstance where the object is to form an unbiassed opinion. It is instructive sometimes, and not uncommon, to see one of these so-called "Exeter Hallites" come out to this country, and, in conversation with local

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authorities, prove that he has the facts at his finger ends, and show up the gross ignorance of his interlocutors about things that are going on, so to speak, under their very noses. The editors and others who tear a passion to tatters over what they call the ill-advised and uncalled-for interference of the Exeter Hallites in the mother-country, seem, moreover, to lose sight of the fact that there is in South Africa a not inconsiderable party of men who are the true Colonists, and the sons of Colonists, who look upon South Africa as their home, in which they hope their children will live and prosper after them ; and that a fair proportion of these men hold views about the black man not materially different from those held by the average Exeter Hallite. You will find many of them in the Native Departments of the respective States : men who have been selected and appointed by the local governments, mainly because they are the men who best know native life and character. This is certainly the case in the Cape Colony, in Natal, and in Basutoland. It is true to a large extent of the new colonies, the Transvaal and the Orange River ; though there the heads of departments have been handicapped, in their choice of men according to suitability, by the tremendous social pressure brought to bear upon them from home. It is true at least of Southern Rhodesia, where the Native Department is consistently carrying out the policy shaped for it by the Imperial Government after the rebellion of 1896. The overwhelming balance of official influence in the various Native Departments in South Africa is much nearer to that of what is often called the "negrophilist party" in Great Britain, than it is to the fretful and feverish impatience of those who, in South Africa, dash themselves against the blind wall of a deficient labour supply, which hampers the onward rush of the gold industry. The case for these latter has been stated earlier in this article ; the attempt will now be made to put the other side, as it presents itself to some men at least in South Africa, who are fairly conversant with the facts.

First, with regard to the actual number of able-bodied natives in South Africa available for employment by white men. Take the British States and Protectorates south of

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the Zambesi, and, according to official returns mostly dating back, say, ten years, there was then a native population of something over four millions. This does not include the population of German S.-W. Africa, very sparse, or of the Portuguese coast belt from Delagoa Bay northwards. Nor does it include some 74,000 Asiatics in the Colony of Natal. It has to be remembered, also, that, in ten years, there must have been a large increase of population as the ordinary course of things. But, in dealing with items of this kind, there must be some guesswork, and guesswork in regard to population has a tendency to over-statement. At the outside we probably have a population (in round numbers) of about 5,000,000. According to the ordinary ratio of computation adopted by officials in the Native Departments, this would mean, that there are in the area under consideration, about 1,000,000 able-bodied men, say, from 18 to 40 years of age. At first sight, it might be said that here is an ample labour supply for all requirements. But these men are not all available. As a matter of mere geographical distribution, they are not all accessible, to begin with. Except for those who have travelled extensively in South Africa, it is difficult to form an adequate conception of the enormous distances that have to be traversed to cover the country at all.

The Eastern coast belt, that is, the Transkeian territories, Pondoland, Natal, Zululand—Basutoland may also be counted—are fairly well populated; but, leaving the coast belt, and taking the upper plateau, which includes Bechwanaland, Northern Transvaal, and Southern Rhodesia, you have a most sparsely populated and enormous area. Even where, as in Rhodesia, the natives are being gradually restricted to their own Reserves, comparatively limited in extent, they are far away from the labour centres, and must, if they wish to work for wages, perforce leave their own homes for long periods, to go and try their fortune in places where they are comparative strangers. These circumstances are in themselves sufficient to put a good many out of the reckoning.

There is no need to assume that the native is inherently lazy. Those who know him best in South Africa, tell you that, provided he is within a reasonable distance of work, and has some security for good treatment, he is by no means

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unwilling to work. But, when the work is very far away, when he sees his fellow tribesmen who have made the venture come back with conflicting accounts, often with but little to show for their work ; when some go away never to come back at all, or come back diseased or maimed for life, —in the face of these things, it must be a more than ordinary spirit of adventure which will attract a fresh supply of recruits.

Another purely gratuitous assumption is, that the whole able-bodied native population of South Africa is under some kind of moral obligation to lay itself out for the service of the white man. On what ground of right does the latter claim such services ? How have these five millions of natives lived up to the present time ? They certainly have not come to the white man for sustenance as paupers ; and this is the only conceivable ground on which he might base a right to demand their labour in his employ. To a very large extent these people have lived honestly by the work of their own hands, in farming agriculturally land to which they have an indefeasible title. Here, again, we are met by the statement, that it is not the men who work, but the women, and that polygamy bulks largely in this connection. Those who talk of polygamy must be misinformed about the facts, or must be dealing very largely in imaginative assumption. It is said by those who know, or ought to know, that polygamy still remains extensively as an institution among the natives of Southern Rhodesia, who, as a people, are perhaps more backward than any other of the Bantu race. But Southern Rhodesia, with all its vast areas, only accounts for half a million of people. The real masses of population, as already stated, are on the coast belt ; and there the plough has, to a large extent, taken the place of the native hoe, and is every day increasingly employed. The hoe was mainly, but not exclusively, the woman's implement ; the use of the plough is rigidly confined to the men, for, in ploughing, oxen are used, and no woman among the Bantu touches cattle, even to milk the cows. Again, polygamy is a dying usage, and, as a fact seriously affecting the labour supply, may be safely dismissed as a mere figment of the imagination.



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Even so, it is an open question whether, under the most favourable circumstances, a supply of native labour sufficient to meet the views of the mine-owners is to be had in South Africa ; and it is no use to take for granted that the black man has nothing to do but to work for the white man. Those of us who have come to take an interest in the native, from a life-long acquaintance with him, have no desire to see him set apart from honest labour and encouraged to live a life of idleness. Nor have we any wish to see the community at large hampered by a dearth of the labour which is called for by the enormous schemes of developement now coming into operation. One would think, from the tone of the Press generally, that such were our wishes. Far from it. But we are bound to point out, that there are better ways of "inducing" the native to work, than by putting heavier taxes upon him, or by depriving him, however plausibly, of lands to which he has a prescriptive right, by our own admission in the past and by specific treaty engagements.

The following suggestions are not new ; in fact they are in the course of being adopted by many employers of labour—better late than never. But at one time they were little thought of ; and it takes some time to repair the ill effects of neglect in the past, and to secure the confidence of the native—an important element in the problem.

Distance has been referred to as one of the retarding causes in the collection at the mines of a sufficient supply of labour. Men have to travel on foot, without money, distances of six or seven hundred miles to the labour centres, passing on their way over the grounds of people unfriendly, if not absolutely hostile, arriving on the frontier, say of the Transvaal, to find themselves confronted with an elaborate system of "pass" regulations. These may be a necessary evil ; but they are an evil all the same. They are well meant by those who framed them ; but their meaning and value are often obscured by the hectoring attitude of the Mounted Police, a fine body of men, but not free from the disadvantage of having among them individuals unfit for the brief authority with which they are clothed. The higher officials are sincerely bent on preventing these untoward occurrences ; but the country is wide, and they

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cannot be on the heels of their subordinates everywhere. This is not mentioned in the way of mere complaint ; but because it helps to discourage a stream of labour into the country. The difficulty is met in some measure by the employment of Labour agents to go out and collect men, and to superintend their transit, acting as their guides and spokesmen. But here again lurks another danger. The "tout" seems beset by an apparently irresistible temptation to make promises which are not fulfilled when the labourers arrive at their destination, and cannot draw back again. In time these labourers (or some of them) return to their homes with a grievance, and act as a deterrent to further recruiting. When the native can make his journey by rail, he is not unwilling to do so ; but again, not only is the journey made as uncomfortable as possible, but the conditions are dangerous to health and efficiency. It is not uncommon to see open trucks packed with natives, and attached to a goods train. This may be four or five days on the road ; and, all that time, the men have no shelter from wind and wet, from cold or heat. They reach their destinations, hungry, thirsty, benumbed, and with the seeds of disease and disablement thickly sown. They may or they may not be able to get food on the way. The sight may be seen of a respectably dressed coloured man offering his shilling at a railway stall for a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, and being brusquely informed that "niggers are not served here." Add to this the fact, that the lower class of railway employé seems to have no language in which to address the native but that of profane abuse. When all is said and done, the native requires a fair share of courage to undertake a railway journey. If these difficulties are inevitable, well, be it so ! But why complain if natives are not as ready as they might be to undertake long journeys to get to the white man's work. It is said, on the highest authority, that energetic steps are being taken to remedy these drawbacks to the labour supply. So far so good ; but, meanwhile, it takes a long time to soften the memory of the past, and to awaken confidence.

Then take the native labourer who has braved these difficulties, and has arrived at his destination. Many

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employers quite lose sight of the importance of providing sufficient and suitable quarters. Having caught your native, of whom the supply is so inadequate to the demand, it would surely seem to be good business, apart from humanitarian ideas, to provide him with comfortable and healthy accommodation. Even a native has some idea of comfort ; but there are thousands of natives at the labour centres and in private employ, who are housed (if such a word is not ironical) in a way that would, in the cases of horses or dogs, be regarded as a scandal. The result is, not only that the native soon wearies of the discomfort, if not the absolute misery of his surroundings, but goes away in such a condition that he only reaches his distant home in time to die, or lives the rest of his life permanently disabled by rheumatism or pulmonary disease.

Not only do these strictures apply to accommodation, but to the equally important item of food. The food to which the majority of the Bantu are accustomed in their own country may not be alluring to a European palate. There is a monotony about it which reminds us of what we used to hear about the daily fare to which the peasantry of Great Britain and other European countries were accustomed. Even so, given a good appetite, and an outdoor life in the wilds, away from the pampering of civilisation, many a European has found the farinaceous diet of the Bantu, with its supplementary milk, sour or sweet, and an occasional bite of meat and a drink of "utjwala," not only acceptable, but most wholesome and sustaining. But anyone who has seen or smelt, let alone tasted, the sour and musty mealie-meal, imported from over sea, which is served out as good enough for a Kafir, and has seen the labourer driven to wasting his wages in the tinned rubbish sold to him in the little shops round his compound, can judge how this want of system works.

The subject would not be complete without a word on the Drink question. It looks like sheer and rank hypocrisy to talk about the scarcity of native labour, when men are allowed to set themselves deliberately to withstand laws enacted for the prohibition of liquor to natives, that is, such liquors as the brandy farmers of the Cape Colony

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supply. In this connection, the Cape Colony enjoys a bad pre-eminence. She alone of the South African States refuses to pass an effective Prohibition Law. The abominable alcoholic liquor she produces, which would have no chance of a market in any other way, must have a free sale to natives, in order that a certain limited class of the community may prosper. Elsewhere, the rule is Prohibition. Natal has led the way in this, not only on paper but in practice. Where the native has the chance of getting brandy, he does not wither away, as we are told some other races have done ; but he becomes a worse man every way, and, what is to the point at present, his value as a labourer is impaired, where it is not utterly destroyed.

Several things have now been enumerated which help to spoil and to diminish our labour supply. Happily, the attention which has been drawn to these things has led to talk in the right quarter, and not only to talk but to action. This is gratefully acknowledged by those who have the welfare, not only of the native, but of the whole community at heart ; but, again it must be repeated, the effects are slow, and reform will only bear fruit gradually. There are other forces at work in favour of the employer. Great waves of cattle pestilence have swept South Africa. The pressure of increasing population is making itself felt. All this will help in the direction of a better labour supply ; but whether sufficiently to make the mining interest content without the importation of Asiatic labour, is another question.

An attempt has now been made to represent the case, first from the side of the employer, and then from the side of the black man. There still remains a word to be said for the man, of whatever race, who looks upon South Africa as his home, and as the home of his children. On the mining question he may be a mere outsider. He may remember the time when there were no mines, when progress in all ways was symbolised by the leisurely ox-waggon. South Africa was not then a place to get rich in ; at all events, not quickly. He remembers also, that, in those days, the necessities of life were obtainable at reasonable rates, and the labour question was at least not acute. He certainly

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would not wish to go back to those Arcadian times ; he recognises the benefits that the mining industry has brought with it, and the courage and energy that have been shown by the leaders of enterprise. But there is something to be said for his suspicion and dislike of the high pressure of business, which affects his own life, but does not always make it easier. He would like to see a return of the times when his modest income would go a little further than it does now. Not being a possessor of mining stock, or a highly paid, perhaps too highly paid, official of a mining company, he cannot quite enter into the feverish impatience of those whose dominant thought is a large dividend. He sees that the determination, so apparent, to extract at the very earliest moment every ounce of gold from the soil, is making the gold industry an exceedingly expensive one, draining dry what would otherwise be a reasonable labour supply, and involving the importation from over sea of a great part of the necessaries of life.

South Africa needs more people for its work ; hence this demand for the importation of Asiatics. But she needs the men on her own land, and not locked up in the mining centres. The average South African does not see why the mining industry should be rushed at this express speed. He would like to see the natural industries of the country at large proceeding side by side with it. The farmer feels the labour difficulty as much as does the mining Director. He does not know why every available native in the country must be swept off to the mines. His view may be different from that of the mining Director and shareholder ; but he has a right to have it stated. It would be well for some competent man to continue the subject on this line of thought.

J. T. MOFFAT

## PROTECTION AND THE WOOL TRADE

**A**DVOCATES of Protection often assume that the shifting of employment from trade to trade is an evil, and that a decline in the number of hands employed in any particular industry is a sure sign of national decadence. The woollen industry is eagerly seized on, and exhibited as a dying trade, by these amateurs in economic pathology. For do not the Yorkshire census returns show that, whereas 216,000 men, women, and children found work in the woollen and worsted trades in 1891, the number in 1901 had fallen to 187,000? Those are the figures, it is true. They are not absolutely accurate. But they are borne out in the main by those of the Factory Inspectors for the whole country; and it is certain that, so far as numbers go, the primary branches of the trades are *not* growing. Bleachers and dyers and dealers, workers in hosiery factories and clothing factories, are all on the increase in Yorkshire and elsewhere; but combers and carders, spinners and weavers, are not. Better management and better machinery, together with the decline in child labour, go far to account for this state of things; but doubtless international causes are also at work.

The situation illustrates a familiar process in the evolution of industry. Quite independently of Protection or Free Trade, one country after another fits itself to engage in industries on modern lines, and so dispenses with certain imports from the old seats of manufactures. At the same time, there is a steady economising of labour within each trade, which enables a given number of hands to deal with

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an ever greater and greater mass of material. Meanwhile, the developement of new wants calls fresh industries into existence, and, in these, men who might otherwise have entered the older trades find employment, often very remunerative employment. In Yorkshire, for instance, the engineering trades have gained of late years more than the wool and worsted trades have lost. And the alarmist, who prophesies evil things because he has heard that some well-known manufacturer "can no longer employ an increasing number of hands," is perpetually puzzled to explain the steady and incontestable increase in general prosperity.

That a decrease in the direct employment of labour has no necessary connection with a decline in productive power, is easily proved from the case of the English woollen industry itself. The number of mills increases rather than declines; and the quantity of raw wool that they work up rises continually. According to an eminent Austrian statistician—Dr. Franz von Juraschek—this growth in consumption has been more rapid in the case of England, than in that of either France or Germany, during the past decade. Such comparisons are not easy to make with complete accuracy; but, whatever method one adopts, and whatever country one takes, the result is clear. As compared with our protected neighbours, European or American, we have nothing of which to be ashamed.

It is clear, also, that such slackening as there may have been in the growth of our wool-working industries, cannot be explained by a recent "foreign invasion." The import of foreign goods is great, no doubt. But it has been great for a generation and more. It was considerable in the 'sixties; in the late 'seventies it was valued at some £7,000,000 a year; in the late 'eighties at £11,000,000. During the last four years, the average value has been £12,083,000. The goods are of many sorts; but, except for three or four hundred thousand pounds worth of Eastern carpets, and Belgian goods worth rather more than that, they come mainly from France and Germany. There are weaving yarns and knitting wools, carpets, curtains, rugs and bootlaces, and flannels and shawls and hosiery, cheap cloths of various kinds, and, above all, women's dress fabrics from

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the finest to the cheapest—these almost entirely French. Some are fashionable and dear, more are fashionable and cheap ; and it is these fashionable goods, to the value of about five million pounds, that form the main mass of the import. They come largely from Roubaix ; and, as it is not so far from Roubaix to London as from London to Bradford, the Frenchman is well situated for competition.

His rivals allow that there is, as a rule, nothing conspicuously unfair about his methods. The majority of woollen and worsted fabrics, particularly dress materials, are not produced like steel plates or screws. A mill can hardly turn them out to pattern indefinitely, and “dump” them abroad systematically. The stocks for each season are made to order. No doubt surplus stocks are sold off “at a great sacrifice,” as the shops say. To such sales the blessed verb “to dump” might be applied, by Frenchmen as well as Englishmen—for we too sell off stocks at a reduction, as I have heard. But of “dumping” in the proper sense, if there be a proper sense : I mean of deliberate and continuous selling abroad at unremunerative prices, in order to win a market, or to keep machinery and plant in full work—of such dumping the nature of the trade hardly allows, and the Englishman does not often complain. What complaints one hears are, for the most part, directed against the German makers of cheap woollen cloth.

Of tariffs the Englishman does complain. For twenty years and more there has been an upward tendency in these, as all the world knows. The present level of duties in France is, on the face of it, moderate—equal to from 16 to 22 per cent. *ad valorem* ; but, as the French industry is not inferior to our own, these moderate duties are serious enough. In spite of them, some two million pounds worth of English goods went direct to France last year. The German rates are higher than the French, except the duty on yarn ; for certain classes of goods they rise nearly to 40 per cent. In the case of yarn, a tax that is little more than nominal allows upwards of three million pounds worth of English yarns to enter Germany every year. More notorious and more important are those United States duties, which made the last ten years of the nineteenth century



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seem so dark to English exporters. First by the McKinley Act of 1890, then by the Dingley Act of 1897, they have been raised to their present level of anything from 90 to 160 per cent.

In spite of the climbing tariffs of the last four and twenty years, and in spite of the development of manufacturing on modern lines in previously backward countries, like Italy and Spain—a thing more important than tariffs by a great deal—the English export trade has been remarkably maintained. It has changed to some extent, both in character and direction ; but it still thrives. It has to face, besides high duties and developing manufactures, the competition of France, Germany, Belgium, and—quite recently—the United States, in the so-called neutral markets. American goods, it is true, have not yet begun to cross the Atlantic ; but they affect the situation in Canada.

The most progressive branches of the English export at present are the yarn trade and the trade in “ tops ” (combed wool), “ noils ” (the by-product of the combing process), and prepared wool generally. This latter trade, which is often neglected in discussions outside Yorkshire, has grown up entirely since the general return of foreign countries to Protection. It is a good illustration of the adaptability of the well-abused English manufacturer. If foreigners will not let him weave for them or spin for them, then he will comb for them. The first official return of “ tops ” and “ noils ” was made in 1882. From £90,000 at that date, the export has risen to about £2,500,000. Yarn exports have doubled in quantity, and increased 25 per cent. in value, since the late 'seventies. On the other hand, finished goods have undoubtedly fallen off, as the annexed Table shows :—

|           |              |
|-----------|--------------|
| 1875—1879 | £18,000,000  |
| 1886—1890 | £20,200,000  |
| 1893—1897 | £16,000,000  |
| 1898—1902 | £14,700,000. |

The last fact would appear more striking if the figures for 1871—1875 were taken into account. I omit them deliberately. The abnormal conditions of trade and, above all, the high prices of raw wool, in these years, render com-

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parisons altogether misleading. Even in the past seven and twenty years, there has been a steady fall in the price of raw material, which in great part explains the decline in the value of the exports. A further correction should be made, by introducing the export of ready-made clothing, which would increase the first figure in the Table by about one million, and the last by about two.

The branch of the trade which has shown the 'most serious decline in the past decade is that with the United States—a clear case of the combined action of tariffs and foreign enterprise. France also buys less from us than she did. Russia, in spite of duties as high as those of the States, buys more of everything; and the German market has been well maintained. Italy and Spain, with the growth of home industry, have reduced their demand for everything but "tops." And the Colonies? They are still an improving market, and take about a fifth of our export—almost entirely finished goods. While the Indian trade has grown only about seven, and the Australian thirteen per cent., in the decade, the Canadian trade has increased by twenty, the New Zealand by fifty, and the South African by one hundred, per cent. The circumstances in South Africa are exceptional; the slow growth of the Australian trade is a warning to those who write as if the consuming power of Greater Britain could be suddenly and indefinitely increased; the fact that all the self-governing colonies together do not import £750,000 worth of foreign woollen goods of every kind, shows that comparatively little trade remains to be "captured." But it would be foolish and churlish to question the present and future value of the colonial consumption to the English woollen industry.

International competition in the trade is so keen, that the three great European exporting countries all have difficulty in finding markets. All suffer alike, and all must continue to suffer, from the development of the industry in once backward lands. The French export figures for the past twelve years are less satisfactory than our own, and the German are little better. Cheap wool is essential to all; therefore Germany, though she taxes food and timber, admits wool free, and yarn nearly free. France taxes yarn smartly,

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but only ventures on a modest "surtaxe d'entrepôt" on certain non-European wools that come to her through European markets.<sup>1</sup>

It is not as yet likely that Preferential treatment will be granted to colonial wool; but it is in the logic of the situation that it will in time be asked for. Why should the squatter be denied what the dairy farmer is to get? Besides, the Empire actually grows more wool than it wants; so that the thing may seem simple. But it is not. In normal times, such a policy would inflict hardship, first of all on certain definite sections of the spinning trade—those firms, for instance, which work up alpaca, which comes from South America, or mohair (Angora goat's hair), which comes largely from Turkey. Further, it would hamper all merchants who supply, and all spinners who from time to time utilise, the great variety of foreign wools which at present come to this country. The bulk of these wools is not great, perhaps one-fifth of the import from British sources; but a tax on them at any time would be most unfortunate, and would tend to drive up all wool prices. In exceptional years—like the recent years of Australian drought—it might prove disastrous, by keeping from the English market supplies of South American and other wools, which would otherwise have helped to check the rising price of these from Australia. Wools cannot be used indifferently; but a good deal of substitution of one type for another is possible, when prices necessitate a cheaper raw material.

Any perceptible taxation of yarns would, as things stand, be distinctly harmful, though hardly disastrous. At present, while we send abroad huge quantities of those hand-spun worsted yarns, in the production of which the Yorkshire mills excel, we import—to a much less extent—yarns of a different, a softer type, from France and Germany. Such delicate divisions of labour are common in the textile trades; but for the tariffs there would be more of them. Whether the general but modest tax on manufactures, which our fiscal reformers propose, would be

<sup>1</sup> This tax does not apply to Colonial and Indian wools bought through English markets.

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levied on "half-manufactured" as well as on "finished" goods, we do not know. Nor do we, nor does any one, know exactly what "finished goods" may be. It is to be hoped, at least, that, if we do begin to play with import duties on manufactures, we shall have the good sense to imitate the Germans, and not the French, in this matter of taxing yarn. That would of course raise a grievous cry from those few spinners with whose yarns the imports compete ; but it is of the essence of Protection to set one interest crying against another, and all crying to the State.

A modest duty of, say, ten per cent. on "finished" goods would have a very short life, if imposed with intent to protect. As an avowed revenue duty, it might live a little longer ; but, as a Protective duty, it would not protect enough, and would have to be raised. So far as those fashionable materials which are used by the well-to-do are concerned, such a trifling barrier would hardly be felt ; and the import would continue as before. The purchase of cheap foreign goods, much the greater part of the import after all, would, no doubt, be checked. Some kinds of women's finery would cease to come from France ; perhaps some cloths and felts and hosiery would cease to come from Germany. But, when the balance came to be struck, it would be found that, while the prices of various articles had risen to the consumer, English manufacturers had not received that effective Protection which would secure for them the home market. Fashion, and the undoubted ability of the foreigner to produce very cheaply in certain lines, would be too strong for a ten per cent. duty. The French woollen manufacture is highly efficient ; the French import duties are equivalent to something like twenty per cent. on the value of the goods ; there is in France no rapidly growing demand from a rapidly increasing population, as with us. Yet French imports declined very slowly for many years after the return to Protection ; and of late they have been rising once more. No ; home markets can only be "secured" by great solid duties. The country may have them if it likes. If it has them, it must in common justice apply them all round ; which will mean, so far as the woollen manufacture is concerned, dearer wool and dearer

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yarn, dearer dye-stuffs, dearer machinery, and, either higher wages, or less efficient work-people.

And Retaliation? It is a popular word in parts of Yorkshire; though the circumstances of the trade do not make the "dumping" cry very effective. It seems so simple to clap a tax on Roubaix goods, if the French will not buy enough from Bradford. If not on Roubaix goods, then on wine. The American case is less simple, even to the sanguine Protectionist. America sends no woollen goods to be taxed. Of course we might try to make her buy more worsted "coatings" from Bradford and Huddersfield, by taxing machine tools for the Westinghouse Works at Manchester, or wheat, or raw cotton. But even the most sanguine can see difficulties here. America is peculiarly well situated for tariff warfare. She ignores the wishes of other nations, however free—in Mr. Balfour's sense—their power of negotiation may be. France and Germany are just as eager as we to get their goods into the States. They are at liberty to negotiate, retaliate, reciprocate. But that did not stop the Dingley tariff on textiles; for America is not easily bullied. And a tariff war between, say, France and ourselves, is not so simple and sure a matter as it appears. Suppose we pay her in kind, and tax woollen goods. Is there any good reason for thinking that the Roubaix manufacturer, and his political friends in Paris, all convinced that he has a right to the home market, will sacrifice a slice of that market, merely because they are threatened with a temporary, or even a permanent loss, of a slice of ours? If we pick out wines for retaliation, no doubt we set Bordeaux quarrelling with Roubaix. The upshot of the quarrel may be some slight reduction of rates in our favour. But neither experience nor reasoning lends any support to the view that this result is bound to follow. Retaliation means an occasional tariff war; and a tariff war always means an infinite disorganisation of trade, but very seldom a reduction of duties below their ancient level when peace comes. A tariff war with Germany would be particularly unpleasant for Yorkshire: it would endanger the splendid export trade in yarn.

Though the English manufacturer cannot afford any

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Preferential arrangement which might affect the price of wool, he is interested in the future of the colonial markets. They are valuable, and they are improving. Import duties are not as yet particularly high—in Canada (after allowance has been made for the Preference) and New Zealand about as high as in France : that is to say, something like 20 per cent. *ad valorem* ; in Australia considerably lower ; and in South Africa only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Only in Canada is there as yet any considerable home industry, though in Australasia—particularly New Zealand—there are woollen mills ; and attempts have been made to start mills at the Cape. Foreign nations have not begun to supply the colonial markets to any great extent ; and there is no reason why they should, so long as the English industry remains efficient, and free from any artificial raising of its working expenses.

The Preferential policy aims at securing some guarantee that these good markets will, at the least, not be further closed to us. A mere promise, that greater hindrances will be put in the way of foreign than of British trade, can be of no serious value, unless accompanied by some assurance of this sort. There is no need to devise a new fiscal policy to secure easy treatment of English goods, where manufactures do not exist. The trouble is to retain low duties where they do. And I cannot think that the Preferential policy, as it has been brought forward, is likely to prove effective. I put on one side entirely the question as to whether England can afford to bargain, or ought to bargain, for a guarantee of low duties. Suppose for the moment that she can and ought. What are the chances of permanent success ? We have not to deal with the advantages of Imperial Free Trade, but with the probable results of bargaining of a particular sort. And what is the situation ? England, through the mouth of her representative statesman, is saying in effect to the manufacturing colonies—who are already well disposed towards Protection : “ We find that Protection is good. Long hours and low wages give a nation an unfair advantage over its neighbours ; and it is their business to neutralise that advantage by means of tariffs. It is true that British wages are lower, British

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hours in some cases longer, than your own. Still, in the interests of the Empire, we ask you to abandon, so far as we, your chief competitors, are concerned, a policy which we ourselves propose to adopt. And your farmers shall in return have such and such advantages in our market." As the Colonies arrive—and they must—at the stage when woollen manufactures begin to take root, may not our arguments be repeated in defence of a new colonial Protectionism? And shall we be in a position to threaten the withdrawal of the agricultural preference? I believe that, if we set to work on these lines, colonial markets will remain open just as long as there are no rising colonial manufactures; and that is the worst that can happen in any case. Only, if England continues to say that Free Trade is good, the Colonies may in time come to agree with her; and we may move towards Free Trade within the Empire. But should England say that she has tried Free Trade, and found it a failure, she will put a fresh strain on colonial loyalty, if she asks the Colonies to give up indefinitely the apparent good, Protection, in return for the not very great advantages in her own market which are the utmost that she can offer. Even from the rather narrow standpoint of the export interests of the woollen industry, I see no prospect of gain from such a policy. And, the broader the view, the less attractive does the policy become.

J. H. CLAPHAM

## MR. BURDEN

### CHAPTER V

COSMO, during the first few months after his success in the University examinations, lived a life which should have proved a fitting introduction to the position his father had reserved for him.

With the month of October he entered the business in Thames Street, and displayed an assiduity delightful for Mr. Burden to witness.

The merchant was, indeed, astonished at the aptitude, or perhaps the inherited commercial talent, which had survived his son's philological training ; and at times was prepared to admit, that the study of modern languages, even upon the side of pure literature, served (as he had often heard from its defenders) for a gymnastic to the growing mind.

Meanwhile, the young man was far from forgetting the pleasures due to his rank ; but he used them in such a way that the development of his character was in no way injured. His health forbade excess. His acquaintances ensured, some that his pleasures should be refined, others that they should be energetic, all that they should be well selected. In a word, he led, during the happy winter months that followed, the normal life of that class which is perhaps the soundest, as it is certainly the most many-sided, in Europe : the class which has learnt to govern an immeasurable realm, without corruption, and almost without ambition.

It was remarkable that, in spite of his prospects, he maintained a severe grasp over his private expenditure ; and this wise economy helped still further to strengthen a character which might, at first, have shown signs of weakness. He managed thoroughly well without a private trap, replacing it by such cabs as his business or amusements demanded. One horse sufficed him ; and, when he visited the country to hunt (as he would occasionally do in the middle of a business week), he was not above jobbing a mount from a local stable : he would not be at the expense of hunters. Did he visit



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the theatre, the stalls seemed to him his most natural place. He took a box but twice : once when the house was full, with the exception of that expensive luxury, and, on another occasion, when he had calculated that the number of friends whom he could accommodate in this manner would have cost a trifle more had he taken them to separate seats.

At the Empire, the Alhambra, and other music halls, he made it a rule to break a sovereign as he entered, and to make that sum suffice him for the whole evening.

He but rarely visited the Savoy, the Carlton, or Prince's. When he entertained, it was at his club, and, though he was careful that the wine and cooking should be of the best, yet he abhorred the ostentation of unseasonable flowers, and of vintages whose names might be unfamiliar to his guests. His dress was nearly always new, and always, always, quiet. His linen (a result of careful measurement) fitted him with exactitude. To his hats he paid that attention which is only to be discovered in men who comprehend the subtle importance of such ornaments.

In everything the management of his affairs displayed a wise reticence and balance : qualities most fortunately bestowed upon him by Providence, when we consider that his father's old-fashioned standard forbade him an allowance of more than £250 a year.

His life, I say, through all that winter, was at once well-ordered and happy, and justly envied by all his contemporaries. There was but one flaw in the perfection of his content, and that flaw was to be discovered in the very serious condition of his finances.

The interest upon £1,250—an interest to be paid half yearly—even if it be at so small a rate as 15 per cent., will appear, at the time of payment, a sum of astonishing magnitude to the needy. It amounts, as the less classical of my readers will at once perceive, to no less than £93 15s. (less tax) at the end of every six months ; and, when the first of these terms approached him in the course of February, Cosmo had the misfortune to find himself for the moment unable to meet it.

I have already indicated to what an exaggerated extent he permitted such little matters to prey upon his mind. I need hardly say that, in his distress, he went to call upon Mr. Harbury.

That excellent friend spoke to him more seriously than he had done upon the first occasion. He pointed out to him that, while debts of the more ordinary sort were often a matter for jest, the exact payment of interest was a duty, upon the fulfilment of which a man's honour was engaged. In a somewhat softer manner, Mr. Harbury proceeded to inform Cosmo of the interest which Mr. Barnett had taken in his career : nor did he conceal from him that,

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on hearing of his difficulty, the very first thing he had done had been to write to that large-hearted and travelled man, whom he (Mr. Harbury) regarded almost in the light of a father. Rising at the close of this conversation, he laid his hand, not without dignity, upon the young man's shoulder, and begged him to dismiss all further thought of the matter from his mind. . . . It would have been evident to a meaner intelligence than that of Mr. Burden's son, that he had once more been saved by agencies whose power he had long admired, and whose character he had begun to revere.

From that moment, during the months of the ensuing spring, he threw himself with a kind of zeal into the companionship of such friends. Gratitude alone would have compelled him to frequent their houses : to gratitude, admiration was added, and to admiration a sudden access of a sense of familiarity, when he discovered, that no less a person than Charles Benthorpe was very often a fellow guest with himself.

The historic name which this young man bore so easily, the consummate knowledge of the world which he had acquired as the companion of his father's official life, the public reputation of the family, and to some extent the titular honour it boasted, had drawn Cosmo warmly towards the enjoyment of Charles Benthorpe's friendship, during their contemporary residence at the University.

Nay more, Lord Benthorpe himself, as Cosmo discovered with astonishment and pleasure, was, in a manner, the familiar friend of these few who had at heart the glory of England in the Delta of the great African river. Often as the name M'Korio would enter into the conversation, still more often would the experience, and occasionally the name, of Lord Benthorpe accompany the judgment of Mr. Harbury, of Mr. Barnett, and of that Major Pondo, whom it will be my business upon a later page to describe. Charles Benthorpe, in spite of the reserve which properly accompanies exalted social rank, was not unwilling to describe his father's attitude upon those Imperial matters wherein his long political and administrative experience had given him an exhaustive knowledge.

Nor did the name or the opinions of this statesman alone mingle with their discussions. Once he himself came in person to a dinner of Mr. Barnett's, and was willing to express by word of mouth his strong faith in the future of the M'Korio Delta. Upon another occasion, Mr. Harbury was able to read a letter from his lordship, regretting his inability to address a small private meeting upon the potentialities of the M'Korio—potentialities which, in his absence, were set forth by that Major Pondo, with whom, as I have just remarked, and shall probably remark again, a future page must deal.

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Lord Benthorpe, at the moment when the great affair of the M'Korio entered the arena of politics, bore an appearance which those unaccustomed to our administrative classes might have mistaken for weakness.

His figure, very tall and spare, was crowned by a head in which the length of the face was perhaps the most prominent characteristic. His thin aquiline nose, his pale grey eyes, set close together and drooping somewhat at the corners, would not of themselves have led to so false a judgment, nor would the shape and position of his ears, to which the narrowness of the head and the sparseness of the hair lent perhaps an undue prominence; it was rather his mouth, which, by an unfortunate habit, he maintained permanently half open, thus displaying teeth somewhat long and projecting, and meeting at a slight angle, as do those of the smaller rodents. A slight growth upon the upper lip emphasised the unfortunate character of this feature, whose misleading effect was further heightened by a nervous trick of drumming or tapping continually with the fingers, commonly upon his knee, but sometimes upon the table, or whatever else might offer itself to his hand.

As for his attitude, he would most commonly be seen sitting with one leg crossed over the other, and in an inclination of body which gave no hint of the intellectual energy which had inspired so many years.

I say, that those foreigners imperfectly acquainted with our polity, and even the less experienced among our own fellow-citizens, would not have guessed what power and initiative the whole picture concealed; but those of us who remember the annexation of Raüb, the firm hand which suppressed the mutiny in the Seychelles, the disappointment of Germany in the Marranagoes, the settlement of Pilgrim's Island, and especially the dreadful affair of Putti-Ghâl, are not slow to recognise in Lord Benthorpe elements of that which has brought our country to its present position of secure dominion.

Such was the man whom perhaps the best judge of character in our time—I mean Mr. Barnett—had designed with slow deliberation to associate in his great enterprise. Lord Benthorpe and Mr. Burden were the two pillars, upon which Mr. Barnett intended the fabric of the M'Korio Delta Development to repose.

Need it be added, that he approached Cosmo with a frankness native to all leaders of men, that he pointed out the difficulties which would surround any attempt to persuade the old merchant, his father, of what the M'Korio was and should be, and that he asked—almost with humility—for the help of a young man whom he had himself so conspicuously befriended?

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Need it be added that the request was no sooner made than granted ?

To the letter, with infinite tact, Cosmo (as I shall show in a moment) carried out those instructions which he knew so well to be to the advantage, not only of Mr. Barnett, his benefactor, but of himself, his family, and indeed the whole Empire. He was chosen to bring into just those relations which the situation demanded, his father, and that accomplished politician, whose impoverishment, dignity, and judgment, peculiarly fitted him to discharge a task of world-wide importance.

## CHAPTER VI

Cosmo was too well acquainted with his father's temper, and withal too devoted a son, to shock Mr. Burden by any sudden introduction of matters upon which the merchant must be presumed to judge far better than he.

It was a beautiful thing—and a striking thing in these days of irreverence and haste—to watch (as I have watched) the delicate and modulated steps whereby my old friend was brought, almost without his knowing it, to the brink of the M'Korio. It was a process of that mingled affection and reserve, by which we daily see the young leading the aged towards larger things, but one which no mere written description can fully convey.

The young man would leave a book of Major Pondo's in the hall by accident ; Mr. Burden would pick it up, under the impression that it was a work of fiction ; he would grow sufficiently interested in it to take it into town with him ; he would remark the half-tone blocks representing the drier parts of the Delta ; he would turn it sideways to glance at the map of the river-mouths ; he would glance with pleasure at the foot-notes which referred him to Scripture ; and, when he brought home the book, Cosmo would forget its origin, but would remember, at last, that it had been lent him by the son of Sir Samuel Gare.

Had Cosmo any notes to write to Mr. Barnett or to Mr. Harbury, he was careful to write them in his father's house, to address them to their offices, and to fling them at random upon the hall table, whence they should be picked up and posted ; for his father hated disorder, and, scolding, would catch them up himself.

He would even at times reconcile it with his conscience to address envelopes to fictitious persons in the M'Korio settlement, or in the Delta, where none resided.

He did not omit to leave the newspaper on the breakfast-table, so carelessly folded as to present, among other things, whatever

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journalists might have printed that morning upon M'Korian matters ; to the astonishment and delight of his father, he took to rising at an hour earlier than the rest of the household, that he might have the advantage of reading the news in full before his father should come down stairs ; but, on those third or fourth days, when the M'Korio was given a leading article, he would keep the newspaper throughout the meal, until his father was in a hunger for it, and might read it the more keenly.

With something approaching art, he spoke, and always spoke in praise, of whatever small parcels had been invoiced from the office for this apparently unimportant branch of the firm's business, but affected, wisely I think, to ignore their destination ; now presuming that they were for China, now actually causing their misdirection, and again mispronouncing the name when his father reminded him.

He showed a curious anxiety with regard to a trade gun which Mr. Burden had received as a sample from Birmingham. He was especially interested in the coats of mail ; it was he who suggested to the Society for the Promotion of Biblical Knowledge that they would do well to be associated with the firm's efforts to penetrate the interior of the country ; and he who asked his father from whom the Society's letters came, and what reply should be given them.

In the commonest topics of conversation, this atmosphere prevailed.

If his father spoke of cricket, Cosmo would remember the curious aversion shown to that game by the son of Lord Benthorpe, an aversion that had amused rather than annoyed so excellent a bowler as Hagbourne, Mr. Barnett's friend. . . . The match had been played on Mr. Harbury's ground.

If his father mentioned a club, it either was or was not a club to which Charles Benthorpe or Major Pondo belonged.

Wine recalled the fact that it could not be drunk in the tropics ; whiskey reminded him that it had been declared, by such authorities as Sir George Mackintosh and Lord Bannockburn, to be the healthiest beverage for pioneers in the valleys of African rivers.

Nevertheless, when, after a few weeks of this treatment, his father would himself speak directly of the M'Korio, most obviously betraying a mixture of authority and interest, Cosmo, with exquisite consideration, would turn the conversation into almost any other channel, and commonly fall to talking of his undergraduate friends, of Imperial geography, or of Mr. Barnett's great intimacy with, and salutary influence upon, many of his father's most respected acquaintances.

One way with another, the M'Korio became an atmosphere in that household, long before the winter ended. It had all the qualities of an atmosphere ; ever present, circumambient, necessary

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to life, yet but half perceived, an invisible influence. When I consider that this great result had been achieved by a youth hitherto untrained in the beneficent activities of commerce, I am convinced that no greater example could be given of the power which has made modern England.

That Cosmo was naturally absorbed in Mr. Barnett's venture, and that his conversation was bound to reflect it, I will not deny; but I am confident that a conscious purpose animated him, and a method learnt from his recent association with greater men. For "there are friendships," as that erratic but original and lucid genius Colthorpe has remarked, "there are friendships which are a liberal education. . . ."

Thus, through the agency of a son, in a manner which recalled the training of a beast for the circus, but far more human and subtle—by a method gentle yet firm, most filial, most efficient,—Mr. Burden, in spite of the routine of a lifetime, was gradually brought to the vision of a great Imperial opportunity.

It was towards the end of March, after a day spent in an attitude of curious reserve, that he at last spoke plainly to his son of a subject which had long occupied his mind.

In respect to something like an appeal, Cosmo had dined at home: it was late in the evening: the fire lit in fitful glimpses the eight chairs ranged along the wall of the room, the many photographs of Mr. Watts's work, of that of the late Sir Edward Burne Jones, and the noble engraving of the *Gambler's Wife*, which hung amidst them in all its wealth of line and value.

The hour and the scene were propitious, when Mr. Burden committed himself to a confidence unique in his lifetime; for, with the single exceptions of Mr. Abbott, whose advice he most constantly demanded, of his head clerk (a man of immense experience), and of his sister, no human being, he could boast, had inspired his ventures, or had ever been privy to his intentions.

The heir, however, the only son, who would in time direct the whole fortunes of the house, had a clear right of admission into so considerable a change as that which Mr. Burden contemplated: his evident good use of his academic opportunities, and his excellent choice of acquaintance, seemed to make him worthy of it, in spite of his innocence of affairs.

Rousing Cosmo, therefore, from the reading of an article upon the *Decline of Portugal*, Mr. Burden very weightily declared a considerable anxiety to be present in his mind.

Twice that day there had been an explosion relative to the trade with the North. Cosmo was therefore to be excused if he immediately sympathised with his father upon the rise of freights to

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Reykjavik, and the inexplicable dropping off of the demand for English stoves in Iceland. Mr. Burden assured his son, with remarkable solemnity, that he was mistaken. He paused a moment, and then said :

"You probably know, Cosmo—in fact, you certainly know by this time—that a portion of our firm's business is done with the M'Korio Delta." Cosmo was far too loyal to deny his acquaintance with that detail, but his features showed how little it had occupied his thoughts. Mr. Burden paused again and frowned. He went on :

"Now, this trade has never been of value to us . . . but I have often thought . . . I may have been wrong . . . I have often thought that it might have been developed if I had looked more closely into the matter."

After a full, and yet more fruitful pause, the third, but not the last, in the current of this critical discourse, Mr. Burden proceeded, with astonishing breadth and grasp, to develop that theory of commerce which distinguishes us from our less fortunate rivals. Compelled as I am to condense his diction, I am yet careful to repeat his actual phraseology, in a matter of which he was a master, and of which I cannot even call myself a novice. He set forth, first, that times were not what they had been ; that competition was keen : that new markets had to be looked for ; our prosperity was indeed increasing, but the ratio of that increase was declining ; for a full ten minutes he distinguished, in the most lucid manner, between actual and comparative growth ; finally, he propounded, with some hesitation, yet warmly and nobly, as a scheme or suggestion of his own, that the new markets might be expected to arise in new countries.

Cosmo, to whose strong, if quiet, mind original theories immediately appealed, recalled examples of success achieved upon such lines ; Australia suggested many, Johannesburg many more ; nor did he neglect the Western States of America ; but he asked what the M'Korio Delta, known for a century, tropical, forgotten, could have to do with such adventures.

It was then that Mr. Burden fully delivered himself of the idea which had so long been maturing in his brain ; he hoped—he could not tell why—it was but a hope—yet he hoped, that the M'Korio Delta might prove one of those undeveloped tracts of an Empire whose future contained almost infinite possibilities.

"This idea of mine," he added, "has been singularly confirmed by one or two things I have read, and certain chance allusions of travellers in the last few years. I doubt whether our explorers or our journalists have had quite the same opportunities as myself of

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judging the Delta ; and I am not accustomed to form my judgment upon that of other men. Nevertheless, I am struck by the singular way in which all modern research upon the matter seems to converge towards my own original conclusions."

When Mr. Burden had said these things, Cosmo, with a wisdom beyond his years, pointed out the extreme risks attending all colonial experiments. The risk was not, perhaps, a risk to the nation as a whole ; but it was invariably present for the individual speculator. His father nodded rhythmically and wisely, as his son betrayed, in every phrase, an increasing caution ; but he cut him short with a firm gesture.

"No one knows that better than I, Cosmo," he said, "and I would not enter into any scheme which did not promise to obtain a very large support from the public, and, I hope, some kind of official recognition. . . . When you are as old as I am," he went on, as Cosmo would have interrupted him, "you will know that official recognition, even if it is unofficial," here he hesitated for a moment, "even if it is *informal*, is what makes the public come in."

And, with this expression of opinion, Mr. Burden permitted to linger, upon his lips, a faint smile, which showed the importance he justly attached to his knowledge of the world.

He might have gone further ; but Cosmo, for all his freshness, knew what was passing in his father's mind. It was curious to catch in his voice a grace and humility so strangely contrasting with his heavy features and attitude.

"My dear father," he said, "if I could do anything ; but no one takes me seriously in business yet." His eyes smiled as he said it.

His father answered proudly : "They will, Cosmo, they will" ; and never was his confidence in the future better placed.

"I only know men just as friends. . . . I know what you mean . . . the University does that . . . I was thinking who of all that lot understands the place best. . . . You know, for *my* part," changing his tone to a digression, "I believe in it, but I mean politically ; commercially it wants all sorts of special knowledge . . ." then his face filled with thought, and he stared at the fire.

Mr. Burden smiled tolerantly ; he had a reminiscent vision of his boy's rapid successes ; of the academic triumph in Modern Languages, and, still better, the firm friendships acquired with men proud to be his equals, . . . perhaps, through these, an introduction to families that would accept or even search an alliance ; such early affections as . . . But his reverie was cut short by an inspiration of Cosmo's.

"Why not ask Lord Benthorpe?" he said.



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"Lord Benthorpe!" cried Mr. Burden. He was surprised and a little shocked, and he let it be perceived. Lord Benthorpe was a public man; it was only by his own desire that he had not taken a high place in his Party; as it was, in administration he had come near to being, he might yet be, a great Imperial figure. Mr. Burden could well remember how this somewhat younger man had been acclaimed as the successor to his celebrated grandfather. His reputation, especially in youth, had been surrounded by that purely political atmosphere which the patriotism of purely commercial men turns into a halo. All these things Mr. Burden insisted upon openly in reply to his son. Perhaps, as old men will, he somewhat exaggerated the importance of a name which recent years had somewhat lessened; but his life had run upon lines sufficiently remote to warrant his humility, and, if he doubted the possibility of obtaining Lord Benthorpe's advice upon a matter of this sort, it was because he estimated at its full value the weight of that advice, should he but have the fortune to receive it.

Cosmo was earnest. He protested that he could not see his father's objection. He did not know Lord Benthorpe well; but he knew Lord Benthorpe's son extremely well. He was absolutely certain, he said, that Mr. Burden misunderstood the simplicity of such men. Then, apart from that, Lapthorne and Curley had asked advice on neutral matters and had received it—he assured his father that this world had for the City as great a regard as ever the City for them; they knew upon what the Empire reposed, and they saw—and, for the matter of that, he, Cosmo, saw—that, but for some communication between them, the Empire would hardly continue.

He would have said more in the same strain, had not Mr. Burden, whose pride was dimly suffering from so much protest, risen, rather abruptly, and announced a decision to take his own time in the matter. His son had the tact to say good-night.

And Mr. Burden also went to his room; but, for two hours, he wrote and re-wrote a letter in the third person, saying very clearly what guidance he needed, and trusting it might be obtained; and this letter that same night, very late, he posted himself, in the pillar-box which stands at the corner where Mafeking Avenue falls into Alexandrovna Road.

That night, before he slept, an indecision oppressed Mr. Burden. He felt he had taken a plunge. He was not sure whether it was for well or for ill; but he knew for certain that he was on the way to unfamiliar places: nor is such expectation congenial to men grown old.

All the next day this double mood haunted him, it was mixed

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with suspicions of influence, it left him ill at ease, until, upon the morning of the third, there reached him a charming note, straightforward, easy and most terse, mentioning his son's great promise, praising his University record and the multitude of his friends, making his acquaintance take the place of introduction, and assuring Mr. Burden, with open emphasis, that no one in England had a greater right to consult every judgment upon a matter, wherein his firm's enterprise had, almost alone, laid the foundation of our power. Nothing of moment remained, save the signature, and the old-world courtesy of a postscript, begging that Mr. Burden would let the writer know by what train he would reach Great Monckton, "the next after the quiet little wayside station of Keynes."

It is always a matter of balance for the judicious mind, when it meditates an approach upon Placton, whether it should travel by the Great Western or the South Western line; and a multitude of considerations, which might prove tedious to the anxious reader of his fortunes, ultimately decided Mr. Burden to attempt the latter. It was from Waterloo, not from Paddington, that he engaged upon that fateful journey which came so near to transforming the fortunes of our race.

The mixture in him of audacity and routine—a mixture common to the mercantile classes of our countrymen—awakened the struggle which lasted during the whole journey to the quiet little wayside station of Keynes.

He was alone. In the days when the distinction was of importance, he had acquired a habit of travelling first class; this habit he had preserved. He owed to it the solitude which permitted such a conflict to arise in his mind.

His fortune had been inherited from so solid an ancestry, had been preserved by so persistent an effort of probity and diligence, that any speculation whatsoever had for him, at his age, a savour of sacrilege.

On the other hand, the expansion of the British Raj, his faith in its future, the example of so many nations created out of nothing by the confidence of his contemporaries, above all, the remarkable wealth acquired by those who had risked all upon the Destiny of the Empire, led him on to boldness.

Hard-headed business-men are not easily to be persuaded, when opposing arguments present themselves to the mind. He was not resolved, when he reached at last the quiet little wayside station of Keynes.

For a few moments, he was at once bewildered and annoyed at

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hearing that he was required to change ; but, when he had paid the customary fees, and found himself once more alone in a well-lit carriage, this annoyance disappeared before a renewal of the problem that vexed him. But his mind was vigorous, he bent upon that problem the fullest of his energies, and, as the train pulled out of the quiet little wayside station of Keynes, he had very nearly arrived at the fixed conclusion, that so much was to be said upon either side, as to make the judgment of some further adviser necessary before a determination could be taken.

His mind was hardly set upon this excellent solution, when the train stopped : he heard called the name of Great Monckton, and the presence of a servant who led him to a carriage, the honest English courtesy of the porter, stationmaster, guard, newsagent, ticket collector, and boy, the sharp country air, and the name of Placton several times repeated, gave him that sentiment of repose which accompanies the neighbourhood of great men. And the carriage rolled, and scented woods passed incessant through the evening, and more and more did Mr. Burden feel, in both, approaching security, and the basis upon which our England reposes.

There was a lodge, a fine gate cast in imitation of wrought-iron and gilded in the Indian manner, an aged woman who courtesied with astonishing charm, a drive of close upon a mile, planted ancient trees, and, in a dale which the drive skirted, many water-fowl awakened.

Mr. Burden, noting all these things with pure content, felt something old in his blood, and laid his doubts at the feet of so much achievement and experience. He thirsted (if I may use the phrase) for the presence of Lord Benthorpe. It was not long delayed. They led him into that majestic house, dark, panelled, venerable: walls so old that no man now living there had seen them rise ; oak felled before her late Majesty assumed the sceptre ; furniture compared with whose taste that of Prince Albert was modern ; deep carpets from Brussels and Aubusson ; pictures by the Oxford Turner, by Etty, by Frith, by men whose very names are forgotten—they led him, I say, past these monumental splendours, till he reached a vast apartment wherein, by the light of two candles of pure yellow wax, Lord Benthorpe sat alone, an illuminate spiritual figure, startling against a background of vague darkness and suggestive tapestries.

I have said enough of this statesman's build, manner, and character, to convince my readers, that the moment was supreme in Mr. Burden's life. As he entered and was announced, he felt so keenly the emotions of awe and gratitude, that he hesitated for a moment to advance.

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What Lord Benthorpe had done and was, all England knows : the conqueror of Raüb, and the hero of Putti-ghâl.

Mr. Burden was a merchant, worth at most but two hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds, and that locked up entirely in his business ; but no difference of fortune affected the demeanour of the more illustrious man.

Lord Benthorpe had been famous with the commercial classes of three European and fourteen Colonial capitals for that rare power of putting his visitors at their ease : he did not fail with Mr. Burden. For, though that unaffected man broke into a cold sweat with the tension of the first addresses, a short three-quarters of an hour in the company of the Soldier-Politician restored his power of speech, and made him feel the presence of a friend.

When it was evident that Mr. Burden had entered this happier phase, Lord Benthorpe, settling into an air of affairs, asked, as he had asked so many in his active and useful life, what he could do for his guest.

It was a formula he had been taught from the nursery : he had used it upon inferiors of every grade, and always with success—unless I except an unfortunate interview with a cabman which in no way regards these pages. For, whereas the cabman on that long past day had poured out, with many oaths, a list of incongruous things which Lord Benthorpe might do for him, and closed it with a refusal of all save the payment of the mere fare he had called to collect, every other visitor, from the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Disease to the Sendâr of Raüb, had been charmed to admiration by the manner in which the phrase was delivered.

Mr. Burden felt the spell, and it was with evident gratitude in his voice that he declared himself arrived to discuss the matter mentioned in his letter.

Lord Benthorpe smiled without effort, and, tapping the table before him with his fingers, as was his wont, murmured twice :

“By all means. . . . By all means.”

Then there was silence in that great dark room for the space of nearly four minutes.

A clock ticked solemnly in a corner, out of sight, and every now and then Lord Benthorpe tapped with his fingers upon the table ; but for these there was no sound to mask Mr. Burden's breathing. At last Lord Benthorpe pushed back his chair, crossed his legs, supported his left elbow on his knee, his head upon his left hand, and said again, in that low meditative tone, which was so full of responsibility and reminiscence :

“By all means. . . .”

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Without, in some remote ante-chamber of the great building, a servant played upon a gong of restrained and ample tones ; the house was filled with the summons ; but, softened as it was, Mr. Burden found in it a suggestion rather than a command that he should dress for dinner. With this object, he rose.

His host preceded him, lit a candle with his own hands, and showed the way up the staircase. At its head opened a very wide corridor, lit from above by skylights, and hung with pictures which were part of the glory of the house.

They passed one landscape and portrait after another, Lord Benthorpe still holding and shading the candle, Mr. Burden listening with intelligent respect to all he heard. This was Naples, that Lucerne ; a third Nice, a fourth Mentone—all the strange beautiful places Lord Benthorpe had admired in the course of his extensive travels : pictures ordered by him from local masters, whose names still stood clearly inscribed in the bottom left-hand corners of their creations.

A very fine, but somewhat sinister figure, turbaned and sombre, was his great-aunt, Kathleen, his grandfather's only sister. His grandmother, represented as a Tragic Muse, filled amply the next canvas ; his grandfather the next. Standing in his robes against a fringed and tasselled velvet curtain of a rich purple hue, with a broken pillar at his side, while a sunbeam, bursting through a distant cloud, threw into fine relief the orator's gesture, the great Irishman was represented speaking in the House of Lords in favour of the reform of the Poor Law. A wolf-hound nestling at his feet indicated the domestic nature of his character ; an allegory permitted by the taste of the time, in spite of the grave improbability of such a creature's presence, in such a place and upon such an occasion. His left hand touched with the index finger a map of Great Britain ; his right was slightly raised to Heaven in dignified appeal.

Towards the end of the corridor, before a painting more modern in treatment and hanging quite alone, they halted a moment in silence. It represented a woman yet young : hair of a colour similar to her own was caught up behind her head in those ordered masses once known as the "chignon" ; her skirt, which was most ample, was of a brilliant pink ; she was seated, writing at a superb *escritoire*, or writing-table, holding a graceful quill in a hand of which the little finger emerged coquettishly above its fellows. The frame was surmounted by the ornament of a dainty coronet ; upon the features an amiable smile was recorded.

"My wife," said Lord Benthorpe simply. Then, after a long pause, "by Marston . . ." ; finally, in a deeper and more subdued voice . . . "from a photograph."

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The two men parted, and Mr. Burden dressed in profound thought, wondering to have seen so much greatness commingled with such native ease.

Lord Benthorpe had been granted by his financial assistants the widest latitude for this evening's entertainment; but he preferred, with inbred tact, to call but one other guest to his table, lest the merchant should be confused by too considerable a gathering. This other guest, chosen with equal judgment, was a Mrs. Warner, who lived as an honoured neighbour in the seclusion of her widowed cottage near by; but, wise as was the choice of her company upon this occasion, Lord Benthorpe, in introducing her, so courteously slurred her name as to leave Mr. Burden under the erroneous impression that the lady, if not a peeress, enjoyed at least a courtesy title. Nor can I regret this trivial error, when I reflect how admirably it served at once to prove the equality that reigns over all our social relations, and to afford, though by an illusion, the most vivid interest and pleasure to my dear old friend.

As for the meal that followed, not the mere meats, though these also had been ordered by the master of the house, and cooked to singular perfection—not these, but the subdued and cultured converse which illumined it, are most worthy of memory.

To a soup, clear, but if anything insufficiently salted, and during the absorption of which very little was said, succeeded a boiled turbot, where sauce, a mixture of butter and of flour, was handed noiselessly from out the surrounding darkness by a man servant other than he who poured, at intervals of due length, and at the personal choice of each, hock or claret.

Both these administrators, and yet a third, who would occasionally appear and pass out again through the immense portals, secretly astounded Mr. Burden by the perfection of their training, and the singular dignity of their demeanour; nor could he doubt that their features, though difficult to discern beyond the circle of light which fell upon the table, corresponded with their other characteristics.

It was during the consumption of the fish (a turbot, as I have said—and boiled) that Lord Benthorpe, with practised good-will, opened the verbal tournament by an allusion to Mrs. Warner's little work, *Hours of Healing*, with which he was sure Mr. Burden had long been acquainted. Mr. Burden, in the act of disguising his ignorance under a strong assertion of his familiarity with the gem, could not but admire within himself the industry of a class which so gallantly neglects its gilded leisure, if not for the service of the State, at least for that of humanity.

This impression Lord Benthorpe confirmed by asking, with apparent interest, whether or not the work of the parish had recently

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afforded matter for comment. To this the lady replied, that nothing of moment could she recall since the affair in which her host, in his capacity of Justice, had so amply seconded her efforts to correct the disorders of a wandering circus recently visiting the village.

It cannot be denied that Lord Benthorpe was pleased with the allusion ; a merited content overspread his features, as Mrs. Warner went on to describe the vigour with which the Lord of the Manor had lent his influence to discountenance, the Magistrate his power to punish, a case of gross cruelty to animals which had taken place in this show.

It seems that a tiger, having, in some irrational fit, attached itself to the trunk of the sole elephant the manager could boast, was lashed off again by the application of a horsewhip, the weals caused by which were the more difficult to prove in court, both from the inconvenience of bringing the victim before the Bench, and from the peculiar parallel stripes already provided by Nature upon the poor creature's hide.

When this relation was accomplished, Mrs. Warner had the tact to add, that his lordship's experience in the East (an experience which she coupled with the name of Putti-Ghâl) had luckily given him an ample knowledge of tigers. He it was, she informed Mr. Burden, who had pointed out that, in all such cases, the truer Christianity of our Indian fellow-subjects had long learnt to drag off the infuriated feline by a steady pull upon its tail.

Lord Benthorpe asserted in reply that, so long as he had the confidence of his Majesty, and was honoured by him with a Commission of the Peace, there was nothing he would more rigorously pursue, than the inhumanity of the lower classes towards dumb animals ; and, having so expressed himself, he once more relaxed the momentary firmness of his lips, and left to them their more usual expression of open amiability.

At this moment appeared, with some ceremony, a leg of mutton loading a dish of pure silver, whereon the presence of little runnels, leading to one united depression for the retention of the gravy, marked the practical combined with the luxurious.

The conversation having turned upon tigers, perhaps the most interesting of the animal creation, and Lord Benthorpe's experience in the East having been, as was public knowledge, so manifold, it is little wonder if he occupied the remainder of the meal by a somewhat lengthy description of his adventures in the pursuit of this game ; for, though no class of the community knows better when to be silent, neither is any better fitted for sustaining a monologue than that which the host of the evening had adorned.

Making light, with becoming modesty, of his own courage in

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the innumerable dangers which he had encountered, he did not even allude to the little affair at Putti-Ghâl, save to illustrate a point upon the habits of the tigers which infest that neighbourhood. Nor was anything in his many miraculous escapes incredible to an audience as well informed as were the merchant and the clergyman's widow upon the ferocity of wild beasts, and the indomitable spirit of man.

Lest I should seem to lay too much insistence upon what was, after all, but an episode in Mr. Burden's career, I will dwell no longer upon the close of the meal.

Of the pudding I have no record ; there is little occasion to mention the cheese.

I must not, however, omit to praise the gesture with which Lord Benthorpe opened the door, nor that with which Mrs. Warner rewarded him, as she swept through it to the drawing-room beyond. As she left the room, Mr. Burden, gazing at what he afterwards called her "retreating figure," could not help marvelling at the simple grace, the total absence of affectation, and, at the same time, the wonderful dignity of her carriage. The effect was heightened, not only by the error into which he had originally fallen as to her social rank, but by the striking character of her dress, which was of a wonderful shining green, comparable to that which illumines the wing cases of certain tropical beetles.

In her absence, the conversation flagged ; they slowly sipped their wine, and Mr. Burden, who had smoked after dinner every day for nearly fifty years, waited most anxiously for the appearance of tobacco. If none was offered him, it was because Lord Benthorpe, naturally clinging to what remained of his ancient authority, forbade, in the house which yet sheltered him, the use of a luxury which he abhorred.

Mr. Burden, imagining that such eccentricities were part and parcel of a society which he profoundly respected, suffered in silence ; but his suffering impressed with a monotonous dullness the few moments during which Lord Benthorpe retained him to drink wine. Indeed, until they rejoined Mrs. Warner, nothing passed between the two men save a remark from Lord Benthorpe, that the stripes upon the tiger, to which allusion had been made during dinner, were a curious instance of mimetic selection, permitting the man-eater to be almost indistinguishable from the tall grasses in which he lurked. To this Mr. Burden replied, that Providence had endowed all animals, even the weakest, with marvellous opportunities of self-protection.

The conversation after they entered the drawing-room, though full of interest and charm, must no longer detain the reader, who



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will have formed a sufficient judgment of its character from the careful analysis which he has just perused.

It was at the early hour of ten that Mrs. Warner left them, and Mr. Burden, recognising that an enforced departure before prayers would leave but little time for discussion on the following morning, boldly approached the subject which he had undertaken this journey to explore.

He put forward very earnestly his doubts and his hopes upon the future of his African trade ; he told Lord Benthorpe, frankly, how immensely superior were the opportunities of the politician to those of the merchant, for determining the probable future of such a district as the M'Korio ; and he asked, in the plainest terms, for advice.

Lord Benthorpe's reply so greatly surprised him, that he did not at first recognise its immense importance. It was, roughly, to the effect that Lord Benthorpe himself had long been seeking a similar source of information, and had determined, strangely enough, to approach Mr. Burden.

"I am very glad you wrote to me," he said, "because I believe myself to be by Nature diffident where initiative is required . . . ; but, as you have written to me, believe me, Mr. Burden, it is not I who have to determine you, but you that *have* determined me. . . . I have seen the Empire, Mr. Burden, in its broader and its remoter aspect. Well"—here some memory of public speaking seemed to seize Lord Benthorpe—"well, after having so seen it, near and far, in the snows of Canada, or the burning deserts of Rajpootan, I can say that it has never reposed, that I have never seen it reposing, upon any other basis (upon any other permanent basis) than the energy, the shrewdness, the courage, and the probity, of our English business men."

As he spoke thus, Mr. Burden felt new influences flooding into his soul, and Lord Benthorpe continued :

"If you will allow me to say so, your view of the M'Korio as a practical investment would not only complete and inform my knowledge of its political future ; but, between my knowledge and your estimate, the latter is immensely the more important of the two."

Then it was that Mr. Burden became greater than himself. The confidence reposed in him, the critical power which, however hidden from others, he well knew himself to possess ; the just deference paid to his judgment and interest ; above all, the high recognition of a successful career, affected him to the degree of inspiration. He spoke of the M'Korio with increasing confidence ; he was carried on from sentence to sentence, assuming a certitude which, if he did not possess it as positive knowledge, he could claim by the

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more divine right of prophecy. Nay, he exceeded his own moments of strongest conviction ;—so true is it that the human mind, when it feels itself the instrument of destiny, outleaps the narrow boundaries of mere sensual experience.

Exquisite as was his breeding, Lord Benthorpe betrayed a very genuine enthusiasm, and, when Mr. Burden had reached the climax of his harangue, he was tapping with his fingers with such rapidity as to suggest the flapping of a wing. He looked up as Mr. Burden ended, and said :

“ Do you know, do you know—Mr. Barnett ? ”

Mr. Burden replied, that his son was very intimate with Mr. Barnett and his friends, but that he himself had never met him.

Then Lord Benthorpe described in some detail the vision which Mr. Barnett had conceived. He told him how frequently Mr. Barnett had come to him, at Placton and in town, to discuss the possibilities of the M’Korio ; of how, more than once, a syndicate had nearly been formed, but how they each felt, he and Mr. Barnett and a group of other men, the necessity of more knowledge. That solid knowledge they had now acquired. Greatly as he admired Mr. Barnett’s organising power, and much as he respected, nay loved, his ardent patriotism, he had mistrusted the visionary until he had heard the practical man.

And now (Lord Benthorpe concluded), there was nothing between them all and the creation of a mighty province, save such few meetings one with the other as the formalities towards the formation of a syndicate required. He would beg Mr. Barnett or Mr. Harbury to write to Mr. Burden ; and they would meet, and the thing should be done.

As is necessary in business, the two men went over the ground seven or eight times, careful to add nothing to their former conclusions, and, before half past one, the future was fairly clear.

Thus, thus was Mr. Burden decided. I that write this love my country ; but I loved him too. And I could weep to think that, in her profit from his own action, he profited nothing ; but only died.

*(To be continued.)*

## A CATHOLIC REVOLUTIONARY <sup>1</sup>

**M.** LOISY'S *L'Évangile et l'Église* implied a theological revolution. In his new book, the revolution is definitely proclaimed. Nothing quite so frank, whether in substance or in form, on matters theological, has been given to the world in our time, by a believer in the Christian faith and a dutiful son of the Church. Henceforth the ground of controversy is changed ; its occupants are different. The fetters of scholasticism, which have so long cramped and paralysed the intellectual limbs of Churchmen, have been struck off at a single blow. Even in England, that home of the newer scholasticism, which has these many years past worried so many of us who were Christians, and amused or bewildered all those who were not, the real issue, which M. Loisy has at last clearly defined, may come one day to be appreciated. At any rate, the issue has been defined, in such a way as to separate all who wish to believe in the Christian faith, to whatever judgment of the origin and development of Christianity they may be compelled by historical criticism, from all who have no such desire. Scholastics may still squabble over their little less or more ; but their wrangling will interest the world of ordinary thinking men even more slightly, if that were possible, than it has interested it in the past. The Church, as represented by M. Loisy and those who will follow him, and the world of modern science, whether physical or historical, at last occupy a common intellectual ground. The outstanding differences as to intellectual method have been arranged. The religious controversy of the future will turn upon the apprehension or non-apprehension of certain spiritual realities behind, or rather within, those historical phenomena which all alike will be ready to accept, or will at least have agreed to determine by the same methods. It will no longer be a controversy of the intellect, but of the heart and the will, or, rather, of a kind of intuitive spiritual perception, determined chiefly by the heart and the will.

It is a vast claim to make for any book ; and it needs justification. And, first of all, let me say that, when I speak of M. Loisy's

<sup>1</sup> *Autour d'un petit livre.* Par Alfred Loisy. Paris : Picard et fils. 1903.

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uncompromising rejection of scholasticism, the scholasticism to which I refer is not a particular system of philosophy, but a habit, become traditional with the theologian, of foreclosing the open questions of history or of physical science, by an appeal to the supposed requirements of theology. It is a habit of mind which implies a belief, more or less assured in proportion as it is more or less logical, in a kind of revealed science, always anticipating and controlling the science which is founded on experiment, observation, and criticism. So long ago as 1860, Rénan, in a review of M. Vacherot, described exactly what I mean by scholasticism. "Si l'on veut dire qu'il existe une science première, contenant les principes de toutes les autres, une science qui peut, à elle seule, et par des combinaisons abstraites, nous mener à la vérité sur Dieu, la monde, l'homme, je ne vois pas la nécessité d'une telle catégorie de l'esprit humain." Rénan did not see the necessity for this "first science," which may dictate to the subordinate sciences the conclusion at which they must arrive. Nor does M. Loisy. Physics, history, psychology, can recognise but one method, the method of observation and experiment; and, in the use of that method, they must be absolutely free, or their conclusions will be worthless. M. Loisy, at least, is not afraid of the critical method. He is not afraid of the most sweeping results of its application. "Quand on prend de la critique," he says characteristically, "on n'en saurait trop prendre, et peut-être serait-il plus sage de n'en pas prendre du tout que d'en prendre si peu." And he is not afraid of either method or result, just because he sees so clearly that the facts with which religion has to do—God, man and his destiny, the economy of salvation—are objects of faith, not objects of scientific knowledge, that they are not discoverable by the intellect, though they are presented to the intellect under the ever-changing forms of its apprehension. The distinction to be drawn is between the body and the soul of religion, between the changing forms under which from time to time it is apprehended and the changeless realities which are apprehended, between its historical phenomena and its eternal essence. These, of course, never exist apart. They are not separable in fact. They are only separable in thought. Religion has never revealed itself, either in the individual heart or in the conscience of a society, except in a form determined by the thought and feeling of the time. The mistake of the theologian has been, that so often he has been anxious to give an absolute authority, and a permanent validity, to past forms of thought which have been outgrown, that he has spent himself in worshipping forms which have become dead and meaningless, when he ought to have been discovering the new forms which religion needs, in order to live again healthily and naturally.

M. Loisy is first of all a historian. He recognises, that it is

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the business of the historian to disengage facts from the record of the past, through which they have been transmitted to the present. He recognises that, for the due accomplishment of this task, the historian must possess or acquire the imagination which can appreciate and allow for the envelope of traditional preconceptions, through which the facts of any moment have been seen and reported. He recognises, too, that this historical imagination must never be more than a solvent which will release the fact from the apparatus of thought by which it has been conceived, that it must steadily resist the temptation to interpret the facts in the light of some later phase of thought. This ideal of historical rectitude, this counsel of historical sincerity, he has taken with him into the study and analysis of the Gospel records. He has reached conclusions which are already well known, conclusions which he has set forth in his volumes of Biblical and Evangelical studies. Briefly, those conclusions are, that the Synoptic tradition is the earliest and most trustworthy account of the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. But even the Synoptic tradition does not lie on the surface of the Synoptic Gospels. It requires a process of analysis for its disentanglement. Already, in the Synoptic Gospels, the facts are reported through the medium of the allegorising habit which asserted itself from the first moment in the Christian consciousness. This habit, native in the theological speculation of the time, was further accentuated by the necessity of justifying the Christian faith in what Jesus was, as that faith spread from Judaism to the Hellenistic world, and so had to meet new practical needs, and to prove that it was an adequate explanation of them. M. Loisy has shown, in his treatment of the Parables (a treatment in which he follows closely the lines laid down by Jülicher), how, in his opinion, this later allegorising is already apparent in the Synoptic account of some of the parables, notably in the account of the Parable of the Sower. He has shown, that all that the historian is warranted in asserting of the consciousness of Jesus about Himself is, that He knew Himself as the Messiah. He does not deny indeed, rather he insists, that there was a deeper consciousness in Jesus of intimate union with the Father; but he insists also, that it is impossible to frame this consciousness in any adequate form of expression, and that, at any rate, Jesus Himself never attempted to do so. He knew Himself as Son of God, exactly in so far as He realised His Messiahship. The teaching of Jesus about Himself differed only from the traditional Jewish belief about the Messiah in that, while holding to the conception of a particular national relation between the Messiah and Israel, it introduced into that relation a moral element, which became the germ wherefrom all later Christology could, and did, naturally develop. Similarly, the teach-

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ing of Jesus about the hope of humanity confined itself to the announcement of the near advent of the Kingdom of God. The historian has no grounds for affirming that He foresaw the future development of the Catholic Church—that He consciously founded that Church. What he can see, and what he has a right to affirm, is, that the faith which constituted the Church grew naturally and inevitably out of the facts of Jesus' personality and teaching. What He was in Himself led inevitably to what He gradually and step by step came to be for the Christian consciousness. We see the reality of the acorn in the full-grown oak. Not that, for the Christian Church, that stage has been reached, or will ever be reached, while spiritual humanity has room to grow. The oak is still growing, and must continue to grow on its own terms—on terms which have been fixed for it by the Power which guides and controls all the movements of life towards their distant destiny. But at least the recognition that it is growing will prevent us from imputing, to the beginnings of that growth, a form which corresponded in reality with its later stages.

M. Loisy traces the causes which led to each stage of this growth, and the consequent character which each new stage of Christian doctrine presents. He shows how St. Paul's faith in the Christ as the mediator of a universal salvation, as the second Adam pre-existent from all eternity, grew out of the extension of the Gospel, which brought it into contact with the popular culture of the Græco-Roman world. But St. Paul expounded this faith in terms of his Rabbinical learning. He supported it by a forced exegesis of Old Testament prophecy, which no longer appeals to us, and which very soon became inadequate for the age in which he lived. In his later writings, we find him eking out this exegesis by an acceptance of the Judæo-Alexandrine philosophy, which tried to provide for an eternal mediator, between a God who was apart from the world and a world which was apart from God—a mediator, not merely of human redemption, but of the whole mundane creation. That philosophy had found this mediator in the Logos of Philo, identified with the Wisdom of the later Jewish Scriptures.

“ Paul boldly assigns this place to the eternal Christ, image of the invisible God, first-born of every creature, by whom and for whom everything has been created, in whom everything subsists, first in everything ; in the physical world to bring it into existence, and in the moral world to re-establish, by his death and resurrection, peace in Heaven and upon earth.”

In this Pauline view, the earthly career of Jesus is significant, mainly, we may say, wholly, in virtue of His sacrificial death. The author of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* completes it by making His life sacrificial also. Yet the relation of the Christ to the world remains a

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mere moral relation. It was left to the author of the Fourth Gospel to extend this relation into the metaphysical region, to present the Christ as the Word of God—eternal source of light and life, incarnate in Jesus at His baptism, and, since His resurrection, the source and principle of an immortal life in men. The Fourth Gospel had justified the Christian faith, the faith which originated in the recognition of Jesus as Messiah. To the more learned philosophy of the Hellenic world, all the later development of Christology was but the growing conciliation of the Evangelical tradition, the Pauline theology, and the theology of the Fourth Gospel. For instance, the question was necessarily raised whether the Word and the Spirit, which were of God, were also Divine personalities, really distinct from the Father-Creator. The Christian consciousness answered in the affirmative, only to find itself faced with the further question of the exact relation between the Father and the other Divine persons, especially between the Father and the Word-Christ. If the Word is of God, and is personally distinct from the Father, is He also absolutely God, or rather, since He is, according to St. Paul's witness of Him, the first-born of creation, the first of creatures only? Arius followed what seemed the logical corollary of St. Paul's view, only to find that the general Christian consciousness, under the guidance of Athanasius, decided against him at the Council of Nicæa, and affirmed the consubstantiality of the Father with the Word. But now arose the question of the relation of the Word to Jesus, to the human nature of the Christ. Could it be affirmed that Jesus was personally eternal, and consubstantial with God? Apollinaris sought to solve the question by affirming that the Word was, as it were, the soul of the humanity of Jesus. The Church condemned him, and pronounced Jesus perfect man. Therefore, Nestorius held, He was a human person, indissolubly united by a moral bond to the divine personality of the Word. The church condemned Nestorius in turn, affirming that the Christ was one personality. Then, said Eutyches, the human nature is incorporate in the Divine : and unity of person involves unity of nature. But the Council of Chalcedon answered, that the Christ could not have been man if the human nature had not existed alongside the divine. Finally, the question was raised, whether unity of person did not involve unity of will. And the Church answered it by maintaining the existence of two wills, as the only conception which could do justice to the reality of the two natures. Such is the history of Christological doctrine, up to the point at which the traditional data of the Evangelical history of New Testament theology had been subjected to a complete analysis in terms of Greek Philosophy. If the Christological problem is with us again, M. Loisy holds, it is not because the original

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faith of Christendom has weakened, but because an entirely new act of philosophical conception calls for a fresh analysis of the contents of faith.

And it is M. Loisy's contention, that such an analysis is the crying need of Christian apologetics at the moment. The old theology was founded upon the conception of a God apart from the world, or of a world apart from God. The new theology must start from the conception of God as immanent in the world and in Man. Our knowledge of the physical universe, our knowledge of human history, our knowledge of Man himself—all have changed. This change has necessitated a fresh analysis of the ideas of creation, of revelation, of redemption, if we would keep our faith in God strong and vital, or at least if we would commend it to the contemporary mind in an intellectual form, which it will be able to appreciate. The actual form of the traditional Christological dogma was determined by the attempt to establish a metaphysical relation between Jesus and God, between the human and divine natures, and to establish that relation on the lines of a transcendent conception of God. That form of the dogma has to a large extent lost its meaning and its value, through the gradual substitution for this conception of a view of God as immanent in the world and in Man, and, therefore, as acting in both without any need of intermediary. It has also lost its interpretative force, through the substitution of a purely experimental and psychological idea of personality for an abstract and metaphysical one. But, if the form of the dogma determined by a past phase of thought has become insufficient, the fact to which the dogma witnesses, the fact, viz., that Christ is God, remains the constitutive element of Christian faith. It is the vital union of the human and the Divine natures, which is still the key to all religious experience, and especially to that fulness of religious experience which is the result of conscious dependence upon, and union with, the Spirit of Christ. So long as the Church can present to men, in intelligible forms, her faith in the double revelation of God in the world and in Man, her faith in the living God and in the Christ-God, she is preserving the faith which is essentially Christian, she is justifying herself as the Society informed by the Spirit of Christ. In so far as she fails to do this, by an unconsciously idolatrous reverence for past phases of human speculation, she is refusing her mission, and so far forfeiting her claim to the possession of the Spirit of Truth. M. Loisy has done, perhaps, as much as any living Christian scholar, to remind her of the danger she is in, at a critical moment in the development of knowledge and of thought, of thus making the great refusal. A. L. LILLEY.



## OTHER REVIEWS

### THE JESUITS IN GREAT BRITAIN<sup>1</sup>

HE was a wise man, and a great master of history, who said: "There are Jesuits and Jesuits. You must first catch your man." The pregnant phrase shoots out, before the eye of the student of the wonderful Society, long vistas of patient search among the memorials of the past: the memorials, in particular, of persons whose personality was deeply hidden by the machinery amid which they worked, who left but few reminiscences, those few but little known, whose personal qualities have for some purposes been acclaimed by their successors as no more than their heritage of the common stock, for others scouted as eccentricities for which their body incurred no responsibility. Here is a problem to task the most unremitting investigator of the past, the most skilful dissector of human character; and how seldom the two parts are combined, we know well. The problem of the history of the Jesuits differs so much from the problems offered by other history. While, in the last sixty years, State by State, library by library, corporation by corporation, the Vatican itself, have opened their stores to the world, the Jesuits keep the treasures of their archives sealed. While able men of various nations and religions have vied one with another in shedding light on the history of their belongings, the Jesuits seldom take the field, except to see that the memory of their forerunners receives no harm. While, in every other department, the student is met on all hands by the assistance of those whom it most deeply concerns, here, should he not possess certain known qualifications, he is likely to find nothing but opposition. "Catch your man," implies a search in the dark for something, the whereabouts or nature of which is unknown. Information is withheld; evidence must be dragged from unwilling witnesses; qualities that are studiously concealed must be scrutinised. The land traversed is unmarked by many paths; and the goal can be reached only by careful and enquiring feet.

<sup>1</sup> *The Jesuits in Great Britain: an Historical Inquiry into their Political Influence.* By Walter Walsh, F.R.Hist.S. London: Routledge & Sons. 1903.

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With this process Mr. Walsh has no acquaintance. To him "Jesuit" spells conspirator, "conspirator" criminal, "criminal" miscreant; and, because the Society of Jesus continues in force to-day, we are liable to a renewal of the Guise policy, and a second massacre of St. Bartholomew. Allen, Campion, and Parsons are, as the saying is, in the same boat; and Esmé Stuart, Duke of Lennox, is a type of Catholics of our own day.

It is unfortunate that recent histories of the Jesuits in England have been so partial, so disputable, so lacking in judgment. On the one side we have, in Foley's *Records of the English Province*, an immense and ill-arranged work that partakes of the nature of a martyrology; on the other, such books as those of Father Taunton and Mr. Walsh, both insufficient and biassed. Had the former been issued as a popular Life of Parsons, and the latter as a tract by the National Protestant Congress, each would have been less open to objection. As it is, remembering the nature of Mr. Walsh's work on *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement*, and that Father Taunton devotes some four out of fifteen chapters to events not occurring in Parsons' lifetime, we need not be surprised at reading in the preface to the "historical inquiry" before us:—"The work of the Jesuits in Great Britain during the Commonwealth period and subsequently to the accession of James II. is not recorded in this volume. Happily, the omission may largely be filled in by a perusal of Father Taunton's recent *History of the Jesuits in England*."

The extent to which Jesuits and Jesuit emissaries were concerned in the various plots against the life of Queen Elizabeth, is tolerably well known. There is no need for any one now to labour the fact, that the foreign seminaries for English priests were founded with the express purpose of training priests to combat heresy in England, and rapidly became schools for agents of the King of Spain. It was their very object, wrote Cardinal d'Ossat, to instil the Spanish creed into the minds of the missionaries, who were, if necessary, to suffer martyrdom for this, rather than for the Catholic faith. Douay was founded and ruled by Cardinal Allen, whose violent counsels, and political blunders, helped not a little to set the tide against the cause he loved; and, gradually, all the relations of the English Catholics with their exiled brethren were overshadowed by the evil genius of Robert Parsons. No more is it open to doubt, that the campaign of the Guise and Spanish faction in Scotland was closely in touch with Jesuit advisers—Creighton, Holt, and Mathieu; and in 1582 the French Nuncio wrote to the Papal Secretary of State: "Nothing can be done just now owing to the illness of Father Robert [Parsons], a Jesuit who has just arrived from

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England, where he has had this affair in hand for the last 2 years, and has in his mind all that should be done." Pius V. sanctioned the murder of Elizabeth; the Bull of Deposition in 1570, and the Jesuit mission, led to fierce retaliation on the English side; the struggle between the Pope's claim to the deposing power and the Queen's ecclesiastical supremacy came to a climax in the Armada, which was negotiated between Philip and the Pope by Parsons and Allen; and, at the end of her reign, Elizabeth's Government gained the final triumph, by winning the support, against the Jesuits, of the most influential part of the Roman Catholic secular clergy.

All this is obvious enough, and needed not to be set out again at length, though the history might now be better and far more fully written than heretofore. But, had Mr. Walsh so wished, he might, from the excellent material at his hand—such as Mr. Law's works, the recently calendared State Papers, and the letters of Cardinal Allen—have drawn out the detail of the story, and shown us, from his own point of view, the action of the Jesuits clearly throughout it. Instead, he has put forth a very confused narrative, flimsy and disjointed, written in consistently bad and sometimes vulgar style, with no other apparent object than, with a profusion of capitals, italics, and exclamation marks, to give himself and his readers the pleasant sensation of being shocked at the misdeeds of the Society of Jesus and its members. He stoutly maintains, that the execution of Campion was justifiable on the ground of his political activity—a conclusion which we may correct by Mr. Law's remark: "It is clear that Campion was throughout quite innocent of meddling with politics." He dwells frequently, and probably with exaggeration, on the number and influence of the crypto-Catholics; but does not mention that, between 1562 and 1606, the practice of Catholics attending Protestant service was authoritatively condemned by the Pope no less than six times. It is characteristic of him, that he has fastened upon the *Admonition* of 1588, which, though signed and promulgated by Allen, was probably written by Parsons, one of the few strong epithets that it will not bear. That it was an evil and violent work is true; but it was certainly not a "scurrilous" one. He tells nothing of the causes that underlay Allen's misunderstandings and miscalculations; and does not mention the Cardinal's divergence, towards the end of his life, from the policy of Parsons, or that of Campion earlier from his own. He strains the evidence to make it appear that Garnett, apart from the confessional, was aware of Catesby's project of the Gunpowder Plot. In face of the very strong evidence to the contrary, he has "no doubt" that the story of Charles II.'s reception into the Church of Rome in 1655 or 1656

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is accurate ; and, in dealing with his reign, makes use of some, at best, doubtful authorities. It is not very instructive to be told, at this time of day, that the Treaty of Dover roused the indignation of Lord John Russell. Nor is any original sentiment contained in the remark : "The Jesuits' English Utopia would be an uncomfortable place for Protestants to live in."

On another important point Mr. Walsh's ideas are very hazy. The fact that Pius V. and Sixtus V. claimed the lordship of England, appears to make him tremble lest the claim should be enforced after the lapse of three centuries ; and we read in breathless italics that it has never been withdrawn. Properly the Papal claim to supremacy over temporal princes is not based on any definite or alleged grants or acknowledgments, capable of repudiation. The claim to jurisdiction over Ireland was indeed traced by John of Salisbury to the Donation of Constantine ; but, in his letter to Henry II., Hadrian himself took the more general ground, that all the islands which had submitted to Christianity were St. Peter's right, and belonged unquestionably to the jurisdiction of the Holy See. In time this view prevailed. Gregory VII. rested his claim to service from the Conqueror on what was really the feudal theory ; but Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. stood for divine right alone. Even when Catholic divines sought to withstand the encroachments of monarchy, by attributing all sovereignty to the people, and declaring the people's submission to divine law alone, expounded and enforced by the Pope, the theory, though strangely altered, was in essence the same. The claim depends upon no events or documents of disputable authority, but is the logical outcome of the Papal theory advanced by Hildebrand, pushed to its extreme by Boniface, defended and adopted by Bellarmine. By the so-called Law of Nature the Pope, who is spiritual head of the Church, has also the right to interfere, at least indirectly, in the temporal affairs of princes, seeing that the things of the world are subordinate to those of the Spirit, and that independence and freedom of action are necessary for the Vicar of Christ. Thus the claim is an integral part of the theory of the Papacy, and, though it may be allowed to lapse, could not easily be withdrawn. Moreover, at the time of Pius V.'s Bull of Deposition, it had nothing particular to do with the Jesuits.

Indeed, Parsons himself, in the *Admonition*, rested the claim on the submission of John to the Pope ; and all the principles of that work, "vile, irreverent, and violent" as the secular clergy found them, had been held and taught by the most eminent and respected of secular divines on the continent, and the founders and supporters of the Douay seminary.

To the "Historical Inquiry" are appended two chapters dealing

with the formation and character of the Society of Jesus. Here Mr. Walsh is neither very clear nor very illuminating, but, it must be said, somewhat hysterical. We are reminded, however, that there is a certain measure of truth in his view. The statement he quotes from a living Jesuit—that the Society never had been and never would be reformed—is merely a modern version of Ricci's answer : "*Sintusunt aut non sint.*" It is true that, by its constitution and nature, the Jesuit Order is opposed to all liberal progress, to the development of the individual judgment, to the emancipation of reason from the bondage of theology, to the free exercise of the nobler faculties. But this is not matter for the review of a book that claims to be historical, and cannot justify that claim. JOHN POLLOCK

## VOLTAIRE<sup>1</sup>

THE merits of Mr. Tallentyre's *Life of Voltaire* make one, on putting it down, feel a stronger regret for its defects. It is no slight praise to say, that the author only just misses reproducing Voltaire's astounding personality, and that, by a minutely biographical method and frequent quotation, there lives, at least to some extent, in his pages, the wildest character of the wildest society and time. The defects, unfortunately, make a longer list. There is, in the first place, an irritating absence of Mr. Tallentyre, and an annoying presence of a dim Carlyle, which together result in placing the writer, the reader, and "Uncle Voltaire"—as Mr. Tallentyre delights to call him—on terms of a rather unpleasant familiarity. But the gravest fault of the book lies in its astonishing failure to bring out the real relation of Voltaire's life and work with his time and ours. It tells us merely of a man of grotesque soul and witty speech, who poured out, in seventy or eighty volumes of perfect French, his hatred of all tyranny, intolerance, cruelty, and of the Roman Catholic religion ; and it is extremely doubtful whether any one, who had not read those many volumes and the history of the past two centuries, could gather from Mr. Tallentyre what we owe to Voltaire, and what he owed to his time.

There are two main facts which any *Life of Voltaire* ought to bring out with the clearness due to their importance. The first is the more obvious ; and it is that upon which Mr. Morley has not, perhaps, quite adequately insisted, and which Mr. Tallentyre does, to some extent, recognise. It is the fact that Voltaire was a revolu-

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Voltaire.* By S. G. Tallentyre. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1903. 2 vols, 21s.

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tionary, that he was in direct opposition to the main current of his age, that, in the truest sense of the word, he was modern and before his time. In an age of the most abject religious superstition, and the foulest religious intolerance, he stood out as the champion of reason and liberty of thought, and, almost single-handed, broke the bars and, what is even more difficult, the cobwebs, of a tyrannous system. And it is interesting to observe here, that Voltaire was one of the few reformers who have felt their position, and known to the full their work. There have been many men, who, fighting against a system and a creed, never seem to have realised firmly and clearly their real object, far less the vast upheaval which it implied; but Voltaire, standing, as we who look back find little difficulty in seeing, at the birth of a new era, distinctly set before himself a task of which he as distinctly foresaw the fruits. "Je suis du temps de la Création," he writes in 1763; and in that creation he had been the spirit, which, in the beginning, moved upon the waters, and whose sabbath was to be the bloody days of the Revolution.

If, then, this be once clearly recognised, that the French Revolution began when Voltaire first put pen to paper, the history of the eighteenth century becomes tenfold clearer. In the light of this knowledge we ought to modify, for instance, Mr. Morley's mild censure of Voltaire: that he failed to understand the broader political freedom of England, and worked only for freedom of thought. It is perhaps truer to say, that the fruit for which Voltaire was striving was very like this broader freedom, but that he saw, that the one way to obtain it in France was, through an attack upon an intolerant and absurd religion, the meshes of whose web alone kept together the despotism of king and nobles. The very method of a barbed and exquisite wit, by which he strove to make Reason all-powerful, was a method of slow undermining, before which every religion, in so far as it is based on unreason, must eventually fall. When that particular monstrosity of Roman Catholicism fell before the simple utterances of Frère Rigolet, it necessarily carried with it the monstrous edifice of feudalism, of which it was the prop; and, that Voltaire knew that this would be the necessary result, he shows when, between his encouraging cries of "Écrasez l'Infame" to his small band of "philosophes," he foretells, again and again, a revolution, and, once at least, catches a prophetic glimpse of the full fury of the coming storm.

This, then, is the first great principle of Voltaire's life, the principle which makes him a true child of our time: that deep conviction of the right of a man to think as he will, that gospel, that the only tribunal, before which a man's conclusions and beliefs can

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be brought, is the tribunal of Reason. But there is another characteristic, or rather group of characteristics, which unites him as intimately with the *ancien régime* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as completely as it dissevers him from our own. He belonged, pre-eminently, to "society," the society of eighteenth century France, where wit was the only excellence, and all things were ruled by the narrowest formulas and fashions. On nothing did those *convenances* have a more strange influence, than upon people's attitude towards their emotions. It is not, perhaps, that they did not experience those emotions which we do, but that introspection, which in modern times has become almost an obsession, with them scarcely existed, or, if it existed at all, was the mark of a madman. "The emotions," they would have said, "are few in number and quite simple; we become angry, or fall in love, or feel pity; we can indeed just understand any one taking seriously a passion for liberty, or algebra, or deism, or even religion; but, really, to think about what we feel, far more about what other people feel, is a thing incredible to ask of us." This attitude, so strange to the twentieth century, with its nerves and its psychological novels, had an enormous influence upon their methods; it made them in the end really feel less, and—what is stranger still—it made it impossible for them to understand or sympathise with the lives, feelings, and ways of people different from themselves. It may seem paradoxical to attribute to Voltaire, upon whose sensitiveness Mr. Tallentyre rightly insists, this elusively unemotional bent; but that the two are compatible, and that this particular brand of his age marks everything that Voltaire did, seems, upon reflection, to be beyond doubt. He could, for instance, write volumes of letters to his intimate friend D'Alembert, from which one might justly conclude that, except for an absorbing hatred of religion and the Pompignans, and a love of tolerance, he never felt an emotion; and had never thought even about these.

Nowhere, however, does this characteristic become more plain or more interesting, than in the attitude of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and the whole of Parisian society, towards Rousseau. For, in this particular respect, Rousseau out-modernised the moderns: he was always feeling extraordinary and complicated emotions, and he was always trying, with enormous seriousness, to find out what he felt, and to express it. There is a strange comedy, touched not a little with tragedy, in the confusion, the rage, the hopeless bewilderment of those nice and witty "philosophes," when "ce fou Jean Jacques," as they invariably called him, whirled out of the next century into their midst. To some of them, he came across their path like a spirit in a bad dream, a dark and grotesque being from

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another and an unintelligible world. It is thus that he appeared to Diderot, the greatest intellect of his time and the most truly philosophical of the "philosophes."

"Cet homme" (writes Diderot to Grimm, after one of those mad scenes with Rousseau), "est un forcené . . . Je me jette dans vos bras comme un homme effrayé; je tâche en vain de faire la poésie; mais cet homme me revient tout à travers mon travail, il me trouble, et je suis comme si j'avais à côté de moi un damné: il est damné, cela est sûr."

And, just as, from his complete failure to understand Rousseau's frame of mind, there came upon Diderot, who is proved by his works to have been by no means unemotional, this vague feeling of trouble, so, from the same cause, there was aroused in Voltaire, according to his character, a mild contempt, that turned at last to bitter scorn. Mr. Tallentyre does not go to the root of things when he compares the two thus:

"Voltaire all sharp sense: and Rousseau all hot sensibility: Rousseau visionary, dreamer, sensualist, sentimentalist; and Voltaire the sanest genius who ever lived, practical, businesslike, brilliant, easy, sardonic."

The difference does not lie merely in the fact, if indeed it is a fact, that the one was violently emotional and the other sanely cold; but rather, in that Rousseau was always taking himself seriously, always prying into his emotions, and telling his secrets to the first man whom he met in the street; while Voltaire belonged to the age which cared for none of these things, and, if it ever deigned to be serious, was serious over liberty, or work, or the making of "mots." That this was the case, may be seen admirably illustrated in Voltaire's astounding criticism of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Voltaire treats Rousseau's attempts to express the emotions of his characters as those of an unfortunately crazy man; and, so certain is he of the agreement of his readers, that, usually, he simply quotes from the book without criticising at all. This is, for instance, a good example of his method:

"Aussitôt Julie couvre ses regards d'un voile, et met une entrave à son cœur. Une faveur! ah, c'est un tourment horrible! Lui dit son amant, 'garde tes baisers, ils sont trop âpres.' Après l'âcreté de ces baisers, l'amant fait vingt lieues en trois jours; mais chaque pas séparait son corps de son âme. Daignerez-vous, monsieur, me dire en passant comment ce corps et cette âme, qui étaient séparés au premier pas, se séparèrent encore aux autres pas, et se retrouvèrent ensuite au dernier pas?"

Now the remarkable part of this criticism is, that nearly every phrase, upon which Voltaire expends his contempt and his wit, has become a common-place of the modern novel, the first fruit of self-consciousness and introspection. It is a strange spectacle that we



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can see dimly in these thin pages of rather aimless criticism ; a stormy meeting of two streams, the old and the new. The old "philosophe," who had been bred up in the polite and witty artificiality of the Paris salons, and who, nevertheless, had cleared the way for that last act of revolution, which formed, and in some strange way shattered, the nerves of modern life, when he stands at last face to face with the type and image of his making, finds before him only a grotesque and baffling absurdity, a crazy complexity of strange feelings and wild thoughts.

L. SIDNEY WOOLF

## LITERATURE OF THE FISCAL CONTROVERSY<sup>1</sup>

PROFESSOR ASHLEY'S work is, probably, the best presentation in existence of the case for Protection and Imperial Preference. It is not vitiated, like so many writings on the same side, by elementary mistakes in economic reasoning ; the policy that it advocates is coherent, and the grounds adduced in its favour have much apparent force. These grounds are derived, not, like the usual arguments of orthodox economists, from a consideration of the equilibrium of trade, but from a forecast of its changes. Although it is not given to mortals (except Tariff Reformers) to know the future, it is yet possible to give reasons for disbelieving in Professor Ashley's predictions. At the same time, it must be admitted, and it should be urged, that Free Traders have given too little attention to the changes produced by economic forces, and have confined their discussions too much to the short-period effects of tariffs. I see no reason to think that different results would be arrived at by a change in this respect ; and I believe that a change of method would remove something of the contempt so widely felt for "economic pedantry."

After an introductory chapter on State control in general, the author proceeds to discuss the policy of free imports. He admits that Protection always involves a loss at first ; but he argues, like List, that productive power is more important, in the long run, than momentary wealth. He suggests certain limitations to the policy of free imports : bargaining power, the merely temporary cheapness of dumped products, the loss due to non-transferability of labour from a decaying trade to a growing one, and the necessity of some trades for national defence. These arguments are developed later.

<sup>1</sup> *The Tariff Problem*. By W. J. Ashley. London : P. S. King and Son 1903.

*The Riddle of the Tariff*. By A. C. Pigou. London : R. Brimley Johnson. 1903.

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Professor Ashley then passes to the outlook. He points out that, by the law of increasing returns, production for a large market is cheaper than for a small one, and he suggests that foreign countries, especially America, have a larger market than we have, though he gives no reason for this suggestion. He holds that, by successive onslaughts in times of depression, America will extinguish our metallurgical trades; and that, under Free Trade, we shall find it impossible to revive them when they are gone. Then, he tells us, the secondary industries, which use iron and steel, will also be destroyed by American dumping. And this process is already in operation. The better trades are stationary or declining, and those that grow are objectionable. In the end, we are told, England will become a country for tourists and rich people who like picturesque scenery; and the history of Holland will be repeated.

Many things may be said in criticism of this fancy picture. To begin with, the economies of production on a large scale are, I think, exaggerated; and, so long as all English production is not concentrated in a single Trust, it is plain that the market supplied by English manufactures is large enough to secure more of such economies if they exist. And the picture of the ruin of the iron and steel trades is not borne out by their recent history; for, in spite of their outcry, they have made large profits, and the imports have been very small, in proportion, not only to home production, but to the exports. In any case, ruin would not come suddenly; and if it appeared to be impending (which it does not), a bounty would, surely, be a better method, since it would not deprive us of the immense advantages we gain from cheap steel. As for the export of coal being an expenditure of capital, the same holds of iron, not only in respect of the ore (if this is native), but also in respect of the coal employed. Yet, merely because our exports of iron are more or less stationary, this argument is never employed by Protectionists. Another inconsistency is this. It is urged, with some truth, that we should be in a bad way if, owing to decay of the iron and steel trade, we were unable to repair our ships at home in time of war; yet the supply of Welsh coal to rival navies is decried. Is it not plain that, if the one would be an evil, the other must be an advantage? That foreign ships depend on our coal, is surely a most potent superiority in our naval position. Again, of the seven export trades to which Professor Ashley objects, two—soap and confectionery—are carried on, in part at least, under excellent conditions; while in two others, America's export to us is growing faster than our exports. Such arguments, it may be said, only affect details; but the Protectionist case is made up of details. The broad fact is, of course, that, in most of our staple trades, we

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have had to face the growth of European and American competition, and that nothing we can do will restore the manufacturing monopoly we once possessed. But this in itself has not injured us, unless superiority to other nations be more desired than prosperity. And the dangers which Professor Ashley dreads seem all to presuppose dumping on a scale which is most improbable. Moreover, the hypothesis that, if primary industries were destroyed, secondary manufactures could next be attacked, would only be legitimate if, among all our competitors, primary and secondary industries were everywhere carried on jointly by single firms. If this were not the case—and it is certainly most improbable—we should continue to enjoy, as now, the benefit of greater cheapness in the half-manufactured goods.

To meet the supposed dangers, a "policy of industrial defence" is advocated. Defensive tariffs will be necessary, but only as a temporary and provisional measure; our true safety lies in developing the economic unity of the Empire. Until the transition to economic Imperial unity is completed, we must have a defence against the assaults of Trusts. The Trusts will not collapse, as some hope; and Professor Ashley boldly maintains, admitting that they are a result of Protection, that they are really beneficent, and even afford the best hope of improving the conditions of labour. This is a paradoxical assertion, with which probably few people will be found to agree.

Against the dumping practised by Trusts, import duties, it is argued, are the only possible defence. It is conceded that they will not be of much use in commercial negotiation (p. 132)—a remark which may be commended to Retaliators. An all-round low tariff, Professor Ashley says—writing before Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow speech—would be no good; it would not be sufficient against dumping, and would preserve some trades not worth preserving. (This is the first time it is admitted that some of our decaying trades are undesirable.) What is required is, that the Executive should have power to impose high duties at discretion; 50 to 75 per cent. would often be necessary. These duties, when the danger is passed, might be removed again, for fear our manufacturers should lose the stimulus of competition.

This scheme, it must be confessed, is most unpractical. To begin with, Protection is only electorally feasible if it is universal. And it is most improbable that Parliament would surrender the control of taxation, that historic bulwark of our liberties. Most improbable of all is the supposition, that such duties, once imposed, could be removed by a mere Executive act. At least two General Elections, and mountains of agitation, would be required.

## LITERATURE OF THE FISCAL CONTROVERSY

But it is the Imperial aspect that interests Professor Ashley most. His proposal, in this respect, is the one which was made at Glasgow, and immediately abandoned in view of Colonial repudiation: it is the proposal for a "schedule of forbidden industries." Professor Ashley points out, that there is no hope of inducing the Colonies to abandon those industries which they have established, or to refrain from establishing such as they are peculiarly fitted for. He even goes so far as to suggest, that it may ultimately become desirable to transport to Canada the men employed in iron and steel in this country—a proposal hardly likely to commend itself to their present employers. But, in regard to industries for which the Colonies are naturally unfitted, he hopes that some arrangement may be possible. He even goes so far, in urging the Colonists to concentrate on agriculture, as to suggest (p. 158) that manufactures are a curse, on account of the conditions of labour, and that the Colonists might avoid this curse. But unless they begin at a late chapter of his book, they are not likely to be persuaded by him on this point.

There is a chapter on the incidence of the corn duties, which argues (1) that a small tax will raise the price of corn by less than the tax; (2) that no part of this rise will appear in the price of bread; (3) that it would not matter if bread were dearer. The first of these points may, perhaps, be true, though the argument upon which it is based (namely, that we are by far the largest customer for American wheat), is shown in the course of the discussion (p. 193) to be likely to become less true in the future.

The second argument is based on the fact, that the price of the loaf does not vary by less than a halfpenny, while the difference made by the tax would be less than a halfpenny. This argument, which is often applied, is formally fallacious. A precisely analogous argument would be this: Inner circle trains run every ten minutes; hence, a delay of a minute in reaching the station cannot make a passenger later in reaching his destination. It is obvious that the tax would sometimes make no difference, while at other times it would just turn the scale, and make a difference of a halfpenny.<sup>1</sup> The third argument, whatever its validity, is not suitable for electioneering.

The last chapter sets forth Protection and Imperial Reciprocity as necessary to Trade Unionism, although it mentions, incidentally, that Krupp and Mr. Carnegie succeeded in destroying Unions, while English employers have failed to do the like. We are next told that Peace and Retrenchment demand this policy—Peace, because

<sup>1</sup> The fallacy is one which has been exposed in logic books ever since Greek times. It proves that no one ever becomes bald, because the loss of one hair will not make a man bald.

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Free Traders will fight to retain the open door in China (as the Protectionists would "take it lying down"); Retrenchment, because the policy will induce the Colonies to subscribe to armaments. And, finally, we are told that the Empire will break up if we hesitate: Canada will conclude a reciprocity treaty with the United States. This is an astounding statement, in view of the American Protectionist's horror of Reciprocity. If we adopt this policy, it appears, we may hope to rival America in the purity of our politics, and Russia in wealth and general enlightenment. A great ideal, truly! Happy those who do not live to see its realisation.

Mr. Pigou's little book, *The Riddle of the Tariff*, is an admirably clear statement of the Free Trader's answers to such arguments as Professor Ashley's. The author points out, in regard to dumping, how much smaller in amount, and how much less ruinous in its effects, it is, than the trades affected have led us to believe; how impossible it would be to devise a tariff which should diminish fluctuations; how unprofitable it would be to any foreign nation deliberately to attempt the ruin of an English industry, unless—what is unlikely—the result would be a world-wide monopoly; since, without this result, prices could not afterwards be sufficiently raised to make good the loss. The discussions of general Protection, of tariff bargaining, and of Imperial Preference, are all excellent. In conclusion, while deciding against Retaliation, Protection, and Preference, Mr. Pigou points out that, in combination, they involve new evils, not to be found in any one separately. Thus, for example, either Protection, or Preference, as a policy, would hamper tariff bargaining, which requires a willingness to abandon duties in return for concessions by other nations. The book is too compressed to be summarised; and a review can do little more than advise readers to study it.

B. RUSSELL

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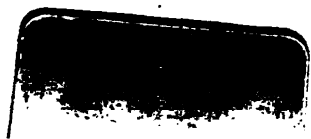














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